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THE

NOVELS

OF

STERNE, GOLDSMITH, DR JOHNSON, MACKENZIE

HORACE WALPOLE, AND CLARA REEVE.

VIZ.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, . . .	BY STERNE.
THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, . .	BY GOLDSMITH.
RASSELAS, ...	BY DR JOHNSON.
THE MAN OF FEELING, THE MAN OF THE WORLD, JULIA DE ROUBIGNE, . .	BY MACKENZIE.
THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO, . .	BY HORACE WALPOLE.
THE OLD ENGLISH BARON, . .	BY CLARA REEVE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.
90, CHEAPSIDE, AND 8, PALL MALL.

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
At the Border Press, Edinburgh.

1823.

17421.6

1860. July 13
Pickman Bequest.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

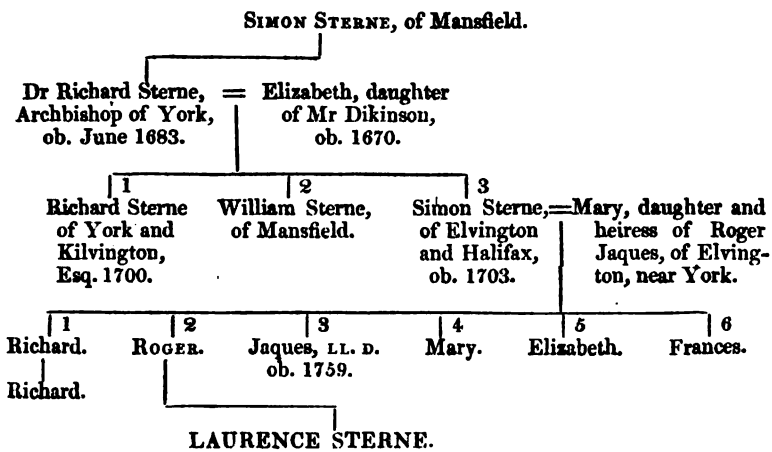
STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE was one of those few authors who have anticipated the labours of the biographer, and left to the world what they desired should be known of their family and their life.

"Roger Sterne* (says this narrative), grandson to Archbishop Sterne, Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes

---

* Mr Sterne was descended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which settled in Nottinghamshire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoresby's Ducatus Leodinensis, p. 215.



Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family. [illegible] believe) Nuttle;—though, upon recollection, that [illegible] father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, [illegible] wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N. B. [illegible] to him) which was in September 25, 1711, old style.—Th[illegible] had a son by my grandmother,—a fine person of a man, but a gr[illegible] less whelp!—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children;—the elder of which was Mary. She was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new style.—This child was the most unfortunate:—She married one Weemans, in Dublin, who used her most unmercifully;—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself; which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman, of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family-seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jacques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin.—Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth.—(Melancholy description of this journey, not necessary to be transmitted here.)—In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for she lay-in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel.—

At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money. In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight;—where, I remember, we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition, from Bristol to Hampshire, we lost poor Joram,—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin. She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long,—as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow; where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost. We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year—(one thousand seven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow; who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt; the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me. From hence we followed the regiment to

Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year (one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one) I learnt to write, &c. The regiment ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no further than Drogheda;—thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where, by Providence, we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and sent us to the regiment to Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c. A most rueful and tedious journey had we all (in March) to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days.—Little Devijeher here died; he was three years old; he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father the summer after:—another child sent to fill his place, Susan. This babe, too, left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school,—which he did, near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I stayed some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was, the year after, ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living; but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly. From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose!); with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He

was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March, 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster:—He had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed; the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-two* my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr H——, which has been lasting on both sides. I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton; and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years:—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in S——; and I wrote to her often. I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption;—and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' Upon that she shewed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My

---

* He was admitted of Jesus' College, in the University of Cambridge, 6th July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March, 1735.

Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.

Admitted M. A. at the commencement of 1740.

uncle* and myself were then upon very good terms; for he soon got me the Prebendary of York;—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers;—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy.† By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington; a friend of hers in the south had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting,‡ fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements. As to the Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing; but at Stillington, the family of the C——s shewed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish§ my two first volumes of Shandy.|| In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwould; a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded; and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery

---

* Jaques Sterne, LL.D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsey cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 9th, 1759.

† It hath, however, been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the Whig interest.—*Monthly Review*, vol. LIII, p. 344.

‡ A specimen of Mr Sterne's abilities in the art of designing, may be seen in Mr Wodhul's Poems, 8vo. 1772.

§ The first edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

|| The following is the order in which Mr Sterne's publications appeared:—

1747. The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath considered. A Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity schools in York.

of my health; and, when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me:* she and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished for.

"*I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive, to know them.*"

To these notices, the following brief account of his death has been added by another writer:—

As Mr Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention, that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwould. His health had been for some time declining; but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters, at this period, reflect so much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection were permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with his disorder,

---

1750. The Abuses of Conscience. Set forth in a sermon preached in the cathedral church of St Peter, York, at the Summer Assizes, before the Hon. Mr Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of Tristram Shandy.

1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of Sermons.

1761. Vol. 3 and 4 of Tristram Shandy.

1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of Tristram Shandy.

1765. Vol. 7 and 8 of Tristram Shandy.

1766. Vols. 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Sermons.

1767. Vol. 9 of Tristram Shandy.

1768. The Sentimental Journey.

The remainder of his works were published after his death.

* From this passage, it appears that the present account of Mr Sterne's Life and Family were written about six months only before his death.

his debilitated and worn-out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:—

Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.
Died September 13th, 1768,*
Aged 53 Years.

To these Memoirs we can only add a few circumstances. The Archbishop of York, referred to as great-grandfather of the author, was Dr Richard Sterne, who died in June 1683. The family came from Suffolk to Nottinghamshire, and are described by Guillam as bearing Or a cheveron, between three crosses flory sable. The crest is that Starling proper, which the pen of Yorick has rendered immortal.

Sterne was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and took the degree of Master of Arts there in 1740. His protector and patron, in the outset of life, was his uncle Jaques Sterne, D.D., who was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor, and Prebendary of York, with other good preferments. Dr Sterne was a keen Whig, and zealous supporter of the Hanoverian succession. The politics of the times being particularly violent, he was engaged in many controversies, particularly with Dr Richard Burton, (the original of Dr Slop) whom he had arrested upon a charge of high treason, during the affair of 1745. Laurence Sterne, in the Memoir which precedes these notices, represents himself as having quarrelled with his uncle, because he would not assist him with his pen in controversies of this description.

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* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this date is erroneous.

When settled in Yorkshire, Sterne has represented his time as much engaged with books, fiddling, and painting. The former seem to have been in a great measure supplied by the library of Skelton Castle, the abode of his intimate friend and relation, John Hall Stevenson, author of the witty and indecent collection, entitled *Crazy Tales*, where there is a very humorous description of his ancient residence, under the name of Crazy Castle. This library had the same cast of antiquity which belonged to the Castle itself, and doubtless contained much of that rubbish of ancient literature, in which the labour and ingenuity of Sterne contrived to find a mine. Until 1759, Sterne had only printed two Sermons; but in that year he surprised the world, by publishing the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne states himself, in a letter to a friend, as being "tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage—a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person."—This passage probably alludes to his quarrel with his uncle; and as he mentions having taken a small house in York for the education of his daughter, it is probable that he looked to his pen for some assistance, though, in a letter to a nameless doctor, who had accused him of writing in order to have *nummum in loculo*, he declares he wrote not to be fed, but to be famous. *Tristram*, however, procured the author both fame and profit. The brilliant genius, which mingled with so much real or affected eccentricity,—the gaping astonishment of the readers who could not conceive the drift or object of the publication, with the ingenuity of those who attempted to discover the meaning of passages which really had none, gave the book a most extraordinary degree of eclat. But the applause of the public was not unmingled with censure. Sterne was not on good terms with his professional brethren: he had too much wit, and too little forbearance in the use of it; too much vivacity, and too little respect for his cloth and character, to maintain the formalities, not to say the decencies, of the clerical station; and he had, in the full career of his humour, assigned to some of his grave compeers ridiculous epithets and characters, which they did not resent the less, that they were certainly witty, and probably applicable.

Indeed, to require a man to pardon an insult on account of the wit which accompanies the infliction, although it is what jesters often seem to expect, is desiring him to admire the painted feathers which wing the dart by which he is wounded. The tumult was therefore loud on all sides; but amid shouts of applause and cries of censure, the notoriety of *Tristram* spread still wider and wider, and the fame of Sterne rose in proportion. The author therefore triumphed, and bid the critics defiance. "I shall be attacked and pelted," he says, in one of his letters, "either from cellar or garret, write what I will; and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds, who either do not, or will not, laugh—'tis enough that I divide the world—at least I will rest contented with it." On another occasion he says, "If my enemies knew that, by this rage of abuse and ill will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet; but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation; and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble, for I have not filled up the measure of half their persecutions."

The author went to London to enjoy his fame, and met with all that attention which the public gives to men of notoriety. He boasts of being engaged fourteen dinners deep, and received this hospitality as a tribute; while his contemporaries saw the festivity in a very different light. "Any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing," said Johnson, "will be very generally invited in London. The *man Sterne*, I am told, has had engagements for three months." Johnson's feelings of morality and respect for the priesthood led him to speak of Sterne with contempt; but when Goldsmith added, "And a very dull fellow," he replied with his emphatic, "Why, no, sir."

The two first volumes of *Tristram* proved introductors—singular in their character certainly—to two volumes of Sermons which the simple name of the Reverend Laurence Sterne, (ere yet he became known as the author of a fine novel) would never have recommended to notice, but which were sought for and read eagerly under that of

Yorick. They maintained the character of the author for wit, genius, and eccentricity.

The third and fourth volumes of *Tristram* appeared in 1761, and the fifth and sixth in 1762. Both these publications were as popular as the two first volumes. The seventh and eighth, which came forth in 1765, did not attract so much attention. The novelty was in a great measure over; and although they contain some of the most beautiful passages which ever fell from the author's pen, yet neither uncle Toby nor his faithful attendant were sufficient to attract the public attention in the same degree as before. Thus the popularity of this singular work was for a time impeded by that singular and affected style, which had at first attracted by its novelty, but which ceased to please, when it was no longer new. Four additional volumes of Sermons appeared in 1766; and in 1767 the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*. "I shall publish," he says, "but one this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which, when finished, I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit."

The new work was unquestionably his *Sentimental Journey*; for which, according to the evidence of La Fleur, Sterne had made much larger collections than were ever destined to see the light. The author's health was now become extremely feeble; and his Italian travels were designed, if possible, to relieve his consumptive complaints. The remedy proved unsuccessful; yet he lived to arrive in England, and to prepare for the press the first part of the *Sentimental Journey*, which was published in 1768.

In this place we may insert with propriety those notices of Sterne and his valet La Fleur, which appear in Mr Davis's interesting selection of anecdotes, which he has entitled an *Olio*.

"La Fleur was born in Burgundy: when a mere child he conceived a strong passion to see the world, and at eight years of age ran away from his parents. His prevenancy was always his passport, and his wants were easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw bed amongst the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night, and in the morning he

wished to be on his way again. This rambling life he continued till he attained his tenth year, when being one day on the Pont Neuf at Paris, surveying with wonder the objects that surrounded him, he was accosted by a drummer, who easily enlisted him in the service. For six years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army; two years more would have entitled him to his discharge, but he preferred anticipation, and, exchanging dress with a peasant, easily made his escape. By having recourse to his old expedients, he made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations he needed were given him with cheerfulness; and as what we sow we wish to see flourish, this worthy landlord promised to get him a master; and as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to *un Milord Anglois*. He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, but full of health and hilarity. The little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's Amours is so far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two sisters, who, if living, he said, resembled the Maria of Moulines; her he afterwards married, and, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence, for it made him not a jot richer or happier than he was before. She was a mantua-maker, and her closest application could produce no more than *six sous* a-day; finding that her assistance could go little towards their support, and after having had a daughter by her, they separated, and he went to service. At length, with what money he had got together by his servitude, he returned to his wife, and they took a public-house in Royal-street, Calais.—There ill luck attended him,—war broke out; and the loss of the English sailors, who navigated the packets, and who were his principal customers, so reduced his little business, that he was obliged again to quit his wife, and confide to her guidance the little trade which was insufficient to support them both. He returned in March, 1783, but his wife had fled. A strolling company of comedians passing through the town, had seduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her have ever since

reached him. From the period he lost his wife, says our informant, he has frequently visited England, to whose natives he is extremely partial, sometimes as a sergeant, at others as an express. Where zeal and diligence were required, La Fleur was never yet wanting."

In addition to La Fleur's account of himself, (continues Mr Davis) the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgment, I shall give *verbatim*.

"There were moments," said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others, he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à mon pays*," said La Fleur, "and cried gaily enough, '*Vive la Bagatelle!*' It was in one of those moments that he became acquainted with the Grisette at the glove shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark; but on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity she was so pretty and *petite*.'"

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquise Lamberti; to the interest of this lady he was indebted for the passport, which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (Bretuil) notwithstanding the Shakespeare, La Fleur thinks, would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was Minister at the time.

"*Poor Maria*

Was, alas! no fiction.—When we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself,

and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman."

"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses; he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—"These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve me?" He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published; he expressed extreme surprise. "I know," said he, "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers." "Do you know any thing of their tendency, La Fleur?" "Yes; they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the differing governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states."

To effect this, he read much; for the collections of the Patrons of Literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—"I the more wondered at this," said La Fleur, "as he must have understood Latin."

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the tes-

timony of La Fleur. "His conversation with women," he said, "was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so."

The Dead Ass

Was no invention. The mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly.

To Monks

Sterne never exhibited any particular sympathy. La Fleur remembered several pressing in upon him, to all of whom his answer was the same—*Mon pére, je suis occupè. Je suis pauvre comme vous.*

In February, 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs Quickly, as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ancles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic expression, proper to the wit, and the satirist. His conver-

sation was animated, and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by licence, better suiting the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle, than of the great moralist. It has been said, and probably with truth, that his temper was variable and unequal, the natural consequence of irritable temperament, and continued bad health. But we will not readily believe that the parent of uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded on *Tristram Shandy*, he must be considered as liable to two severe charges;—those, namely, of indecency, and of affectation. Upon the first accusation Sterne was himself peculiarly sore, and used to justify the licentiousness of his humour by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequence to morals. The following anecdote we have from a sure source. Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal."—"My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there, (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics) he shews at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!" This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals. A handful of mud is neither a firebrand nor a stone; but to fling it about in sport, argues coarseness of taste, and want of common manners.

Sterne, however, began and ended by braving the censure of the

world in this particular. A remarkable passage in one of his letters shews how lightly he was disposed to esteem the charge; and what is singular enough, his plan for turning it into ridicule seems to have been serious. "Crebillon (*le fils*) has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter on the indecencies of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided: this is good Swiss policy."

In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own, that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this Harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against church and state. Sterne assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, therefore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology; and that Sterne chose voluntarily to appear under such a disguise, must be set down as mere affectation, and ranked with the tricks of black or marbled pages, as used merely *ad captandum vulgus*. All popularity thus founded, carries in it the seeds of decay; for eccentricity in composition, like fantastic modes of dress, however attractive when first introduced, is sure to be caricatured by stupid imitators, to become soon unfashionable, and of course to be neglected.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience,

has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his more striking and peculiar expressions. Rabelais (much less read than spoken of), the lively but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de Parvenir*, and D'Aubigne's *Baron de Fœneste*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Burton's celebrated work on Melancholy, (which Dr Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market), afforded Sterne an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similies, and illustrations, which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own eccentric wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the readers to Dr Ferriar's well-known Essay and Illustrations, as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's Writings, inwhich it is clearly shewn, that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.

One of Sterne's most singular thefts, considering the tenor of the passage stolen, is his declamation against literary depredators of his own class: "Shall we," says Sterne, "for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we forever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—forever in the same track? forever at the same pace?" The words of Burton are, "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their till'd gardens, to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist

the same rope again and again." We cannot help wondering at the coolness with which Sterne could transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the very arts which he was practising.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors' labours; and, certainly, in a general sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age, and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larceny.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collection of scenes, dialogues, and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit, and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a Gothic room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts, as the pieces of rusty armour with which it is decorated. Viewing it in this light, the principal figure is Mr Shandy the elder, whose character is formed in many respects upon that of Martinus Scriblerus. The history of Martin was designed by the celebrated club of wits, by whom it was commenced, as a satire upon the ordinary pursuits of learning and science. Sterne, on the contrary, had no particular object of ridicule; his business was only to create a person, to whom he could attach the great quantity of extraordinary reading, and antiquated learning, which he had collected. He, therefore, supposed in Mr Shandy a man of an active and metaphysical, but at the same time a whimsical cast of mind, whom too much and too miscellaneous learning had brought within a step or two of madness, and who acts in the ordinary affairs of life upon the absurd theories adopted by the pedants of past ages. He is most admirably contrasted with his wife, well described as a good lady of the true poco-curante school, who neither obstructed the progress of her husband's hobbyhorse, to use a phrase which Sterne has rendered

classical, nor could be prevailed upon to spare him the least admiration for the grace and dexterity with which he managed it.

Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless Parson, is the well known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of Yorick, which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe, that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire entirely flowed out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humour. It must be owned, moreover, that Sterne was more like to have stolen a passage out of Stevinus if he could have found one to his purpose, than to have left one of his manuscripts in the volume, with the careless indifference of Yorick. Still, however, we gladly recognize the general likeness between the author and the child of his fancy, and willingly pardon the pencil, which, in the delicate task of self-delineation, has softened some traits and improved others.

Uncle Toby, with his faithful Squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination, that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary peculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay authorize him to leave the court of criticism not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by, whenever it is recalled to memory. Sterne, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while in his own proper line he stands alone and inimitable. Something of extravagance may, perhaps, attach to Uncle Toby's favourite amusements. Yet in England, where men think and act with little regard to the ridicule or censure of their neighbours, there is no impossibility, per-

haps no great improbability in supposing, that a humourist might employ such a mechanical aid as my Uncle's bowling-green, in order to encourage and assist his imagination, in the pleasing but delusive task of castle-building. Men have been called children of a larger growth, and among the antic toys and devices with which they are amused, the device of my Uncle, with whose pleasures we are so much disposed to sympathise, does not seem so unnatural upon reflection as it may appear at first sight.

It is well known (through Dr Ferriar's labours) that Dr Slop, with all his obstetrical engines, may be identified with Dr Burton of York, who published a treatise of Midwifery in 1751. This person, as we have elsewhere noticed, was on bad terms with Sterne's uncle; and though there had come strife and unkindness between the uncle and the nephew, yet the latter seems to have retained aversion against the enemy of the former. But Sterne, being no politician, had forgiven the Jacobite, and only persecutes the Doctor with his raillery, as a quack and a Catholic.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple writers,—as one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses, whom England has produced. Dr Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various mazes through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologizes for the rigour of his inquest, by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which his ingenious inquisitor makes the amende honourable to the shade of Yorick.

> "Sterne, for whose sake I plod through miry ways,
> Of antique wit and quibbling mazes drear,
> Let not thy shade malignant censure fear,

Though aught of borrowed mirth my search betrays.
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days;
(Erewhile to Guise or wanton Valois dear)
Till waked by thee in Skelton's joyous pile,
She flung on Tristram her capricious rays;
But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,
In sudden pause or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

GOLDSMITH.

Our biographical notices of distinguished Novelists must be in some degree proportioned to the space which their labours occupy in the present collection. On that principle, the present subject, so interesting in every other point of view, cannot be permitted long to detain us. The circumstances also of Dr Goldsmith's life, his early struggles with poverty and distress, the success of his brief and brilliant career after he had become distinguished as an author, are so well known, and have been so well told, that a short outline is all that ought here to be attempted.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 29th November 1728, at Pallas, (or rather Palice) in the parish of Farney and county of Longford, in Ireland, where his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a minister of the Church of England, at that time resided. This worthy clergyman, whose virtues his celebrated son afterwards rendered immortal, in the character of the Village Preacher, had a family of seven children, for whom he was enabled to provide but very indifferently. He obtained ultimately a benefice in the county of Roscommon, but died early; for the careful researches of the Rev. John Graham of Lifford have found his widow *nigra veste senescens*, residing with her son Oliver in Ballymahon, so early as 1740. Among the shop accounts of a petty grocer of the place, Mrs Goldsmith's name occurs frequently as a customer for trifling articles; on which occasions Master Noll appears to have

been his mother's usual emissary. He was recollected, however, in the neighbourhood, by more poetical employments, as that of playing on the flute, and wandering in solitude on the shores, or among the islands of the river Inny, which is remarkably beautiful at Ballymahon.

Oliver early distinguished himself by the display of lively talents, and of that uncertainty of humour which is so often attached to genius, as the slave in the chariot of the Roman triumph. An uncle by affinity, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, undertook the expence of affording to so promising a youth the advantages of a scholastic education. He was put to school at Edgeworths-town, and, in June 1744, was sent to Dublin College as a sizer; a situation which subjected him to much discouragement and ill usage, especially as he had the misfortune to fall under the charge of a brutal tutor.

On 15th June, 1747, Goldsmith obtained his only academical laurel, being an Exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smythe, Esq. Some indiscreet frolic induced him soon afterwards to quit the University for a period; and he appears thus early to have commenced that sort of idle strolling life, which has often great charms for youths of genius, because it frees them from every species of subjection, and leaves them full masters of their own time, and their own thoughts; a liberty which they do not feel too dearly bought, at the expence of fatigue, of hunger, and of all the other inconvenencies incidental to those who travel without money. Those who can recollect journies of this kind, with all the shifts, necessities, and petty adventures, which attend them, will not wonder at the attractions which they had for such a youth as Goldsmith. Notwithstanding these erratic expeditions, he was admitted Bachelor of Arts in 1749.

Goldsmith's persevering friend, Mr Contarine, seems to have recommended the direction of his nephew's studies to medicine, and in the year 1752 he was settled at Edinburgh to pursue that science. Of his residence in Scotland, Goldsmith retained no favourable recollections. He was thoughtless, and he was cheated; he was poor, and he was nearly starved. Yet, in a very lively letter from Edinburgh, addressed to Robert Brianton of Ballymahon, he closes a sarcastic de-

scription of the country and its inhabitants, with the good-humoured candour which made so distinguished a part of his character. "An ugly and a poor man is society only for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and Nature a power to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it."

From Edinburgh our student passed to Leyden, but not without the diversities of an arrest for debt, a captivity of seven days at Newcastle, from having been found in company with some Scotchmen in the French service, and the no less unpleasing variety of a storm. At Leyden, Goldsmith was peculiarly exposed to a temptation which he never at any period of his life could easily resist. The opportunities of gambling were frequent,—he seldom declined them, and was at length stripped of every shilling.

In this hopeless condition Goldsmith commenced his travels, with one shirt in his pocket, and a devout reliance on providence. It is understood, that in the narrative of George, eldest son of the Vicar of Wakefield, the author gave a sketch of the resources which enabled him, on foot and without money, to make the tour of Europe. Through Germany and Flanders he had recourse to his violin, in which he was tolerably skilled; and a lively tune usually procured him a lodging in some peasant's cottage for the evening. In Italy, where his music or skill was held in less esteem, he found hospitality by disputing at the monasteries, in the character of a travelling scholar, upon certain philosophical theses, which the learned inhabitants were obliged, by their foundation, to uphold against all impugners. Thus, he obtained sometimes money, sometimes lodgings. He must have had other resources to procure both, which he has not thought proper to intimate. The foreign Universities afford similar facilities to poor scholars, with those presented by the Monasteries. Goldsmith resided at Padua for several months, and is said to have taken a degree at Louvain. Thus far is certain, that an account of the tour made by so good a

judge of human nature, in circumstances so singular, would have made one of the most entertaining books in the world; and it is both wonder and pity, that Goldsmith did not hit upon a publication of his travels amongst the other literary resources in which his mind was fertile. He was not ignorant of the advantages which his mode of travelling had opened to him. "Countries," he says, in his *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, "wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in his post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the great tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*" Perhaps he grew ashamed of the last admission, which he afterwards omitted. Goldsmith spent about twelve months in these wanderings, and landed in England in the year 1746, after having perambulated France, Italy, and part of Germany.

Poverty was now before our author in all its bitterness. His Irish friends had long renounced or forgotten him; and the wretched post of usher to an academy, of which he has drawn so piteous a picture in George's account of himself, was his refuge from actual starving. Unquestionably, his description was founded on personal recollections, where he says, "I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master; hated for my ugly face by the mistress; worried by the boys within; and never permitted to stir out, to seek civility abroad." This state of slavery he underwent at Peckham Academy, and had such bitter recollection thereof, as to be offended at the slightest allusion to it. An acquaintance happening to use the proverbial phrase, "Oh, that is all a holiday at Peckham," Goldsmith reddened, and asked if he meant to affront him. From this miserable condition he escaped with difficulty, to that of journeyman, or rather shop-porter, to a chemist in Fish-street-hill, in whose service he was recognized by Dr Sleigh, his countryman and fellow-student at Edinburgh, who, to his eternal honour, relieved Oliver Goldsmith from this state of slavish degradation.

Under the auspices of his friend and countryman, Goldsmith commenced practice as a physician about the Bankside, and afterwards near the Temple; and although unsuccessful in procuring fees, had soon plenty

of patients. It was now that he first thought of having recourse to that pen, which afterwards afforded the public so much delight. He wrote, he laboured, he compiled; he is described by one contemporary as wearing a rusty full-trimmed black suit, the very livery of the muses, with his pockets stuffed with papers, and his head with projects; gradually he forced himself and his talents into notice, and was at last enabled to write, in one letter to a friend, that he was too poor to be gazed at, but too rich to need assistance;* and to boast in another,† of the refined conversation which he was sometimes admitted to partake in.

He now circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, his *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, the profits of which he destined to equipping himself for India, having obtained from the Company the appointment of physician to one of their factories on the coast of Coromandel. But to rise in literature was more his desire than to increase his fortune. "I eagerly long," he said, "to embrace every opportunity to separate myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances as I am already in my sentiments.——I find I want constitution and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them."‡

Goldsmith's versatile talents and ready pen soon engaged him in the service of the booksellers; and doubtless the touches of his spirit and humour were used to enliven the dull pages of many a sorry miscellany and review; a mode of living which, joined to his own improvidence, rendered his income as fluctuating as his occupation. He wrote many Essays for various periodical publications, and afterwards collected them into one volume, finding that they were unceremoniously appropriated by his contemporaries. In the preface, he compares himself to the fat man in a famine, who, when his fellow sufferers proposed to feast on the superfluous part of his person, in-

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* Letter to Daniel Hodson, Esq. See Life of Goldsmith, prefixed to his Works, in four volumes, 1801. Vol. I. p. 42.

† P. 48.

‡ Pp. 48, 49.

sisted with some justice on having the first slice himself. But his most elaborate effort in this style is the *Citizen of the World;* letters supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher, resident in England, in imitation of the *Lettres Persannes* of Montesquieu. Still, however, though subsisting thus precariously, he was getting forward in society; and had already, in the year 1761, made his way as far as Dr Johnson, who seems, from their first acquaintance, till death separated them, to have entertained for Goldsmith the most sincere friendship, regarding his genius with respect, his failings with indulgence, and his person with affection.

It was probably soon after this first acquaintance, that Necessity, the parent of so many works of genius, gave birth to the *Vicar of Wakefield.* The circumstances attending the sale of the work to the fortunate publisher, are too singular to be told in any other words than those of Johnson, as reported by his faithful chronicler, Boswell.

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress; and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Newberry, the purchaser of the *Vicar of Wakefield,* best known to the present generation by recollection of their infantine studies, was a man of worth as well as wealth, and the frequent patron of distressed genius. When he completed the bargain, which he probably entered into partly from compassion, partly from deference to John-

son's judgment, he had so little confidence in the value of his purchase, that the *Vicar of Wakefield* remained in manuscript until the publication of the *Traveller* had established the fame of the author.

For this beautiful poem Goldsmith had collected materials during his travels; and a part of it had been actually written in Switzerland, and transmitted from that country to the author's brother, the Reverend Dr Henry Goldsmith. His distinguished friend, Dr Johnson, aided him with several general hints; and is said to have contributed the sentiment which Goldsmith has so beautifully versified in the concluding lines.

The publication of the *Traveller* gave the author all that celebrity which he had so long laboured to attain. He now assumed the professional dress of the medical science, a scarlet cloak, wig, sword, and cane, and was admitted as a valued member of that distinguished society, which afterwards formed the Literary, or as it is more commonly called, emphatically, *The* CLUB. For this he made some sacrifices, renouncing some of the public places which he had formerly found convenient in point of expence and amusement; not without regret, for he used to say, "In truth, one must make some sacrifices to obtain good society; for here am I shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably." It often happened amid those sharper wits with whom he now associated, that the simplicity of his character, mingled with an inaccuracy of expression, an undistinguishing spirit of vanity, and a hurriedness of conception, which led him often into absurdity, rendered Dr Goldsmith in some degree the butt of the company. Garrick, in particular, who probably presumed somewhat on the superiority of a theatrical manager over a dramatic author, shot at him many shafts of small epigrammatic wit. It is probable that Goldsmith began to feel that this spirit was carried too far, and to check it in the best taste, he composed his celebrated poem of *Retaliation*, in which the characters and failings of his associates are drawn with satire, at once pungent and good-humoured. Garrick is smartly chastised; Burke, the Dinner-bell of the House of Commons, is not spared; and of all the more distinguished names of the Club, Johnson and Rey-

nolds alone escape the lash of the satirist. The latter is even dismissed with unqualified and affectionate applause. *Retaliation* had the effect of placing the author on a more equal footing with his society than he had ever before assumed. Even against the despotism of Johnson, though much respecting him, and as much beloved by him, Goldsmith made a more spirited stand than was generally ventured upon by the compeers of that arbitrary Sultan of literature. Of this Boswell has recorded a striking instance. Goldsmith had been descanting on the difficulty and importance of making animals in an apologue speak in character, and particularly instanced the fable of the Little Fishes. Observing that Doctor Johnson was laughing scornfully, he proceeded smartly; "Why, Dr Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if *you* were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

To support the expence of his new dignities, Goldsmith laboured incessantly at the literary oar. The *Letters on the History of England*, commonly ascribed to Lord Lyttleton, and containing an excellent and entertaining abridgment of the annals of Britain, are the work of Goldsmith. His mode of compiling them we learn from some interesting anecdotes of the author, communicated to the public by Lee Lewes, an actor of genius, whom he patronized, and with whom he often associated.

"He first read in a morning, from Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as much as he designed for one letter, marking down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, whom he constantly had with him; returned to dinner, spent the day generally convivially, without much drinking (which he was never in the habit of,) and when he went up to bed, took up his books and paper with him, where he generally wrote the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.

"But of all his compilations, he used to say, his *Selections of Eng-*

lish Poetry shewed more 'the art of profession.' Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red-lead pencil, and for this he got *two hundred pounds*—but then he used to add, 'a man shews his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'"

Goldsmith, amid these more petty labours, aspired to the honours of the sock, and the *Good-natured Man* was produced at Covent Garden, 29th January, 1768, with the moderate success of nine nights' run. The principal character the author probably drew from the weak side of his own; for no man was more liable than Goldsmith to be gulled by pretended friends. The character of Croaker, highly comic in itself, and admirably represented by Shuter, helped to save the piece, which was endangered by the scene of the Bailiffs, then considered as too vulgar for the stage. Upon the whole, however, Goldsmith is said to have cleared five hundred pounds by this dramatic performance. He hired better chambers in the Temple, embarked more boldly in literary speculation, and unfortunately at the same time enlarged his ideas of expence, and indulged his habit of playing at games of hazard. The Memoirs, or Anecdotes, which we have before quoted, give a minute and curious description of his habits and enjoyments about this period, when he was constantly occupied with extracts, abridgments, and other arts of book-making, but at the same time working slowly, and in secret, on those immortal verses, which secure for him so high a rank among English poets.

"Goldsmith, though quick enough at prose, was rather slow in his poetry—not from the tardiness of fancy, but the time he took in pointing the sentiment, and polishing the versification. He was, by his own confession, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excursions for this poem, and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years. His manner of writing poetry was this; he first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat carefully down to versify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject. He sometimes would exceed his prose design by writing

several verses impromptu, but these he would take uncommon pains afterwards to revise, lest they should be found unconnected with his main design.

"The writer of these Memoirs, (Lee Lewes) called upon the Doctor the second morning after he had begun *The Deserted Village*, and to him he communicated the plan of his poem. 'Some of my friends,' continued he, 'differ with me on this plan, and think this depopulation of villages does not exist—but I am myself satisfied of the fact. I remember it in my own country, and have seen it in this.' He then read what he had done of it that morning, beginning,

'Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot,—the cultivated farm,—
The never-failing brook,—the busy mill,—
The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill,—
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.'

'Come,' says he, 'let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a *Shoemaker's holiday* with you.' This *Shoemaker's Holiday* was a day of great festivity to poor Goldsmith, and was spent in the following innocent manner:—

"Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers, to breakfast, about ten o'clock in the morning; at eleven they proceeded by the City-Road, and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-houses, or at the Globe, in Fleet Street. There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry kept at Highbury Barn about this time (five-and-twenty years ago, in 1796) at 10d. per head, including a penny to the waiter,

and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expences of this day's fete never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three-and-sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation."

The reception given to the *Deserted Village*, so full of natural elegance, simplicity, and pathos, was of the warmest kind. The publisher shewed at once his skill and generosity, by pressing upon Doctor Goldsmith a hundred pounds, which the author insisted upon returning, when upon computation he found that it came to nearly a crown for every couplet, a sum which he conceived no poem could be worth. The sale of the poem made him ample amends for this unusual instance of moderation. Lissoy, near Ballymahon, where his brother the clergyman had his living, claims the honour of being the spot from which the localities of the *Deserted Village* were derived. The church which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill, and the lake, are still pointed out; and a hawthorn has suffered the penalty of poetical celebrity, being cut to pieces by those admirers of the bard, who desired to have classical tooth-pick cases and tobacco-stoppers. Much of this supposed locality may be fanciful, but it is a pleasing tribute to the poet in the land of his fathers.

Goldsmith's *Abridgments of the History of Rome and England* may here be noticed. They are eminently well calculated to introduce youth to the knowledge of their studies; for they exhibit the most interesting and striking events, without entering into controversy or dry detail. Yet the tone assumed in the *History of England* drew on the author the resentment of the more zealous Whigs, who accused him of betraying the liberties of the people, when, "God knows," as he expresses himself in a letter to Langton, "I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, and which, as Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody."

His celebrated play of *She Stoops to Conquer*, was Goldsmith's next

work of importance. If it be the object of comedy to make an audience laugh, Johnson says that it was better obtained by this play than by any other of the period. Lee Lewes was, for the first time, produced in a speaking character, as young Marlow, and is, therefore, entitled to record his own recollections concerning the piece.

"The first night of its performance, Goldsmith, instead of being at the Theatre, was found sauntering, between seven and eight o'clock, in the Mall, St James's Park; and it was on the remonstrance of a friend, who told him 'how useful his presence might be in making some sudden alterations which might be found necessary in the piece,' that he was prevailed on to go to the Theatre. He entered the stage-door just in the middle of the fifth act, when there was a hiss at the improbability of Mrs Hardcastle supposing herself forty miles off, though on her own grounds, and near the house. 'What's that?' says the Doctor, terrified at the sound. 'Pshaw, Doctor,' says Colman, who was standing by the side of the scene, 'don't be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder.'

"In the *Life of Dr Goldsmith*, prefixed to his *Works*, the above reply of Colman's is said to have happened at the last rehearsal of the piece, but the fact was (I had it from the Doctor himself) as I have stated, and he never forgave it to Colman to the last hour of his life." It may be here noticed, that the leading incident of the piece was borrowed from a blunder of the author himself, who, while travelling in Ireland, actually mistook a gentleman's residence for an inn.

It must be owned, that however kind, amiable, and benevolent, Goldsmith shewed himself to his contemporaries, more especially to such as needed his assistance, he had no small portion of the jealous and irritable spirit proper to the literary profession. He suffered a newspaper lampoon about this time to bring him into a foolish affray with Evans the editor, which did him but little credit.

In the meantime, a neglect of economy, occasional losses at play, and too great a reliance on his own versatility and readiness of talent, had considerably embarrassed his affairs. He felt the pressure of many engagements, for which he had received advances of money, and which

it was, nevertheless, impossible for him to carry on with that dispatch, which the booksellers thought themselves entitled to expect. One of his last publications was a *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, in six volumes, which is to science what his abridgments are to history; a book which indicates no depth of research, or accuracy of information, but which presents to the ordinary reader a general and interesting view of the subject, couched in the clearest and most beautiful language, and abounding with excellent reflections and illustrations. It was of this work that Johnson threw out the remark which he afterwards interwove in his friend's epitaph,—" He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as agreeable as a Persian Tale."

But the period of his labours was now near. Goldsmith had for some time been subject to fits of the stranguary, brought on by too severe application to sedentary labours; and one of those attacks, aggravated by mental distress, produced a fever. In spite of cautions to the contrary, he had recourse to Dr James's fever powders, from which he received no relief. He died on the 4th April, 1774, and was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground. A monument, erected by subscription in Westminster-Abbey, bears a Latin inscription from the pen of Dr Johnson:—

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,
Sive risus essent movendi,
Sive lacrymae,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator.
Ingenio, sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Orationi, grandis, nitidus, venustus.
Hoc monumentum Memoriam colent
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniæ Ferniæ Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI,
Eblanæ literis institutus,
Obiit Londini,
April IV. MDCCLXXIV.

This elegant epitaph was the subject of a petition to Dr Johnson, in the form of a round robin, entreating him to substitute an English inscription, as more proper for an author who had distinguished himself entirely by works written in English; but the Doctor kept his purpose.

The person and features of Dr Goldsmith were rather unfavourable. He was a short stout man, with a round face, much marked with the small pox, and a low forehead, which is represented as projecting in a singular manner. Yet these ordinary features were marked by a strong expression of reflection and of observation.

The peculiarities of Goldsmith's disposition have been already touched upon in the preceding narrative. He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to her. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling, distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. It were almost essential to such a temper, that he wanted the proper guards of firmness and decision, and permitted, even when aware of their worthlessness, the intrusions of cunning and of effrontery. The story of the *White Mice* is well known; and in the humorous *History of the Haunch of Venison*, Goldsmith has recorded another instance of his being duped. This could not be entirely out of simplicity; for he, who could so well embody and record the impositions of Master Jenkinson, might surely have penetrated the schemes of more ordinary swindlers. But Goldsmith could not give a refusal; and, being thus cheated with his eyes open, no man could be a surer or easier victim to the impostors, whose arts he could so well describe. He might certainly have accepted the draught on neighbour Flamborough, and indubitably would have made the celebrated bargain of the gross of green spectacles. With this cullibility of temper was mixed a hasty and eager jealousy of his own personal consequence: he unwillingly admitted that any thing was done better than he himself could have performed it; and sometimes made himself ridiculous by hastily undertaking to distinguish himself upon subjects which he did not understand. But with

these weaknesses, and with that of carelessness in his own affairs, terminates all that censure can say of Goldsmith. The folly of submitting to imposition may be well balanced with the universality of his benevolence; and the wit which his writings evince, more than counterbalances his defects in conversation. "As a writer," says Dr Johnson, "he was of the most distinguished class. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we regard him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as a historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

Excepting some short Tales, Goldsmith gave to the department of the novelist only one work—the inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield.* We have seen that it was suppressed for nearly two years, until the publication of the *Traveller* had fixed the author's fame. Goldsmith had, therefore, time for revisal, but he did not employ it. He had been paid for his labour, as he observed, and could have profited nothing by rendering the work ever so perfect. This, however, was false reasoning, though not unnatural in the mouth of the author who must earn daily bread by daily labour. The narrative, which in itself is as simple as possible, might have been cleared of certain improbabilities, or rather impossibilities, which it now exhibits. We cannot, for instance, conceive how Sir William Thornhill should contrive to masquerade under the name of Burchell among his own tenantry, and upon his own estate; and it is absolutely impossible to see how his nephew, the son, doubtless, of a younger brother, (since Sir William inherited both title and property,) should be nearly as old as the Baronet himself. It may be added, that the character of Burchell, or Sir William Thornhill, is in itself extravagantly unnatural. A man of his benevolence would never have so long left his nephew in the possession of wealth which he employed to the worst of purposes. Far less would he have permitted his scheme upon Olivia in a great measure to succeed, and that upon Sophia also to approach consummation; for, in the first instance, he does not interfere at all, and in the second, his intervention is accidental. These, and some other little

circumstances in the progress of the narrative, might easily have been removed upon revisal.

But whatever defects occur in the tenor of the story, the admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the *Vicar of Wakefield* one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed. The principal character, that of the simple Pastor himself, with all the worth and excellency which ought to distinguish the ambassador of God to man, and yet with just so much of pedantry and of literary vanity as serves to shew that he is made of mortal mould, and subject to human failings, is one of the best and most pleasing pictures ever designed. It is perhaps impossible to place frail humanity before us in an attitude of more simple dignity than the Vicar, in his character of pastor, of parent, and of husband. His excellent help-mate, with all her motherly cunning, and housewifely prudence, loving and respecting her husband, but counterplotting his wisest schemes, at the dictates of maternal vanity, forms an excellent counterpart. Both, with their children around them, their quiet labour and domestic happiness, compose a fireside picture of such a perfect kind, as perhaps is nowhere else equalled. It is sketched indeed from common life, and is a strong contrast to the exaggerated and extraordinary characters and incidents which are the resource of those authors, who, like Bayes, make it their business to elevate and surprise; but the very simplicity of this charming book renders the pleasure it affords more permanent. We read the *Vicar of Wakefield* in youth and in age—We return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we chuse the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, and the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps there are few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor, rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons, into whose company he had been thrust by his villainous creditor. In too

many works of this class, the critics must apologize for or censure particular passages in the narrative, as unfit to be perused by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume, with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature, which he adorned.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

JOHNSON.

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance, which chiefly resembles it in structure, is the life of the philosopher Demophon, in Lucian; but that slight sketch is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, considering the eminent persons to whom it relates,

the quantity of miscellaneous information and entertaining gossip which it brings together, may be termed, without exception, the best parlour-window book that ever was written. Accordingly, such has been the reputation which it has enjoyed, that it renders useless even the form of an abridgment, which is the less necessary in this work, as the great Lexicographer only stands connected with the department of fictitious narrative by the brief tale of *Rasselas*.

A few dates and facts may be briefly recalled, for the sake of uniformity of plan, after which we will venture to offer a few remarks upon *Rasselas*, and the character of its great author.

Samuel Johnson was born and educated in Litchfield, where his father was a country bookseller of some eminence, since he belonged to its magistracy. He was born 18th September, 1709. His school days were spent in his native city, and his education completed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Of gigantic strength of body, and mighty powers of mind, he was afflicted with that nameless disease on the spirits, which often rendered the latter useless; and externally deformed by a scrofulous complaint, the scars of which disfigured his otherwise strong and sensible countenance. The indigence of his parents compelled him to leave College upon his father's death in 1731, when he gathered in a succession of eleven pounds sterling. In poverty, however, his learning and his probity secured him respect. He was received in the best society of his native place. His first literary attempt, the translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, appeared during this period, and probably led him, at a later period, to lay in that remote kingdom the scene of his philosophical tale, which follows this essay. About the same time, he married a wife considerably older than himself, and attempted to set up a school in the neighbourhood of Litchfield. The project proved unsuccessful; and in 1737, he set out to try to mend his fortunes in London, attended by David Garrick. Johnson had with him in manuscript his tragedy of *Irene*, and meant to commence dramatic author; Garrick was to be bred to the law—Fate had different designs for both.

There is little doubt, that upon his outset in London, Johnson felt

in full force the ills which assail the unprotected scholar, whose parts are yet unknown to the public, and who must write at once for bread and for distinction. His splendid imitation of Juvenal, *London*, a satire, was the first of his works which drew the attention of the public; yet, neither its celebrity, nor that of its more brilliant successor, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental, could save the poet from the irksome drudgery of a writer of all-work. His *Irene*, also, was unfortunate on the stage, and his valuable hours were consumed in obscure labour. He was fortunate, however, in a strong and virtuous power of thinking, which prevented his plunging into those excesses, in which neglected genius, in catching at momentary gratification, is so apt to lose character and respectability. While his friend, Savage, was wasting considerable powers in temporary gratification, Johnson was advancing slowly but surely into a higher class of society. The powers of his pen were supported by those of his conversation; he lost no friend by misconduct, and each new friend whom he made, became his admirer.

The booksellers, also, were sensible of his value as a literary labourer, and employed him in that laborious and gigantic task, a Dictionary of the language. How it is executed, is well-known, and sufficiently surprising, considering that the learned author was a stranger to the Northern languages, on which English is radically grounded, and that the discoveries in grammar, since made by Horne Tooke, were then unknown. In the meantime, the publication of the *Rambler*, though not very successful during its progress, stamped the character of the author as one of the first moral writers of the age, and as eminently qualified to write, and even to improve, the English language.

In 1752, Johnson was deprived of his wife, a loss which he appears to have felt most deeply. After her death, society, the best of which was now open to a man who brought such stores to increase its pleasures, seems to have been his principal enjoyment, and his great re-

source when assailed by that malady of mind which embittered his solitary moments.

The *Idler*, scarce so popular as the *Rambler*, followed in 1758. In 1759, *Rasselas* was hastily composed, in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and some small debts which she had contracted. This beautiful tale was composed in one week, and sent in portions to the printer. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he never afterwards read it over. The publishers paid the author an hundred pounds, with twenty-four more, when the work came to a second edition.

The mode in which *Rasselas* was composed, and the purposes for which it was written, shew that the author's situation was still embarrassed. But his circumstances became more easy in 1762, when a pension of L.300 placed him beyond the drudgery of labouring for mere subsistence. It was distinctly explained, that this grant was made on public grounds alone, and intended as homage to Johnson's services for literature. But two political pamphlets, *The False Alarm*, and that upon the *Falkland Islands*, afterwards shewed that the author was grateful.

In 1765, pushed forward by the satire of Churchill, Johnson published his subscription Shakespeare, for which proposals had been long in circulation.

The author's celebrated *Journey to the Hebrides* was published in 1775. Whatever might be his prejudices against Scotland, its natives must concede, that many of his remarks concerning the poverty and barrenness of the country, tended to produce those subsequent exertions, which have done much to remedy the causes of reproach. The Scots were angry because Johnson was not enraptured with their scenery, which, from a defect of bodily organs, he could neither see nor appreciate; and they seem to have set rather too high a rate on the hospitality paid to a stranger, when they contended it should shut the mouth of a literary traveller upon all subjects but those of panegyric. Dr Johnson took a better way of repaying the civilities he received, by exercising kindness and hospitality in London to all such friends as he had received attention from in Scotland.

His pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, which drew upon him much wrath from those who supported the American cause, is written in a strain of high toryism, and tended to promote an event, pregnant with much good and evil, the separation of the mother country from the American colonies.

In 1777, he was engaged in one of his most pleasing, as well as most popular works, *The Lives of the British Poets*, which he executed with a degree of critical force and talent which has seldom been concentrated.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1784, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even Mrs Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good

breeding better than Dr Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time, the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

Of *Rasselas*, translated into so many languages, and so widely circulated through the literary world, the merits have been long justly appreciated. It was composed in solitude and sorrow; and the melancholy cast of feeling which it exhibits, sufficiently evinces the temper of the author's mind. The resemblance, in some respects, betwixt the tenor

of the moral and that of *Candide*, is so striking, that Johnson himself admitted, that if the authors could possibly have seen each other's manuscript, they could not have escaped the charge of plagiarism. But they resemble each other like a wholesome and a poisonous fruit. The object of the witty Frenchman is to lead to a distrust of the wisdom of the great Governor of the Universe, by presuming to arraign him of incapacity before the creatures of his will. Johnson uses arguments drawn from the same premises, with the benevolent view of encouraging men to look to another and a better world, for the satisfaction of wishes, which in this seem only to be awakened in order to be disappointed. The one is a fiend—a merry devil, we grant—who scoffs at, and derides human miseries; the other, a friendly though grave philosopher, who shews us the nothingness of earthly hopes, to teach us that our affections ought to be placed elsewhere.

The work can scarce be termed a narrative, being in a great measure void of incident; it is rather a set of moral dialogues on the various vicissitudes of human life, its follies, its fears, its hopes, and its wishes, and the disappointment in which all terminate. The style is in Johnson's best manner; enriched and rendered sonorous by the triads and quaternions which he so much loved, and balanced with an art which perhaps he derived from the learned Sir Thomas Brown. The reader may sometimes complain, with Boswell, that the unalleviated picture of human helplessness and misery, leaves sadness upon the mind after perusal. But the moral is to be found in the conclusion of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem which treats of the same melancholy subject, and closes with this sublime strain of morality:—

> Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
> Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
> For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
> For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
> For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
> Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
> These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
> These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
> With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
> And makes the happiness she cannot find.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

MACKENZIE.

For the biographical part of the following memoir, we are chiefly indebted to a short sketch of the life of our distinguished contemporary, compiled from the most authentic sources, and prefixed to a beautiful duodecimo edition of *The Man of Feeling*, printed at Paris a few years since. We have had the farther advantage of correcting and enlarging the statements which it contains, from undoubted authority.

Henry Mackenzie, Esq. was born at Edinburgh, in August 1745, on the same day on which Prince Charles Stuart landed in Scotland. His father was Dr Joshua Mackenzie, of that city; and his mother, Margaret, the eldest daughter of Mr Rose of Kilravock, of a very ancient family in Nairnshire. After being educated at the High-school and University of Edinburgh, Mr Mackenzie, by the advice of some friends of his father, was articled to Mr Inglis of Redhall, in order to acquire a knowledge of the business of the Exchequer, a law-department, in which he was likely to have fewer competitors than in any other in Scotland.

To this, although not perfectly compatible with that literary taste which he very early displayed, he applied with due diligence; and, in 1765, went to London, to study the modes of English Exchequer practice, which, as well as the constitution of the court, are similar in both

countries. While there, his talents induced a friend to solicit his remaining in London, and qualifying himself for the English bar. But the anxious wishes of his family that he should reside with them, and the moderation of an unambitious mind, decided his return to Edinburgh: and here he became, first, partner, and afterwards successor, to Mr Inglis, in the office of Attorney for the Crown.

His professional labour, however, did not prevent his attachment to literary pursuits. When in London, he sketched some part of his first, and very popular work, *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, without his name; and was so much a favourite with the public, as to become, a few years after, the occasion of a remarkable fraud. A Mr Eccles, of Bath, observing that this work was accompanied by no author's name, laid claim to it, transcribed the whole in his own hand, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections; and maintained his right with such plausible pertinacity, that Messrs Cadell and Strachan, (Mr Mackenzie's publishers,) found it necessary to undeceive the public by a formal contradiction.

In a few years after this, he published his *Man of the World*, which seems to be intended as a second part to *The Man of Feeling*. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, he imagined a hero constantly obedient to every emotion of his moral sense. In *The Man of the World*, he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong into misery and ruin, and spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a happiness which he expected to obtain in defiance of the moral sense. His next production was *Julia de Roubigné*, a novel in a series of letters. The fable is very interesting, and the letters are written with great elegance and propriety of style.

In 1776, Mr Mackenzie was married to Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, Bart. and Lady Margaret Ogilvy, by whom he has a numerous family; the eldest of whom, Mr Henry Joshua Mackenzie, has, while these sheets are passing the press, been called to the situation of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Session, with the unanimous approbation of his country.

In 1777 or 1778, a society of gentlemen, of Edinburgh, were accustomed at their meetings to read short essays of their composition, in the manner of the *Spectator*, and Mr Mackenzie being admitted a member, after hearing several of them read, suggested the advantage of giving greater variety to their compositions by admitting some of a lighter kind, descriptive of common life and manners; and he exhibited some specimens of the kind in his own writing. From this arose the *Mirror*,* a well-known periodical publication, to which Mr Mackenzie performed the office of editor, and was also the principal contributor. The success of the *Mirror* naturally led Mr Mackenzie and his friends to undertake the *Lounger*,† upon the same plan, which was not less read and admired.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr Mackenzie became one of its most active members, and he has occasionally enriched the volumes of its *Transactions* by his valuable communications; particularly by an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend, Judge Abercromby, and a memoir on German Tragedy. He is one of the original members of the Highland Society; and by him have been published the volumes of their *Transactions*, to which he has prefixed an account of the Institution and principal proceedings of the Society, and an interesting account of Gaelic poetry.

In the year 1792 he was one of those literary men who contributed some little occasional tracts to disabuse the lower orders of the people, led astray at that time by the prevailing frenzy of the French Revolution. In 1793 he wrote the *Life of Dr Blacklock*, at the request of his widow, prefixed to a quarto edition of that blind poet's works. His intimacy with Blacklock gave him an opportunity of knowing the habits of his life, the bent of his mind, and the feelings peculiar to the privation of sight, under which Blacklock laboured.

The literary society of Edinburgh, in the latter part of last century, whose intimacy he enjoyed, is described in his *Life of John Home*,

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* Begun the 23d January, 1779; ended 27th May, 1780.

† Begun 6th February, 1785; ended 6th January, 1787.

which he read to the Royal Society in 1812, and, as a sort of Supplement to that Life, he then added some Critical Essays, chiefly on Dramatic Poetry, which have not been published.

In 1808, Mr Mackenzie published a complete edition of his works, in eight volumes octavo; including a tragedy, *The Spanish Father*, and a comedy, *The White Hypocrite*, which last was once performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. The tragedy had never been represented, in consequence of Mr Garrick's opinion, that the catastrophe was of too shocking a kind for the modern stage; though he owned the merit of the poetry, the force of some of the scenes, and the scope for fine action in the character of Alphonso, the leading person of the drama. In this edition also is given a carefully corrected copy of the tragedy of *The Prince of Tunis*, which had been represented at Edinburgh in 1763 with great success.

Among the prose compositions of Mr Mackenzie, is a political tract, *An Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of* 1784, which he was induced to write at the persuasion of his old and steady friend, Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. It introduced him to the countenance and regard of Mr Pitt, who revised the work with particular care and attention, and made several corrections in it with his own hand. Some years after, Mr Mackenzie was appointed, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and Right Hon. George Rose, also his particular friend, to the office of Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland, an appointment of very considerable labour and responsibility, and in discharging which this fanciful and ingenious author has shown his power of entering into and discussing the most dry and complicated details, when that became a matter of duty.

The time, we trust, is yet distant, when, speaking of this author as of those with whom his genius ranks him, a biographer may with delicacy trace his personal character and peculiarities, or record the manner in which he has discharged the duties of a citizen. When that hour shall arrive, we trust few of his own contemporaries will be left to mourn

him; but we can anticipate the sorrow of a later generation, when deprived of the wit which enlivened their hours of retirement, the benevolence which directed and encouraged their studies, and the wisdom which instructed them in their duties to society. It is enough to say here, that Mr Mackenzie survives, venerable and venerated, as the last link of the chain which connects the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, and Hume, and Smith, and Home, and Clerk, and Fergusson; and that the remembrance of an æra so interesting could not have been intrusted to a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, or a more tenacious memory. It is much to be wished, that Mr Mackenzie, taking a wider view of his earlier years than in the *Life of Home*, would place on a more permanent record some of the anecdotes and recollections with which he delights society. We are about to measure his capacity for the task by a singular standard, but it belongs to Mr Mackenzie's character. He has, we believe, shot game of every description which Scotland contains, (deer, and probably grouse, excepted) on the very grounds at present occupied by the extensive and splendid streets of the New Town of Edinburgh; has sought for hares and wild-ducks, where there are now palaces, churches, and assembly-rooms; and has witnessed moral revolutions as surprising as this extraordinary change of local circumstances. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual indeed in their progress, but most important in their results, and they have been introduced into Scotland within the last half century. Every sketch of them, or of the circumstances by which they were produced, from the pen of so intelligent an observer, and whose opportunities of observation have been so extensive, would, however slight and detached, rival in utility and amusement any work of the present time.

As an author, Mr Mackenzie has shewn talents both for poetry and the drama. Indeed we are of opinion, that no man can succeed perfectly in the line of fictitious composition, without most of the properties of a poet, though he may be no writer of verses; but Mr Mackenzie possesses the powers of melody in addition to those of conception. He has given a beautiful specimen of legendary poetry, in two little High-

land ballads, a style of composition which becomes fashionable from time to time, on account of its simplicity and pathos, and then is again laid aside, when worn out by the servile imitators, to whom its approved facility offers its chief recommendation. But it is as a Novelist that we are now called on to consider our author's powers; and the universal and permanent popularity of his writings entitles us to rank him among the most distinguished of his class. His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, to which all other qualities are as dust in the balance; and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution of a well-constructed fable; or as in Smollet's novels, by broad and strong humour, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties; nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. An accumulation of circumstances, sometimes amounting to tediousness, a combination of minutely traced events, with an ample commentary on each, were thought necessary by Richardson to excite and prepare the mind of the reader for the affecting scenes which he has occasionally touched with such force; and without denying him his due merit, it must be allowed that he has employed preparatory volumes in accomplishing what has cost Mackenzie and Sterne only a few pages, perhaps only a few sentences.

On the other hand, although the two last named authors have, in particular passages, a more strong resemblance to each other than those formerly named, yet there remain such essential points of difference betwixt them, as must secure for Mackenzie the praise of originality, which we have claimed for him. It is needless to point out to the reader the difference between the general character of their writings, or how far the chaste, correct, almost studiously decorous manner and style of the works of the author of *The Man of Feeling*, differ from the wild wit, and intrepid contempt at once of decency, and regularity of composition, which distinguish *Tristram Shandy*. It is not in the general conduct or style of their works that they in the slightest degree ap-

proach; nay, no two authors in the British language can be more distinct. But even in the particular passages where both had in view to excite the reader's pathetic sympathy, the modes resorted to are different. The pathos of Sterne in some degree resembles his humour, and is seldom attained by simple means; a wild, fanciful, beautiful flight of thought and expression is remarkable in the former, as an extravagant, burlesque, and ludicrous strain of thought and language characterizes the latter. The celebrated passage, where the tear of the recording Angel blots the profane oath of Uncle Toby out of the register of heaven, a flight so poetically fanciful as to be stretched to the very verge of extravagance, will illustrate our position. To attain his object —that is, to make us thoroughly sympathize with the excited state of mind which betrays Uncle Toby into the indecorous assertion which forms the ground-work of the whole—the author calls Heaven and Hell into the lists, and represents, in a fine poetic frenzy, its effects on the accusing Spirit and the registering Angel. Let this be contrasted with the fine tale of *La Roche*, in which Mackenzie has described, with such unexampled delicacy, and powerful effect, the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the deprived father. This also is painted reflectively; that is, the reader's sympathy is excited by the effect produced on one of the drama, neither angel nor devil, but a philosopher, whose heart remains sensitive, though his studies have misled his mind into the frozen regions of scepticism. To say nothing of the tendency of the two passages, which will scarce, in the mind of the most unthinking, bear any comparison, we would only remark, that Mackenzie has given us a moral truth, Sterne a beautiful trope; and that if the one claims the palm of superior brilliancy of imagination, that due to nature and accuracy of human feeling must abide with the Scottish author.

Yet while marking this broad and distinct difference between these two authors, the most celebrated certainly among those who are termed sentimental, it is but fair to Sterne to add, that although Mackenzie has rejected his license of wit, and flights of imagination, retrenched, in a great measure, his episodical digressions, and altogether banished the

indecency and buffoonery to which he had too frequent recourse, still their volumes must be accounted as belonging to the same class; and amongst the thousand imitators who have pursued their path, we cannot recollect one English author who is entitled to the same honour. The foreign authors, Riccoboni and Marivaux, belong to the same department; but of the former we remember little, and the latter, though full of the most delicate touches, often depends for effect on the turn of phrase, and the protracted embarassments of artificial gallantry, more than upon the truth and simplicity of nature. The *Heloise* and *Emile* partake of the insanity of their author, and are exaggerated, though most eloquent, descriptions of overwhelming passion, rather than works of sentiment.

In future compositions, the author dropped even that resemblance which the style of *The Man of Feeling* bears, in some particulars, to the works of Sterne; and his country may boast, that, in one instance at least, she has produced, in Mackenzie, a writer of pure musical Addisonian prose, which retains the quality of vigour, without forfeiting that of clearness and simplicity.

We are hence led to observe, that the principal object of Mackenzie, in all his novels, has been to reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos, by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, upon the human mind, and especially on those which were not only just, honourable, and intelligent, but so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings, to which ordinary hearts are callous. This is the direct and professed object of Mackenzie's first work, which is in fact no narrative, but a series of successive incidents, each rendered interesting by the mode in which they operate on the feelings of Harley. The attempt had been perilous in a meaner hand; for, sketched by a pencil less nicely discriminating, Harley, instead of a being whom we love, respect, sympathize with, and admire, had become the mere Quixote of sentiment, an object of pity perhaps, but of ridicule at the same time. Against this the author has guarded with great skill; and while duped and swindled in London, Harley neither loses our consideration as a man of sense and spirit, nor is subjected to that degree of

contempt with which readers in general regard the misadventures of a novice upon town, whilst they hug themselves in their own superior knowledge of the world. Harley's spirited conduct towards an impertinent passenger in the stage-coach, and his start of animated indignation on listening to Edwards's story, are skilfully thrown in, to satisfy the reader that his softness and gentleness of temper were not allied to effeminacy; and that he dared, on suitable occasions, do all that might become a man. We have heard that some of Harley's feelings were taken from those of the author himself, when, at his first entrance on the dry and barbarous study of municipal law, he was looking back, like Blackstone, on the land of the Muses, which he was condemned to leave behind him. It has also been said, that the fine sketch of Miss Walton was taken from the heiress of a family of distinction, who ranked at that time high in the Scottish fashionable world. But such surmises are little worth the tracing; for we believe no original character was ever composed by any author, without the idea having been previously suggested by something which he had observed in nature.

The other novels of Mr Mackenzie, although assuming a more regular and narrative form, are, like *The Man of Feeling*, rather the history of effects produced on the human mind by a series of events, than the narrative of those events themselves. The villainy of Sindall is the tale of a heart hardened to selfishness, by incessant and unlimited gratification of the external senses; a contrast to that of Harley, whose mental feelings have acquired such an ascendancy as to render him unfit for the ordinary business of life. The picture of the former is so horrid, that we would be disposed to deny its truth, did we not unhappily know, that sensual indulgence, in the words of Burns,

> ———"hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feelings;"

and that there never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in a character, which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. The history of the victims of Sindall's arts and crimes, particularly the early history of the Annesleys, is exqui-

sitely well drawn; and, perhaps, the scene between the brother and sister by the pond, equals any part of the author's writings. Should the reader doubt this, he may easily make the experiment, by putting it into the hands of any young person of feeling and intelligence, and of an age so early as not to have forgotten the sports and passions of childhood.

The beautiful and tragic tale of *Julia de Roubigné*, is of a very different tenor from *The Man of the World;* and we have good authority for thinking, that it was written in some degree as a counter-part to the latter work. A friend of the author, the celebrated Lord Kames, we believe, had represented to Mr Mackenzie, in how many poems, plays, and novels, the distress of the piece is made to turn upon the designing villainy of some one of the dramatis personæ. On considering his observations, the author undertook, as a task fit for his genius, the composition of a story, in which the characters should be all naturally virtuous, and where the calamities of the catastrophe should arise, as frequently happens in actual life, not out of schemes of premeditated villainy, but from the excess and over-indulgence of passions and feelings, in themselves blameless, nay, praiseworthy, but which, encouraged to a morbid excess, and coming into fatal though fortuitous concourse with each other, lead to the most disastrous consequences. Mr Mackenzie executed his purpose; and as the plan fell in most happily with the views of a writer, whose object was less to describe external objects, than to read a lesson on the human heart, he has produced one of the most heart-wringing histories which has ever been written. The very circumstances which palliate the errors of the sufferers, in whose distress we interest ourselves, point out to the reader that there is neither hope, remedy, nor revenge. When a Lovelace or a Sindall comes forth like an Evil Principle, the agent of all the misery of the scene, we see a chance of their artifices being detected, at least the victims have the consciousness of innocence, the reader the stern hope of vengeance. But when, as in *Julia de Roubigné*, the revival of mutual affection on the part of two pure and amiable beings, imprudently and incautiously indulged, awakens, and not unjustly, the jealous honour of a high-spirited husband,—when

we see Julia precipitated into misery by her preference of filial duty to early love,—Savillon, by his faithful and tender attachment to a deserving object—and Montauban, by a jealous regard to his spotless fame,—we are made aware, at the same time, that there is no hope of aught but the most unhappy catastrophe. The side of each sufferer is pierced by the very staff on which he leant, and the natural and virtuous feelings which they at first most legitimately indulged, precipitate them into error, crimes, remorse, and misery. The cruelty to which Montauban is hurried, may, perhaps, be supposed to exempt him from our sympathy, especially in an age when such crimes as that of which Julia is suspected, are usually borne by the injured parties with more equanimity than her husband displays. But the irritable habits of the time, and of his Spanish descent, must plead the apology of Montauban, as they are admitted to form that of Othello. Perhaps, on the whole, *Julia de Roubigné* gives the reader too much actual pain to be so generally popular as *The Man of Feeling*, since we have found its superiority to that beautiful essay on human sensibility, often disputed by those whose taste we are in general inclined to defer to. The very acute feelings which the work usually excites among the readers whose sympathies are liable to be awakened by scenes of fictitious distress, we are disposed to ascribe to the extreme accuracy and truth of the sentiments, as well as to the beautiful manner in which they are expressed. There are few who have not had, at one period of life, disappointments of the heart to mourn over; and we know no book which recalls the recollection of such more severely than *Julia de Roubigné*.

We return to consider the key-note, as we may term it, on which Mackenzie has formed his tales of fictitious woe, and which we have repeatedly described to be the illustration of the nicer and finer sensibilities of the human breast. To attain this point, and to place it in the strongest and most unbroken light, the author seems to have kept the other faculties with which we know him to be gifted, in careful subordination. The Northern Addison, who revived the art of periodical writing, and sketched, though with a light pencil, the follies and the lesser vices of his time, has shewed himself a master of play-

ful satire. The historian of the Homespun family may place his narrative, without fear of shame, by the side of the *Vicar of Wakefield.* Colonel Caustic and Umfraville are masterly conceptions of the *laudator temporis acti;* and many personages in those papers which Mr Mackenzie contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, attest with what truth, spirit, and ease he could describe, assume, and sustain, a variety of characters. The beautiful landscape-painting which he has exhibited in many passages, (take, for example, that where the country-seat of the old Scottish lady and its accompaniments are so exquisitely delineated,) assures us of the accuracy and delicacy of his touch in delineating the beauties of nature.

But all these powerful talents, any single one of which might have sufficed to bring men of more bounded powers into notice, have been by Mackenzie carefully subjected to the principal object which he proposed to himself—the delineation of the human heart. Variety of character he has introduced sparingly, and has seldom recourse to any peculiarity of incident, availing himself generally of those which may be considered as common property to all writers of romance. His sense of the beauties of nature, and his power of describing them, are carefully *kept down*, to use the expression of the artists; and like the single straggling bough, which shades the face of his sleeping veteran, just introduced to relieve his principal object, but not to rival it. It cannot be termed an exception to this rule, though certainly a peculiarity of this author, that on all occasions where sylvan sports can be introduced, he displays an intimate familiarity with them, and, from personal habits, to which we have elsewhere alluded, shews a delight to dwell for an instant upon a favourite topic.

Lastly, The wit which sparkles in his periodical Essays, and, we believe, in his private conversation, shews itself but little in his Novels; and, although his peculiar vein of humour may be much more frequently traced, yet it is so softened down, and divested of the broad ludicrous, that it harmonizes with the most grave and affecting parts of the tale, and becomes, like the satire of Jaques, only a more humorous shade of melancholy. In short, Mackenzie aimed at being the histo-

rian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition. But as mankind are never contented, and as critics are certainly no exception to a rule so general, we could wish that, without losing or altering a line our author has written, he had condescended to give us, in addition to his stores of sentiment,—a romance on life and manners, by which, we are convinced, he would have twisted another branch of laurel into his garland. However, as Sebastian expresses it,

> "What had been, is unknown; what is, appears."

We must be proudly satisfied with what we have received, and happy that, in this line of composition, we can boast a living author, of excellence like that of Henry Mackenzie.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

WALPOLE.

THE Castle of Otranto is remarkable, not only for the wild interest of the story, but as the first modern attempt to found a tale of amusing fiction upon the basis of the ancient romances of chivalry. The neglect and discredit of these venerable legends had commenced so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when, as we learn from the criticism of the times, Spenser's fairy web was rather approved on account of the mystic and allegorical interpretation, than the plain and obvious meaning of his chivalrous pageant. The drama, which shortly afterwards rose into splendour, and English versions from the innumerable novelists of Italy, supplied to the higher class the amusement which their fathers received from the legends of Don Belianis and the Mirror of Knighthood; and the huge volumes, which were once the pastime of nobles and princes, shorn of their ornaments, and shrunk into abridgments, were banished to the kitchen or nursery, or, at best, to the hall-window of the old-fashioned country manor-house. Under Charles II. the prevailing taste for French literature dictated the introduction of those dullest of dull folios, the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, works which hover between the ancient tale of chivalry and the modern novel. The alliance was so ill conceived, that they retained all the insufferable length and breadth of the prose volumes of chivalry, the same detailed account of

reiterated and unvaried combats, the same unnatural and extravagant turn of incident, without the rich and sublime strokes of genius, and vigour of imagination, which often distinguished the early romance; while they exhibited all the sentimental languor and flat love-intrigue of the novel, without being enlivened by its variety of character, just traits of feeling, or acute views of life. Such an ill-imagined species of composition retained its ground longer than might have been expected, only because these romances were called works of entertainment, and there was nothing better to supply their room. Even in the days of the *Spectator*, Clelia, Cleopatra, and the Grand Cyrus, (as that precious folio is christened by its butcherly translator,) were the favourite closet companions of the fair sex. But this unnatural taste began to give way early in the eighteenth century; and, about the middle of it, was entirely superseded by the works of Le Sage, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett; so that even the very name of romance, now so venerable in the ear of antiquaries and book-collectors, was almost forgotten at the time the *Castle of Otranto* made its first appearance.

The peculiar situation of Horace Walpole, the ingenious author of this work, was such as gave him a decided predilection for what may be called the Gothic style, a term which he contributed not a little to rescue from the bad fame into which it had fallen, being currently used before his time to express whatever was in pointed and diametrical opposition to the rules of true taste.

Horace Walpole, it is needless to remind the reader, was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, that celebrated minister, who held the reins of government under two successive monarchs, with a grasp so firm and uncontrolled, that his power seemed entwined with the rights of the Brunswick family. Horace was born in the year 1716-17; was educated at Eton, and formed, at that celebrated seminary, a school-boy acquaintance with the celebrated Gray, which continued during the earlier part of their residence together at Cambridge, so that they became fellow-travellers by joint consent in 1739. They disagreed and parted on the continent; the youthful vivacity, and, perhaps, the aristocratic assumption of Walpole, not agreeing with the somewhat for-

mal opinions and habits of the professed man of letters. In the reconciliation afterwards effected between them, Walpole frankly took on himself the blame of the rupture, and they continued friends until Gray's death.

When Walpole returned to England, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and entered public life as the son of a prime minister as powerful as England had known for more than a century. When the father occupied such a situation, his sons had necessarily their full share of that court which is usually paid to the near connections of those who have the patronage of the state at their disposal. To the feeling of importance inseparable from the object of such attention, was added the early habit of connecting and associating the interest of Sir Robert Walpole, and even the domestic affairs of his family, with the parties in the Royal Family of England, and with the changes in the public affairs of Europe. It is not therefore wonderful, that the turn of Horace Walpole's mind, which was naturally tinged with the love of pedigree, and a value for family honours, should have been strengthened in that bias by circumstances, which seemed, as it were, to bind and implicate the fate of his own house with that of princes, and to give the shields of the Walpoles, Shorters, and Robsarts, from whom he descended, an added dignity, unknown to their original owners. If Mr Walpole ever founded hopes of raising himself to political eminence, and turning his family importance to advantage in his career, the termination of his father's power, and the personal change with which he felt it attended, disgusted him with active life, and early consigned him to literary retirement. He had, indeed, a seat in Parliament for many years; but, unless upon one occasion, when he vindicated the memory of his father with great dignity and eloquence, he took no share in the debates of the House, and not much in the parties which maintained them. Indeed, in the account which he has himself rendered us of his own views and dispositions with respect to state affairs, he seems rather to have been bent on influencing party spirit, and bustling in public affairs, for the sake of embroilment and intrigue, than in order to carry any particular measure, whether important to himself, or of con-

sequence to the state. In the year 1758, and at the active age of forty-one, secured from the caprices of fortune, he retired altogether from public life, to enjoy his own pursuits and studies in retirement. His father's care had invested him with three good sinecure offices, so that his income, managed with economy, which no one understood better how to practise, was sufficient for his expense in matters of virtu, as well as for maintaining his high rank in society.

The subjects of Horace Walpole's studies were, in a great measure, dictated by his habits of thinking and feeling operating upon an animated imagination, and a mind, acute, active, penetrating, and fraught with a great variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Travelling had formed his taste for the fine arts; but his early predilection in favour of birth and rank connected even those branches of study with that of Gothic history and antiquities. His *Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving* evince many marks of his favourite pursuits; but his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, and his *Historical Doubts*, we owe entirely to his pursuits as an antiquary and genealogist. The former work evinces, in a particular degree, Mr Walpole's respect for birth and rank; yet is, perhaps, ill calculated to gain much sympathy for either. It would be difficult, by any process or principle of sub-division, to select a list of as many plebeian authors, containing so very few whose genius was worthy of commemoration; but it was always Walpole's foible to disclaim a professed pursuit of public favour, for which, however, he earnestly thirsted, and to hold himself forth as a privileged author, "one of the right-hand file," who did not mean to descend into the common arena, where professional authors contend before the public eye, but wrote merely to gratify his own taste, by throwing away a few idle hours on literary composition. There was much affectation in this, which accordingly met the reward which affectation usually incurs; as Walpole seems to have suffered a good deal from the criticism which he affected to despise, and occasionally from the neglect which he appeared to court.

The *Historical Doubts* are an acute and curious example how minute antiquarian research may shake our faith in the facts most pointedly

averred by general history. It is remarkable also to observe, how, in defending a system which was probably at first adopted as a mere literary exercise, Mr Walpole's doubts acquired, in his own eyes, the respectability of certainties, in which he could not brook controversy.

Mr Walpole's domestic occupations, as well as his studies, bore evidence of a taste for English antiquities, which was then uncommon. He loved, as a satirist has expressed it, "to gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass," and the villa at Strawberry-Hill, which he chose for his abode, gradually swelled into a feudal castle, by the addition of turrets, towers, galleries, and corridors, whose fretted roofs, carved pannels, and illuminated windows, were garnished with the appropriate furniture of scutcheons, armorial bearings, shields, tilting lances, and all the panoply of chivalry. The Gothic order of architecture is now so generally, and, indeed, indiscriminately used, that we are rather surprised if the country-house of a tradesman retired from business, does not exhibit lanceolated windows, divided by stone shafts, and garnished by painted glass, a cup-board in the form of a cathedral-stall, and a pig-house with a front borrowed from the façade of an ancient chapel. But, in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Mr Walpole began to exhibit specimens of the Gothic style, and to shew how patterns, collected from cathedrals and monuments, might be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, and balustrades, he did not comply with the dictates of a prevailing fashion, but pleased his own taste, and realized his own visions, in the romantic cast of the mansion which he erected.

Mr Walpole's lighter studies were conducted upon the same principle which influenced his historical researches, and his taste in architecture. His extensive acquaintance with foreign literature, on which he justly prided himself, was subordinate to his pursuits as an English antiquary and genealogist, in which he gleaned subjects for poetry and for romantic fiction, as well as for historical controversy. These are studies, indeed, proverbially dull; but it is only when they are pursued by those whose fancies nothing can enliven. A Horace Walpole, or a Thomas Warton, is not a mere collector of dry and minute facts, which the

general historian passes over with disdain. He brings with him the torch of genius, to illuminate the ruins through which he loves to wander; nor does the classic scholar derive more inspiration from the pages of Virgil, than such an antiquary from the glowing, rich, and powerful feudal painting of Froissart. His mind being thus stored with information, accumulated by researches into the antiquities of the middle ages, and inspired, as he himself informs us, by the romantic cast of his own habitation, Mr Walpole resolved to give the public a specimen of the Gothic style adapted to modern literature, as he had already exhibited its application to modern architecture.

As, in his model of a Gothic modern mansion, our author had studiously endeavoured to fit to the purposes of modern convenience, or luxury, the rich, varied, and complicated tracery and carving of the ancient cathedral, so, in *The Castle of Otranto*, it was his object to unite the marvellous turn of incident, and imposing tone of chivalry, exhibited in the ancient romance, with that accurate display of human character, and contrast of feelings and passions, which is, or ought to be, delineated in the modern novel. But Mr Walpole, being uncertain of the reception which a work upon so new a plan might experience from the world, and not caring, perhaps, to encounter the ridicule which would have attended its failure, *The Castle of Otranto* was, in 1764, ushered into the world, as a translation, by William Marshall, from the Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, a sort of anagram, or translation of his own name. It did not, however, long impose upon the critics of the day. It was soon suspected to proceed from a more elegant pen than that of any William Marshall, and, in the second edition, he disclosed the secret. In a private letter, he gave the following account of the origin of the composition, in which he contradicts the ordinary assertion, that it was completed in eight days.

"*9th March* 1763. 1765?

"Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of

which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. Add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hands and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph."

It does not seem that the authenticity of the narrative was at first suspected. Mr Gray writes to Mr Walpole, on 30th December, 1764: "I have received *The Castle of Otranto*, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here, (*i. e.* at Cambridge,) makes some of us cry a little; and all, in general, afraid to go to bed o'nights. We take it for a translation; and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St Nicholas." The friends of the author, as appears from the letter already quoted, were probably soon permitted to peep beneath the veil he had thought proper to assume; and, in the second edition, it was altogether withdrawn by a preface, in which the tendency and nature of the work are shortly commented upon and explained. From the following passage, translated from a letter by the author to Madame Deffand, it would seem that he repented of having laid aside his incognito; and, sensitive to criticism, like most dilletante authors, was rather more hurt by the raillery of those who liked not his tale of chivalry, than gratified by the applause of his admirers. "So they have translated my *Castle of Otranto*, probably in ridicule of the author. So be it;—however, I beg you will let their raillery pass in silence. Let the critics have their own way; they give me no uneasiness. I have not written the book for the present age,

which will endure nothing but *cold common sense*. I confess to you, my dear friend, (and you will think me madder than ever,) that this is the only one of my works with which I am myself pleased; I have given reins to my imagination till I became on fire with the visions and feelings which it excited. I have composed it in defiance of rules, of critics, and of philosophers; and it seems to me just so much the better for that very reason. I am even persuaded, that some time hereafter, when taste shall resume the place which philosophy now occupies, my poor *Castle* will find admirers; we have actually a few among us already, for I am just publishing the third edition. I do not say this in order to mendicate your approbation.* I told you from the beginning you would not like the book,—your visions are all in a different style. I am not sorry that the translator has given the second preface; the first, however, accords best with the style of the fiction. I wished it to be believed ancient, and almost every body was imposed upon." If the public applause, however, was sufficiently qualified, by the voice of censure, to alarm the feelings of the author, the continued demand for various editions of *The Castle of Otranto*, shewed how high the work really stood in popular estimation, and probably eventually reconciled Mr Walpole to the taste of his own age. This Romance has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition, attempted and successfully executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature.

Horace Walpole continued the mode of life which he had adopted so early as 1753, until his death, unless it may be considered as an alteration, that his sentiments of Whiggism, which, he himself assures us, almost amounted to Republicanism, received a shock from the French Revolution, which he appears from its commencement to have

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* Madame Deffand had mentioned having read the *Castle of Otranto* twice over; but she did not add a word of approbation. She blamed the translator for giving the second preface, chiefly because she thought it might commit Walpole with Voltaire.

thoroughly detested. The tenor of his life could be hardly said to suffer interruption by his father's earldom of Orford devolving upon him when he had reached his 74th year, by the death of his nephew. He scarce assumed the title, and died a few years after it had descended to him, 2d March, 1797, at his house in Berkeley square.

While these sheets are passing through the press, we have found in Miss Hawkins's very entertaining reminiscences of her early abode at Twickenham, the following description of the person of Horace Walpole, before 1772, giving us the most lively idea of the person and manners of a Man of Fashion about the middle of the last century:—"His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor.—His dress in visiting was most usually, in summer, when I most saw him, a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight, and shewing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind; in winter, powder."

We cannot help thinking that this most respectable lady, by whose communications respecting eminent individuals the public has been so much obliged, has been a little too severe on the Gothic whims of the architecture at Strawberry Hill. The admirers of the fine arts should have toleration for each other, when their fervent admiration of a favourite pursuit leads them into those extremes which are caviar to the multitude. And as the ear of the architect should not be hasty to con-

demn the over-learned conceits of the musician, so the eye of the musician should have some toleration for the turrets and pinnacles of the fascinated builder.

It is foreign to our plan to say much of Horace Walpole's individual character. His works bear evidence to his talents; and, even striking out the horribly impressive but disgusting drama of *The Mysterious Mother*, and the excellent Romance which we are about to analyze more critically, they must leave him the reputation of a man of excellent taste, and certainly of being the best letter-writer in the English language.

In private life, his temper appears to have been precarious; and though expensive in indulging his own taste, he always seems to have done so on the most economical terms possible. He is often, in his epistolary correspondence, harsh and unkind to Madame Deffand, whose talents, her blindness, and her enthusiastic affection for him, claimed every indulgence from a warm-hearted man. He is also severe and rigid towards Bentley, whose taste and talents he had put into continual requisition for the ornaments of his house. These are unamiable treats of character, and they have been quoted and exaggerated. But his memory has suffered most on account of his conduct towards Chatterton, in which we have always thought he was perfectly defensible. That unhappy son of genius endeavoured to impose upon Walpole a few stanzas of very inferior merit, as ancient; and sent him an equally gross and palpable imposture under the shape of a pretended List of Painters. Walpole's sole crime lies in not patronizing at once a young man who only appeared before him in the character of a very inartificial impostor, though he afterwards proved himself a gigantic one. The fate of Chatterton lies, not at the door of Walpole, but of the public at large, who, two years (we believe) afterwards, were possessed of the splendid proofs of his natural powers, and any one of whom was as much called upon as Walpole to prevent the most unhappy catastrophe.

Finally, it must be recorded to Walpole's praise, that, though not habitually liberal, he was strictly just, and readily parted with that

portion of his income which the necessities of the state required. He may, perhaps, have mistaken his character when he assumes as its principal characteristic, " disinterestedness and contempt of money," which, he intimates, was with him less " a virtue than a passion." But by the generous and apparently most sincere offer to divide his whole income with Marshal Conway, he shewed, that if there existed in his bosom more love of money than perhaps he was himself aware of, it was subjugated to the influence of the nobler virtues and feelings.

We are now to offer a few remarks on *The Castle of Otranto*, and on the class of compositions to which it belongs, and of which it was the precursor.

It is doing injustice to Mr Walpole's memory to allege, that all which he aimed at in *The Castle of Otranto*, was " the art of exciting surprise and horror ;" or, in other words, the appeal to that secret and reserved feeling of love for the marvellous and supernatural, which occupies a hidden corner in almost every one's bosom. Were this all which he had attempted, the means by which he sought to attain his purpose might, with justice, be termed both clumsy and puerile. But Mr Walpole's purpose was both more difficult of attainment, and more important when attained. It was his object to draw such a picture of domestic life and manners, during the feudal times, as might actually have existed, and to paint it chequered and agitated by the action of supernatural machinery, such as the superstition of the period received as matter of devout credulity. The natural parts of the narrative are so contrived, that they associate themselves with the marvellous occurrences ; and, by the force of that association, render those *speciosa miracula* striking and impressive, though our cooler reason admits their impossibility. Indeed, to produce, in a well-cultivated mind, any portion of that surprise and fear which are founded on supernatural events, the frame and tenor of the whole story must be adjusted in perfect harmony with this main-spring of the interest. He who, in early youth, has happened to pass a solitary night in one of the

few ancient mansions which the fashion of more modern times has left undespoiled of their original furniture, has probably experienced, that the gigantic and preposterous figures dimly visible in the defaced tapestry,—the remote clang of the distant doors which divide him from living society,—the deep darkness which involves the high and fretted roof of the apartment,—the dimly-seen pictures of ancient knights, renowned for their valour, and perhaps for their crimes,—the varied and indistinct sounds which disturb the silent desolation of a half-deserted mansion,—and, to crown all, the feeling that carries us back to ages of feudal power and papal superstition, join together to excite a corresponding sensation of supernatural awe, if not of terror. It is in such situations, when superstition becomes contagious, that we listen with respect, and even with dread, to the legends which are our sport in the garish light of sunshine, and amid the dissipating sights and sounds of every-day life. Now, it seems to have been Walpole's object to attain, by the minute accuracy of a fable, sketched with singular attention to the costume of the period in which the scene was laid, that same association which might prepare his reader's mind for the reception of prodigies congenial to the creed and feelings of the actors. His feudal tyrant, his distressed damsel, his resigned yet dignified churchman,—the Castle itself, with its feudal arrangements of dungeons, trap-doors, oratories, and galleries,—the incidents of the trial, the chivalrous procession, and the combat;—in short, the scene, the performers, and action, so far as it is natural, form the accompaniments of his spectres and his miracles, and have the same effect on the mind of the reader, that the appearance and drapery of such a chamber as we have described may produce upon that of a temporary inmate. This was a task which required no little learning, no ordinary degree of fancy, no common portion of genius, to execute. The association of which we have spoken is of a nature peculiarly delicate, and subject to be broken and disarranged. It is, for instance, almost impossible to build such a modern Gothic structure as shall impress us with the feelings we have endeavoured to describe. It may be grand, or it may be gloomy; it may excite magnificent or melancholy ideas; but it must

fail in bringing forth the sensation of supernatural awe, connected with halls that have echoed to the sounds of remote generations, and have been pressed by the footsteps of those who have long since passed away. Yet Horace Walpole has attained in composition, what, as an architect, he must have felt beyond the power of his art. The remote and superstitious period in which his scene is laid,—the art with which he has furnished forth its Gothic decorations,—the sustained, and, in general, the dignified tone of feudal manners,—prepare us gradually for the favourable reception of prodigies which, though they could not really have happened at any period, were consistent with the belief of all mankind at that in which the action is placed. It was, therefore, the author's object, not merely to excite surprise and terror, by the introduction of supernatural agency, but to wind up the feelings of his reader till they became for a moment identified with those of a ruder age, which

Held each strange tale devoutly true.

The difficulty of attaining this nice accuracy of delineation may be best estimated by comparing *The Castle of Otranto* with the less successful efforts of later writers; where, amid all their attempts to assume the tone of antique chivalry, something occurs in every chapter so decidedly incongruous, as at once reminds us of an ill-sustained masquerade, in which ghosts, knights-errant, magicians, and damsels gent, are all equipped in hired dresses from the same warehouse in Tavistock-street.

There is a remarkable particular in which Mr Walpole's steps have been departed from by the most distinguished of his followers.

Romantic narrative is of two kinds,—that which, being in itself possible, may be matter of belief at any period; and that which, though held impossible by more enlightened ages, was yet consonant with the faith of earlier times. The subject of *The Castle of Otranto* is of the latter class. Mrs Radcliffe, a name not to be mentioned without the high respect due to genius, which we hope our plan will hereafter give us an opportunity to express more fully, has endeavoured to effect a

compromise between those different styles of narrative, by referring her prodigies to an explanation founded on natural causes, in the latter chapters of her romances. To this improvement upon the Gothic romance there are so many objections, that we own ourselves inclined to prefer, as more simple and impressive, the narrative of Walpole, which details supernatural incidents as they would have been readily believed and received in the eleventh or twelfth century. In the first place, The reader feels indignant at discovering that he has been cheated into sympathy with terrors, which are finally explained as having proceeded from some very simple cause; and the interest of a second reading is entirely destroyed by his having been admitted behind the scenes at the conclusion of the first. Secondly, The precaution of relieving our spirits from the influence of supposed supernatural terror, seems as unnecessary in a work of professed fiction, as that of the prudent Bottom, who proposed that the human face of the representative of his lion should appear from under his masque, and acquaint the audience plainly that he was a man as other men, and nothing more than Snug the joiner. Lastly, These substitutes for supernatural agency are frequently to the full as improbable as the machinery which they are introduced to explain away and to supplant. The reader, who is required to admit the belief of supernatural interference, understands precisely what is demanded of him; and, if he be a gentle reader, throws his mind into the attitude best adapted to humour the deceit which is presented for his entertainment, and grants, for the time of perusal, the premises on which the fable depends.* But if the author voluntarily binds himself to account for all the wondrous occurrences which he introduces, we are entitled to exact that the explanation shall be natural, easy, ingenious, and complete. Every reader of such works must remember instances, in which the explanation of mysterious circumstances

* There are instances to the contrary, however. For example, that stern votary of severe truth, who cast aside Gulliver's Travels as containing a parcel of improbable fictions.

in the narrative has proved equally, nay, even more incredible, than if they had been accounted for by the agency of supernatural beings; for the most incredulous must allow, that the interference of such agency is more possible than that an effect resembling it should be produced by an inadequate cause. But it is unnecessary to enlarge further on a part of the subject, which we have only mentioned to exculpate our author from the charge of using machinery more clumsy than his tale from its nature required. The bold assertion of the actual existence of phantoms and apparitions seems to us to harmonize much more naturally with the manners of feudal times, and to produce a more powerful effect upon the reader's mind, than any attempt to reconcile the superstitious credulity of feudal ages with the philosophic scepticism of our own, by referring those prodigies to the operation of fulminating powder, combined mirrors, magic lanterns, trap-doors, speaking trumpets, and such-like apparatus of German phantasmagoria.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the character of the supernatural machinery in *The Castle of Otranto* is liable to objections. Its action and interference is rather too frequent, and presses too hard and constantly upon the same feelings in the reader's mind, to the hazard of diminishing the elasticity of the spring upon which it should operate. The fund of fearful sympathy which can be afforded by a modern reader to a tale of wonder, is much diminished by the present habits of life and modes of education. Our ancestors could wonder and thrill through all the mazes of an interminable metrical romance of fairy land, and of an enchantment, the work perhaps of some

> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

But our habits and feelings and belief are different, and a transient, though vivid, impression is all that can be excited by a tale of wonder even in the most fanciful mind of the present day. By the too frequent recurrence of his prodigies, Mr Walpole ran, perhaps, his greatest risk of awakening *la raison froide*, that "cold common sense," which he justly

deemed the greatest enemy of the effect which he hoped to produce. It may be added also, that the supernatural occurrences of *The Castle of Otranto* are brought forward into too strong day-light, and marked by an over degree of distinctness and accuracy of outline. A mysterious obscurity seems congenial at least, if not essential, to our ideas of disembodied spirits, and the gigantic limbs of the ghost of Alphonso, as described by the terrified domestics, are somewhat too distinct and corporeal to produce the feelings which their appearance is intended to excite. This fault, however, if it be one, is more than compensated by the high merit of many of the marvellous incidents in the romance. The descent of the picture of Manfred's ancestor, although it borders on extravagance, is finely introduced, and interrupts an interesting dialogue with striking effect. We have heard it observed, that the animated figure should rather have been a statue than a picture. We greatly doubt the justice of the criticism. The advantage of the colouring induces us decidedly to prefer Mr Walpole's fiction to the proposed substitute. There are few who have not felt, at some period of their childhood, a sort of terror from the manner in which the eye of an ancient portrait appears to fix that of the spectator from every point of view. It is, perhaps, hypercritical to remark, (what, however, Walpole of all authors might have been expected to attend to,) that the time assigned to the action, being about the eleventh century, is rather too early for the introduction of a full-length portrait. The apparition of the skeleton hermit to the Prince of Vicenza was long accounted a master-piece of the horrible; but of late the valley of Jehosophat could hardly supply the dry bones necessary for the exhibition of similar spectres, so that injudicious and repeated imitation has, in some degree, injured the effect of its original model. What is more striking in *The Castle of Otranto*, is the manner in which the various prodigious appearances, bearing each upon the other, and all upon the accomplishment of the ancient prophecy, denouncing the ruin of the house of Manfred, gradually prepare us for the grand catastrophe. The moonlight vision of Alphonso dilated to immense magnitude, the astonished group of spectators in the front, and the shattered ruins of the castle

in the back-ground, are briefly and sublimely described. We know no passage of similar merit, unless it be the apparition of Fadzean, or Faudoun, in an ancient Scottish poem.*

That part of the romance which depends upon human feelings and agency, is conducted with the dramatic talent which afterwards was so conspicuous in *The Mysterious Mother*. The persons are indeed rather generic than individual; but this was in a degree necessary to a plan, calculated rather to exhibit a general view of society and manners during the times which the author's imagination loved to contemplate, than the more minute shades and discriminating points of particular characters. But the actors in the romance are strikingly drawn, with bold outlines becoming the age and nature of the story. Feudal tyranny was, perhaps, never better exemplified, than in the character of Manfred. He has the courage, the art, the duplicity, the ambition of a barbarous chieftain of the dark ages, yet with touches of remorse and natural feeling, which preserve some sympathy for him when his pride is quelled, and his race extinguished. The pious Monk, and the patient Hippolita, are well contrasted with this selfish and tyrannical Prince. Theodore is the juvenile hero of a romantic tale, and Matilda has more interesting sweetness than usually belongs to its heroine. As the character of Isabella is studiously kept down, in order to relieve that of the daughter of Manfred, few readers are pleased with the concluding insinuation, that she became at length the bride of Theodore. This is in some degree a departure from the rules of chivalry; and, however natural an occurrence in common life, rather injures the magic illusions of romance. In other respects, making allowance for the extraordinary incidents of a dark and tempestuous age, the story, so far as within the course of natural events, is happily detailed, its progress is uniform, its events interesting and well combined, and the conclusion grand, tragical, and affecting.

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* This spectre, the ghost of a follower whom he had slain upon suspicion of treachery, appeared to no less a person than Wallace, the champion of Scotland, in the ancient castle of Gask-hall.—See Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. I.

The style of the *Castle of Otranto* is pure and correct English of the earlier and more classical standard. Mr Walpole rejected, upon taste and principle, those heavy though powerful auxiliaries which Dr Johnson imported from the Latin language, and which have since proved to many a luckless wight, who has essayed to use them, as unmanageable as the gauntlets of Eryx,

> ——————et pondus et ipsa
> Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat.

Neither does the purity of Mr Walpole's language, and the simplicity of his narrative, admit that luxuriant, florid, and high-varnished landscape-painting, with which Mrs Radcliffe often adorned, and not unfrequently incumbered, her kindred romances. Description, for its own sake, is scarcely once attempted in *The Castle of Otranto;* and if authors would consider how very much this restriction tends to realize narrative, they might be tempted to abridge at least the showy and wordy exuberance of a style fitter for poetry than prose. It is for the dialogue that Walpole reserves his strength; and it is remarkable how, while conducting his mortal agents with all the art of a modern dramatist, he adheres to the sustained tone of chivalry, which marks the period of the action. This is not attained by patching his narrative or dialogue with glossarial terms, or antique phraseology, but by taking care to exclude all that can awaken modern associations. In the one case, his romance would have resembled a modern dress, preposterously decorated with antique ornaments; in its present shape, he has retained the form of the ancient armour, but not its rust and cobwebs. In illustration of what is above stated, we refer the reader to the first interview of Manfred with the Prince of Vicenza, where the manners and language of chivalry are finely painted, as well as the perturbation of conscious guilt, confusing itself in attempted exculpation, even before a mute accuser. The characters of the inferior domestics have been considered as not bearing a proportion sufficiently dignified to the rest of the story. But this is a point on which the author has pleaded his own cause fully in the original Prefaces.

We have only to add, in conclusion to these desultory remarks, that if Horace Walpole, who led the way in this new species of literary composition, has been surpassed by some of his followers in diffuse brilliancy of description, and perhaps in the art of detaining the mind of the reader in a state of feverish and anxious suspense, through a protracted and complicated narrative, more will yet remain with him than the single merit of originality and invention. The applause due to chastity and precision of style,—to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest,—to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly drawn and well discriminated,—and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and of grandeur; —the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and of pity, must be awarded to the author of *The Castle of Otranto.*

It only remains to add, that this little memoir, at least the greater part of it, was prefixed to a very handsome edition of *The Castle of Otranto,* printed for the late Mr John Ballantyne of Edinburgh, in 1811, and is transferred from thence to this work, originally undertaken by the same publisher.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

CLARA REEVE.

Clara Reeve, the ingenious authoress of *The Old English Baron*, was the daughter of the Reverend William Reeve, M.A., Rector of Freston, and of Kerton, in Suffolk, and perpetual Curate of Saint Nicholas. Her grandfather was the Reverend Thomas Reeve, Rector of Storeham Aspal, and afterwards of St Mary Stoke, in Ipswich, where the family had been long resident, and enjoyed the rights of free burghers. Miss Reeve's mother's maiden name was Smithies, daughter of —— Smithies, goldsmith and jeweller to King George I.

In a letter to a friend, Mrs Reeve thus speaks of her father:—"My father was an old Whig; from him I have learned all that I know; he was my oracle; he used to make me read the Parliamentary debates, while he smoked his pipe after supper. I gaped and yawned over them at the time, but, unawares to myself, they fixed my principles once and for ever. He made me read Rapin's *History of England;* the information it gave, made amends for its dryness. I read *Cato's Letters*, by Trenchard and Gordon; I read the Greek and Roman Histories, and *Plutarch's Lives;*—all these at an age when few people of either sex can read their names."

The Reverend Mr Reeves, himself one of a family of eight children, had the same number; and it is therefore likely, that it was rather Clara's strong natural turn for study, than any degree of exclusive care which his partiality bestowed, that enabled her to acquire such a stock of early information. After his death, his widow resided in Colchester with three of their daughters; and it was here that Miss Clara Reeve first became an authoress, by translating from Latin Barclay's fine old romance, entitled *Argenis*, published in 1762, under the title of *The Phœnix*. It was in 1777, five years afterwards, that she produced her first and most distinguished work. It was published by Mr Dilly of the Poultry (who gave ten pounds for the copyright) under the title of *The Champion of Virtue, a Gothic Story*. The work came to a second edition in the succeeding year, and was then first called *The Old English Baron*. The cause of the change we do not pretend to guess; for if Fitzowen be considered as the Old English Baron, we do not see wherefore a character, passive in himself from beginning to end, and only acted upon by others, should be selected to give a name to the story. We ought not to omit to mention, that this work is inscribed to Mrs Brigden, the daughter of Richardson, who is stated to have lent her assistance to the revisal and correction of the work.

The success of *The Old English Baron* encouraged Miss Reeve to devote more of her leisure hours to literary composition, and she published in succession the following works:—*The Two Mentors, a Modern Story; The Progress of Romance, through Times, Countries, and Manners; The Exile; or Memoirs of Count de Cronstadt*, the principal incidents of which are borrowed from a novel by M. D'Arnaud; *The School for Widows, a Novel; Plans of Education, with Remarks on the System of other Writers*, in a duodecimo volume; and *The Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon, a natural Son of Edward the Black Prince; with Anecdotes of many other eminent Persons of the fourteenth Century*.

To these works we have to add another tale, of which the interest turned upon supernatural appearances. Miss Reeve informs the pub-

lic, in a preface to a late edition of *The Old English Baron*, that in compliance with the suggestion of a friend, she had composed *Castle Connor, an Irish Story*, in which apparitions were introduced. The manuscript, being intrusted with some careless or unfaithful person, fell aside, and was never recovered.

The various novels of Clara Reeve are all marked by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance. They were, generally speaking, favourably received at the time, but none of them took the same strong possession of the public mind as *The Old English Baron*, upon which the fame of the author may be considered as now exclusively rested.

Miss Reeve, respected and beloved, led a retired life, admitting no materials for biography, until 3d December, 1803, when she died at Ipswich, her native city, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. She was buried in the church-yard of Saint Stephens, according to her particular direction, near to the grave of her friend, the Reverend Mr Derby. Her brother, the Reverend Thomas Reeve, still lives, as also her sister, Mrs Sarah Reeve, both advanced in life. Another brother, bred to the navy, attained the rank of vice-admiral in that service.

Such are the only particulars which we have been able to collect concerning this accomplished and estimable woman, and, in their simplicity, the reader may remark that of her life and of her character. As critics, it is our duty to make some farther observations, which shall be entirely confined to her most celebrated work; the only piece of her composition, which, according to the rules adopted for this collection, can be admitted into its precincts.

The authoress has herself informed us that *The Old English Baron* is the "literary offspring of *The Castle of Otranto*;" and she has obliged us by pointing out the different and more limited view which she had adopted, of the supernatural machinery employed by Horace Walpole. She condemns the latter for the extravagance of several of his conceptions; for the gigantic size of his sword and helmet; and

for the violent fictions of a walking picture, and a ghost in a hermit's cowl. A ghost, she contends, to be admitted as an ingredient in romance, must behave himself like ghosts of sober demeanour, and subject himself to the common rules still preserved in grange and hall, as circumscribing beings of his description.

We must, however, notwithstanding her authority, enter our protest against fettering the realm of shadows by the opinions entertained of it in the world of realities. If we are to try ghosts by the ordinary rules of humanity, we bar them of their privileges entirely. For instance, why admit the existence of an aerial phantom, and deny it the terrible attribute of magnifying its stature? why admit an enchanted helmet, and not a gigantic one? why allow as impressive the fall of a suit of armour, under circumstances which attribute its fall to a supernatural influence, and deny the same supernatural influence the power of producing the illusion, (for it is only represented as such,) upon *Manfred*, by the portrait of his ancestor appearing to be animated? It may be said, and it seems to be Miss Reeve's argument, that there is a verge of probability, which even the most violent figment must not transgress; but we reply by the cross question, that if we are once to subject our preternatural agents to the limits of human reason, where are we to stop? We might, under such a rule, demand of ghosts an account of the very circuitous manner in which they are pleased to open their communications with the living world. We might, for example, move a *quo warranto*, against the spectre of the murdered Lord Lovel, for lurking about the eastern apartment, when it might have been reasonably expected, that if he did not at once impeach his murderers to the next magistrate, he might at least have put Fitzowen into the secret, and thus obtained the succession of his son more easily than by the circuitous route of a single combat. If there should be an appeal against this imputation, founded on the universal practice of ghosts in such circumstances, who always act with singular obliquity in disclosing the guilt of which they complain, the matter becomes a question of precedent; in which view of the case, we may

vindicate Horace Walpole for the gigantic exaggeration of his phantom, by the similar expansion of the very terrific vision of Fawdoun, in Blind Harry's *Life of Wallace;* and we could, were we so disposed, have paralleled his moving picture, by the example of one with which we ourselves had some acquaintance, which was said both to move and to utter groans, to the great alarm of a family of the highest respectability.

Where, then, may the reader ask, is the line to be drawn? On this principle we reply, solely, that the author himself, being in fact the magician, shall evoke no spirits whom he is not capable of endowing with manners and language corresponding to their supernatural character. Thus Shakespeare, drawing such characters as Caliban and Ariel, gave them reality, not by appealing to actual opinions which his audience might entertain respecting the possibility or impossibility of their existence, but by investing them with such attributes as all readers and spectators recognized as those which must have corresponded to such extraordinary beings, had their existence been possible. If he had pleased to put into language the "squeaking and gibbering" of those disembodied phantoms which haunted the streets of Rome, no doubt his wonderful imagination could have filled up the sketch, which, marked by these two emphatic and singularly felicitous expressions, he has left as characteristic of the language of the dead.

In this point of view, our authoress has, with equal judgment and accuracy, confined her flight within those limits on which her pinions could support her; and though we are disposed to contest her general principle, we are willing to admit it as a wise and prudent one, so far as applied to regulate her own composition. In no part of *The Old English Baron*, or of any other of her works, does Miss Reeve shew the possession of a rich or powerful imagination. Her dialogue is sensible, easy, and agreeable, but neither marked by high flights of fancy, or strong bursts of passion. Her apparition is an ordinary fiction, of which popular superstition used to furnish a thousand instances, when nights were long, and a family had little better to do, when assembled

round a Christmas log, than to listen to such tales. She is very felicitously cautious in shewing us no more of Lord Lovel's ghost than she needs must—he is a silent apparition, palpable to the sight only, and never brought forward into such broad day-light as might have dissolved our reverence. And so far, we repeat, the authoress has used her own power to the utmost advantage, and gained her point by not attempting a step beyond it. But we cannot allow that the rule which, in her own case, has been well and wisely adopted, ought to circumscribe a bolder and a more imaginative writer.

In what may be called the costume, or keeping, of the chivalrous period in which the scene of both is laid, the language and style of Horace Walpole, together with his intimate acquaintance with the manners of the middle ages, form an incalculable difference betwixt *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Old English Baron.* Clara Reeve, probably, was better acquainted with Plutarch and Rapin, than with Froissart or Olivier de la Marche. This is no imputation on the taste of that ingenious lady. In her days, Macbeth was performed in a general's full uniform, and Lord Hastings was dressed like a modern high chamberlain going to court. Now, more attention to costume is demanded, and authors, as well as players, are obliged to make attempts, however fantastic or grotesque, to imitate the manners, on the one hand, and the dress, on the other, of the times in which their scene is laid. Formerly, nothing of this kind was either required or expected; and it is not improbable that the manner in which Walpole circumscribes his dialogue (in most instances) within the stiff and stern precincts prescribed by a strict attention to the manners and language of the times, is the first instance of such restrictions. In *The Old English Baron*, on the contrary, all parties speak and act much in the fashion of the seventeenth century; employ the same phrases of courtesy; and adopt the same tone of conversation. Baron Fitzowen, and the principal characters, talk after the fashion of country squires of that period, and the lower personages like gaffers and gammers of the same era. And "were but the combat in lists left out," or

converted into a modern duel, the whole train of incidents might, for any peculiarity to be traced in the dialect or narration, have taken place in the time of Charles II., or in either of the two succeeding reigns. As it is, the story reads as if it had been transcribed into the language, and according to the ideas, of this latter period. Yet we are uncertain whether, upon the whole, this does not rather add to, than diminish the interest of the work;—at least it gives an interest of a different kind, which, if it cannot compete with that which arises out of a highly exalted and poetical imagination, and a strict attention to the character and manners of the middle ages, has yet this advantage, that it reaches its point more surely, than had a higher, more difficult, and more ambitious line of composition been attempted.

To explain our meaning:—He that would please the modern world, yet present the exact impression of a tale of the middle ages, will repeatedly find that he must, in spite of *spite*, sacrifice the last to the first object, and eternally expose himself to the just censure of the rigid antiquary, because he must, to interest the readers of the present time, invest his characters with language and sentiments unknown to that period; and thus his utmost efforts only attain a sort of composition between the true and the fictitious,—just as the dress of Lear, as performed on the stage, is neither that of a modern sovereign, nor the cerulean painting and bear-hide with which the Britons, at the time when that monarch is supposed to have lived, tattooed their persons, and sheltered themselves from cold. All this inconsistency is avoided by adopting the style of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

It is no doubt true, that *The Old English Baron*, written in the latter and less ambitious taste, is sometimes tame and tedious, not to say mean and tiresome. The total absence of peculiar character,—for every person introduced is rather described as one of a genus than as an original, discriminated, and individual person,—may have its effect in producing the tædium which loads the story in some places. This is a general defect in the novels of the period, and it was scarce to be ex-

pected that the amiable and accomplished authoress, in her secluded situation, and with acquaintance of events and characters derived from books alone, should have rivalled those authors who gathered their knowledge of the human heart from having, like Fielding and Smollet, become acquainted, by sad experience, with each turn of "many-coloured life." Nor was it to be thought that she should have emulated in this particular her prototype Walpole, who, as a statesman, a poet, and a man of the world, "who knew the world like a man," has given much individual character to his sketch of Manfred. What we here speak of is not the deficiency in the style and costume, but a certain creeping and low line of narrative and sentiment; which may be best illustrated by the grave and minute accounting into which Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitzowen enter,—after an event so unpleasant as the judgment of Heaven upon a murderer, brought about by a judicial combat, and that combat occasioned by the awful and supernatural occurrences in the eastern chamber,—where we find the arrears of the estate gravely set off against the education of the heir, and his early maintenance in the Baron's family. Yet even these prolix, minute, and unnecessary details, are precisely such as would occur in a similar story told by a grandsire or grandame to a circle assembled round a winter's fire; and while they take from the dignity of the composition, and would therefore have been rejected by a writer of more exalted imagination, do certainly add in some degree to its reality, and bear in that respect a resemblance to the art with which De Foe impresses on his readers the truth of his fictions, by the insertion of many minute, and immaterial, or unnatural circumstances, which we are led to suppose could only be recorded because they are true. Perhaps, to be circumstantial and abundant in minute detail, and in one word, though an unauthorized one, to be somewhat *prosy*, is one mode of securing a certain necessary degree of credulity in hearing a ghost-story. It gives a sort of quaint antiquity to the whole, as belonging to the times of "superstitious elde," and those whom we have observed to excel in oral nar-

ratives of such a nature, usually study to secure the attention of their audience by employing this art. At least, whether owing to this mode of telling her tale, or to the interest of the story itself, and its appeal to the secret reserve of superstitious feeling which maintains its influence in most bosoms, *The Old English Baron* has always produced as strong an effect as any story of the kind, although liable to the objections which we have freely stated, without meaning to impeach the talents of the amiable authoress.

Dismissing this interesting subject for the present, we trust we may, in the progress of this Work, find some future opportunity to offer a few more general remarks on the introduction of supernatural machinery into modern works of fiction.

ABBOTSFORD, *March* 1, 1823.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

vol I

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me. Had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind;—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost;—Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,—I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits, as how they are transfused from father to son, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpose;—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's sense or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into, so that when they are once set a-going whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go mad; and by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which when they are once used to, the Devil himself sometimes shall not be able to drive them off it.

Pray, my dear, quoth my mother, *have you not forgot to wind up the clock? Good G—!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time,——*Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?* Pray, what was your father saying?——Nothing.

CHAP. II.

—— THEN, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad. ——Then, let me tell you, sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least,—because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason in scientific research, he stands confessed—a BEING guarded and circumscribed with rights——The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, (their souls being inversely as their inquiries) shew us incontestibly, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the same hand,—engendered in the same course of nature,—endowed with the same locomotive powers and faculties with us:—That he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.—He may

be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redress; in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorf, or the best ethic writers allow to arise out of that state and relation.

Now, dear sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone!—or that through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent;—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description,—and that in this sad disorder'd state of nerves, he had lain down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

To my uncle, Mr Toby Shandy, do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity, (as he called it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it,—the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach,—he said his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child:—*But, alas!* continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

—My mother, who was sitting by, looked up, but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant,—but my uncle, Mr Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair,—understood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I KNOW there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret from first to last, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no less read than the Pilgrim's Progress itself—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it necessary to consult every one a little in his turn; and, therefore, must beg pardon for going on a little farther in the same way: for which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace says, *ab ovo.*

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether: But that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy—(I forget which;)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr Horace's pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To such, however, as do not choose to go so far back into these things, I can give no better advice than that they skip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare beforehand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquisitive.

————Shut the door.————I was begot in the night betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our own family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of——, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the first Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came,——to wind up a large house-clock, which we had standing on the back stairs head, with his own hands:—And being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age at the time I have been speaking of,—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concernments to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peatered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which, I fear, I shall carry with

me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas, which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,——but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—& *vice versâ*:——which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious Locke, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "That on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the same month in which I date my geniture,——my father set out upon his journey to London, with my eldest brother Bobby, to fix him at Westminster school;" and, as it appears from the same authority, "That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *second week* in May following,"—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

———But pray, sir, What was your father doing all December, January, and February?——Why, madam,—he was all that time afflicted with a sciatica.

CHAP. V.

On the fifth day of November, 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine calendar months as any husband could in reason have expected,—was I, Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours.——I wish I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets, (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which o'my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest;——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;——but that is not my case;——and therefore, every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;——for which cause I affirm it over again to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in scating against the wind in Flanders;—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by saying, she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil;——yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small Hero sustained.

CHAP. VI.

In the beginning of the last chapter, I informed you *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No; *that* particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself;—besides, sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once.—You must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my life, but my opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other: As you proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:—Or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do any thing,—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

In the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world:——by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it

seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, call out the louder for a friendly lift: the wife of the parson of the parish was touched with pity; and having often lamented an inconvenience to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed, inasmuch as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been ever so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles riding; which said seven long miles in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that in effect, was sometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson joined his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practise, as his wife had given by institution,—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole, to the sum of eighteen shillings and fourpence; so that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever*.

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties, and powers usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sisterhood. But it was according to a neat formula of Didius his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kind of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inserted.

I own I never could envy Didius in these kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taste. Did not Dr Kunastrokius, that great man, at his leisure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of asses' tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running horses,—their coins and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,—their maggots and their butterflies?—and so long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De gustibus non est disputandum*;—that is, there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I seldom do; nor could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly stings,—be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journies than what a wise man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wise man;—and besides am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: so I seldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords and tall Personages as hereafter follow; such, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row, mounted upon their several horses;—some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace;——others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering it away like so many party-coloured devils astride a mortgage;—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.——So much the better—say I to myself;—for in case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest,——why——God speed them——e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their lordships unhorsed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted, by one half, before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.——But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see *one* born for great actions, and what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold such a *one*, my Lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment;—when I see such a *one*, my Lord,

mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes,—then, my Lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience I wish the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

"MY LORD,

"I MAINTAIN this to be a dedication, notwithstanding its singularity in the three great essentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your Lordship's feet,—when you are upon them,—which you can be when you please; and that is, my Lord, whenever there is occasion for it, and I will add, to the best purposes too. I have the honour to be,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most obedient,
"and most devoted,
"and most humble servant,
"TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, of this, or any other realm in Christendom;——nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true Virgin Dedication, untried upon any soul living.

I labour this point so particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it;—which is the putting it up fairly to public sale; which I now do.

——Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry;—I resolved within myself, from the very beginning, to deal squarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I should not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, in these his Majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will suit, (for by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it)——it is much at his service for fifty guineas;——which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My Lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your Lordship sees, is good,—the colouring transparent,—the drawing not amiss;—or to speak more like a man of science,—and measure my piece in the painter's scale, divided into 20,—I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the composition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expression 13 and a half,—and the design,—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to understand my own *design*, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this,—there is keeping in it; and the dark strokes in the HOBBY-HORSE, (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;——and besides, there is an air of originality in the *tout ensemble*.

Be pleased, my good Lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr Dodsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your Lordship.—The rest I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the Patrons, or Matrons, I can think of, has most power to set my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddess,

If thou art not too busy with CANDID and Miss CUNEGUND'S affairs,—take Tristram Shandy's under thy protection also.

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of small merit the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested,—at first sight seems not very material to this history;——certain, however, it was, that the gentlewoman, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the design first,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleased to determine the matter otherwise.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable guess at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account,—the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that Rosinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover, Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion; but it is as certain at the same time that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse;——in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another, for he was lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as Humility herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudre d'or*:—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.——But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door: and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him,——you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.——Labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well,—the spinning-wheel forgot its round,—even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight; and as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations,—to hear the groans of the serious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he loved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light, in which he so strongly saw himself: so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved;—that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse, without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle;—for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along,—to as much account as in his study; that he could draw up an argument in his sermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as steadily on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements,—but that upon his steed—he could unite and reconcile every thing;—he could compose his sermons, he could compose his cough,——and, in case nature give a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson upon such encounters would assign any cause but the true cause,—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows:—In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and

bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,—to run into the opposite extreme.—In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country,—it so fell out that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last,—as much as he loved his beast, he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapp'd, or spavin'd, or greased;—or he was twitter-boned, or broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh;—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of,—and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffic to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and upon weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered that with half the sum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good;—and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction dwell together.

For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expence; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever,—or else be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; choosing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric upon himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless Knight of La Mancha, whom by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: The thing I had in view was to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit,—the devil a soul could find it out,—I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.——But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to set her up,—but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wildfire.—"The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him; and he was going to be well mounted once again in his life; and if it was so, 'twas plain as the sun at noonday, he would pocket the expence of the licence ten times told, the very first year:—so that every body was left to judge what were his views in this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish,—and the whole world at the same time behind him;—and stands accountable to a Judge, of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men: order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true direction——that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which, this gentleman was a painful example.——But to know by what means this came to pass,—and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry its moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near——I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;——but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself;——and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying——It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best sirnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, "That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that."

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote, which do farther inform us, That the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, King of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished, as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country;——namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favours, as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts; but a great deal of good plain household understanding amongst all ranks of people, of which every body has a share;" which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great genius; or 'tis fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps; no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out:——I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—That instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for in one so extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions;——with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,——you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*:——for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or

serious of mortal men for days or weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that Gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger,—but to itself: whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit:—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—*viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis;—and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding——he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,——what his station,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on.—And as his comments had usually the ill-fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jests about him.——They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

The Mortgager and Mortgagée differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the Jester and Jestée do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy;—but on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension,—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:—

Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.——In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,——and muster'st up with them the many recruits which list under him from a sense of common danger;——'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got an hundred ene-

mies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies.——I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:——but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other;——whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, or integrity of conduct, shall set right. ——The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:——the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;——and trust me—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!——a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.——The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies, and so little suspicion on Yorick of what was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man!—full surely preferment was a'ripening,—they had smote his root,—and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion, was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand;——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter,—he would thank him again and again,—he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.——I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeese of Eugenius's hand, and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.——Come,—come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;——who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head.——For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.——I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which ***** and *****, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it."—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;——and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeesed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;——he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of

his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him——a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP. XIII.

It is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate dispatch, 'twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the meantime;——because, when she is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence throughout our whole village and township;——that her fame had spread itself to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every soul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no,—has one surrounding him;——which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis said, that such a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*, I desire may be enlarged or contracted in your worship's fancy, is a compound ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth, (measuring both ways,) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a considerable thing of it. I must add, that she was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:——but I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developements of this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume:——not to swell the work,—I detest the thought of such a thing,—but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to such passages, incidents, or inuendoes, as shall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and me, and in spite of all the gentlemen reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worships shall undertake to write or say to the contrary,—I am determined shall be the case.——I need not tell your worship, that all this is spoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

Upon looking into my mother's marriage-settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader, in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any further in this history,—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted, before I had read a day and a half straight forwards;——it might have taken me up a month;——which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history, though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift, or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hinderances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could an historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule—straight forward,—for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aside, either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end:——but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible; for, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can nowise avoid: he will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:
Anecdotes to pick up:
Inscriptions to make out:
Stories to weave in:
Traditions to sift:
Personages to call upon:
Panegyrics to paste up at this door:
Pasquinades at that:——all which, both the man and the mule are exempt from. To sum

up all; there are archives at every stage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of:——in short, there is no end of it.——For my own part, I declare I have been at it these six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could,—and am not yet born:——I have just been able, and that's all, to tell you when it happened, but not how;——so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These unforeseen stoppages, which, I own, I had no conception of when I first set out,—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increase than diminish as I advance,—have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow;——and that is,—not to be in a hurry,—but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year,—which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

The article in my mother's marriage-settlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is so much more fully expressed in the deed itself, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows:

"AND THIS INDENTURE FURTHER WITNESSETH, That the said Walter Shandy, merchant, in consideration of the said intended marriage to be had, and by God's blessing to be well and truly solemnized and consummated between the said Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforesaid, and divers other good and valuable causes and considerations him thereunto specially moving,—doth grant, covenant, condescend, consent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree to and with John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. the above-named trustees, &c. &c.——TO WIT,——That in case it should hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or otherwise come to pass,——that the said Walter Shandy, merchant, shall have left off business before the time or times that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall, according to the course of nature, or otherwise, have left off bearing and bringing forth children;——and that, in consequence of the said Walter Shandy having so left off business, he shall, in despight, and against the free-will, consent, and good-liking of the said Elizabeth Mollineux,—make a departure from the city of London, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his estate at Shandy Hall, in the county of ————, or at any other country-seat, castle, hall, mansion-house, messuage, or grange house, now purchased, or hereafter to be purchased, or upon any part or parcel of:—That then, and as often as the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall happen to be enceint with child or children, severally and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux during her said coverture,—he the said Walter Shandy shall, at his own proper cost and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon good and reasonable notice, which is hereby agreed to be within six weeks of her the said Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning, or time of supposed and computed delivery,—pay, or cause to be paid, the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of good and lawful money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Esquires, or assigns,————upon TRUST and confidence, and for and unto the use and uses, intent, end, and purpose following:——— THAT IS TO SAY,————That the said sum of one hundred and twenty pounds shall be paid into the hands of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwise applied by them the said trustees, for the well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and sufficient horses, to carry and convey the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children which she shall be then and there enceint and pregnant with,—unto the city of London; and for the further paying and defraying of all other incidental costs, charges, and expenses whatsoever,—in and about, and for and relating to her said intended delivery and lying-in, in the said city or suburbs thereof. And that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall and may, from time to time, and at all such time and times as are here covenanted and agreed upon,—peaceably and quietly hire the said coach and horses, and have free ingress, egress, and regress throughout her journey, in and from the said coach, according to the tenor, true intent, and meaning of these presents, without any let, suit, trouble, disturbance, molestation, discharge, hinderance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, interruption, or incumbrance whatsoever.————And that it shall moreover be lawful to and for the said Elizabeth Mollineux from time to time, and as oft or often as she shall well and truly be advanced in her said pregnancy, to the time heretofore stipulated and agreed upon,—to live and reside in such place or places, and in such family or families, and with such relations, friends, and other persons within the said city of London, as she, at her own will and pleasure, notwithstanding her present coverture, and as if she were a *femme sole* and unmarried,—shall think fit.————AND THIS INDENTURE FURTHER WITNESSETH, That for the more effectually carrying of the said covenant into execution, the said Walter Shandy, merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain, sell, release, and confirm unto the said John Dixon and James Turner, Esquires, their heirs, executors, and assigns, in their actual possession now being, by

virtue of an indenture of bargain and sale, for a year, to them the said John Dixon and James Turner, Esquires, by him the said Walter Shandy, merchant, thereof made; which said bargain and sale for a year, bears date the day next before the date of these presents, and by force and virtue of the statute for transferring of uses into possession,——ALL that the manor and lordship of Shandy, in the county of ———, with all the rights, members, and appurtenances thereof; and all and every the messuages, houses, buildings, barns, stables, orchards, gardens, backsides, tofts, crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows, feedings, pastures, marshes, commons, woods, underwoods, drains, fisheries, waters, and watercourses,——together with all rents, reversions, services, annuities, fee-farms, knights' fees, views of frank-pledge, escheats, reliefs, mines, quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugitives, felons of themselves, and put in exigent, deodands, fee-warrens, and all other royalties and seignories, rights and jurisdictions, privileges and hereditaments whatsoever.———AND ALSO, the advowson, donation, presentation and free disposition of the rectory or parsonage of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every the tenths, tithes, glebe-lands" ———In three words——my mother was to ly-in (if she chose it) in London.

But in order to put a stop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage article of this nature too manifestly opened a door to, and which, indeed, had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle Toby Shandy;——a clause was added in security of my father, which was this:——"That in case my mother hereafter should, at any time, put my father to the trouble and expense of a London journey, upon false cries and tokens;—that for every such instance, she should forfeit all the right and title which the covenant gave her to the next turn;—but to no more,—and so on,—*toties quoties*, in as effectual a manner as if such a covenant betwixt them had not been made." ———This, by the way, was no more than what was reasonable;——and yet, as reasonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard, that the whole weight of the article should have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myself.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;——for my poor mother, whether it was wind, or water, or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was simply the mere swell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a strong wish and desire to have it so, might mislead her judgment;——in short, whether she was deceived, or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town, much against the grain,—he peremptorily insisted upon the clause; so that I was doomed, by marriage-articles, to have my nose squeezed as flat to my face as if the destinies had actually spun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious disappointments, in one stage or other of my life, have pursued me, from the mere loss, or rather compression, of this one single member,—shall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

My father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettish kind of a humour. The first twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himself, and indeed, my mother too, about the cursed expense, which, he said, might every shilling of it have been saved;—then, what vexed him more than every thing else, was the provoking time of the year,—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green gages especially, in which he was very curious, were just ready for pulling:——"Had he been whistled up to London, upon a *Tom Fool's* errand in any other month of the whole year, he should not have said three words about it."

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son, whom, it seems, he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and registered down in his pocket book, as a second staff for his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. "The disappointment of this, he said, was ten times more to a wise man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had cost him, put together———Rot the hundred and twenty pounds,—he did not mind it a rush."

From Stilton all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him so much as the condolences of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church the first Sunday,——of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation, he would give so many humorous and provoking descriptions,—and place his rib and self in so many tormenting lights and attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation,—that my mother declared these two stages were so truly tragi-comical, that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had crossed the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair.——"Certainly," he would say to himself, over and over again, "the woman could not be deceived herself;—if she could,—what weakness!"—Tormenting word! which led his ima-

gination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, played the deuce and all with him;——for, sure as ever the word *weakness* was uttered, and struck full upon his brain, so sure it set him upon running divisions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were;—that there was such a thing as weakness of the body,—as well as weakness of the mind;—and then he would do nothing but syllogize within himself for a stage or two together, how far the cause of all these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down.—In a word, as she complained to my uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

Though my father travelled homewards as I told you, in none of the best of moods,—pahawing and pish-ing all the way down,—yet he had the complaisance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself; which was the resolution he had taken, of doing himself the justice, which my uncle Toby's clause in the marriage-settlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that she had the least intimation of his design;——when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper,—took occasion, as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,—to let her know that she must accommodate herself as well as she could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was, to ly-in of her next child in the country, to balance the last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a strong spice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.——'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause, and of obstinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had so much knowledge, that she knew 'twas to no purpose to make any remonstrance;—so she e'en resolved to sit down quietly, and make the most of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

As the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should ly-in of me in the country, she took her measures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr Maningham was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mind,—notwithstanding there was a scientific operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five shilling book upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the sisterhood itself,—but had likewise superadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in cross births, and some other cases of danger which delay us in getting into the world;—notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no soul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wish, never to take up with the next best in degree to it;—no, that's pitiful beyond description.—It is no more than a week from this very day in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,——which is March 9, 1759,—that my dear, dear Jenny, observing I looked a little grave, as she stood cheapening a silk of five and twenty shillings a yard,—told the mercer she was sorry she had given him so much trouble; and immediately went and bought herself a yard-wide stuff of ten-pence a yard. 'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul; only, what lessened the honour of it somewhat, in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

These facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether satisfy some few scruples and uneasinesses which hung upon my father's spirits in relation to this choice.——To say nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice, or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as possible in a case of this kind,—he felt himself concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present case,—from the accumulated sorrow he lay open to, should any evil betide his wife and child, in lying-in at Shandy-hall.—He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in such a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.—"Alas o' day!—had Mrs Shandy, poor gentlewoman! had but her wish in going up to town just to ly-in and come down again,—which, they say, she begged and prayed for upon her bare knees,—and which, in my opinion, considering the fortune which Mr Shandy got with her,—was no such mighty matter to have complied with, the lady and her

babe might both of them have been alive at this hour."

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable;—and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife, that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point;——my father had extensive views of things,—and stood, moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject had unanimously agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another,—set in so strong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights;——though, by the bye, a *current* was not the image he took most delight in,—a *distemper* was here his favourite metaphor; and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the same in the body national as in the body natural; where the blood and spirits were driven up into the head faster than they could find their ways down,—a stoppage of circulation must ensue, which was death in both cases.

There was little danger, he would say, of losing our liberties by French politics or French invasions;——nor was he so much in pain of a consumption from the mass of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution,—which he hoped was not so bad as it was imagined,—but he verily feared, that in some violent push, we should go off, all at once, in a state of apoplexy;——and then he would say, *The Lord have mercy upon us all.*

My father was never able to give the history of this distemper,—without the remedy along with it.

"Was I an absolute prince," he would say, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he rose from his arm-chair, "I would appoint able judges at every avenue of my metropolis, who should take cognizance of every fool's business who came there; and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight sufficient to leave his own home, and come up, bag and baggage, with his wife and children, farmers' sons, &c. &c. at his backside, they should be all sent back from constable to constable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of their legal settlements. By this means, I should take care, that my metropolis tottered not through its own weight;—that the head be no longer too big for the body; that the extremes, now wasted and pined in, be restored to their due share of nourishment, and regain, with it, their natural strength and beauty.——I would effectually provide, that the meadows and corn fields of my dominions should laugh and sing;——that good cheer and hospitality flourish once more;——and that such weight and influence be put thereby into the hands of the 'Squirality of my kingdom, as should counterpoise what I perceive my Nobility are now taking from them.

"Why are there so few palaces and gentlemen's seats," he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, "throughout so many delicious provinces in France? Whence is it that the few remaining chateaus amongst them are so dismantled,—so unfurnished, and in so ruinous and desolate a condition?—Because, sir (he would say,) in that kingdom no man has any country interest to support;——the little interest of any kind, which any man has any where in it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the Grand Monarque; by the sunshine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman lives or dies."

Another political reason which prompted my father so strongly to guard against the least evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,—was, That any such instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker vessels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations;——which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchial system of domestic government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, That the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern parts of the world, were originally all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power; which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government;——the form of which, however desirable in great combinations of the species,—was very troublesome in small ones,—and seldom produced any thing, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and public, put together,—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begged and entreated she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and suffer him to choose for her;——my mother, on the contrary, insisted upon her privilege in this matter, to choose for herself,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.——What could my father do? He was almost at his wit's end;——talked it over with her in all moods;——placed his arguments in all lights;——argued the matter with her like a Christian,—like a heathen,—like a husband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man.——My mother answered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;——for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters,—it was no fair match;—'twas seven to one.——What could

my mother do?——She had the advantage (otherwise she would have been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrin personal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with my father with so equal an advantage,—that both sides sung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father, and my uncle Toby Shandy, in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader;——and it is this:——Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropped in it,—"that I am a married man."——I own, the tender appellation of my dear, dear Jenny,——with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge interspersed here and there, might, naturally enough, have misled the most candid judge in the world into such a determination against me.——All I plead for in this case, madam, is strict justice, and that you do so much of it, to me as well as to yourself,—as not to prejudge or receive such an impression of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am positive, at present can be produced against me:——Not that I can be so vain, or unreasonable, madam, as to desire you should therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept mistress;—no,—that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands.——It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Consider,—I was born in the year eighteen.——Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend.——Friend!——My friend.——Surely, madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported without——Fy! Mr Shandy——without any thing, madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment, which ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me entreat you to study the pure and sentimental parts of the best French romances;——it will really, madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chaste expressions this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dressed out.

CHAP. XIX.

I WOULD sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good sense,—knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy,—wise also in political reasoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, so out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by;——if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it;——and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended, than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was, That there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The Hero of *Cervantes* argued not the point with more seriousness,—nor had he more faith,—or more to say on the powers of Necromancy in dishonouring his deeds,—or on DULCINEA'S name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of TRISMEGISTUS or ARCHIMEDES, on the one hand,—or of NYKY and SIMKIN on the other. How many CÆSARS and POMPEYS, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and NICODEMUS'D into nothing.

I see plainly, sir, by your looks, (or as the case happened) my father would say,—that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it;—and yet, my dear sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you—not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter.——You are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men; and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son!—your dear son,——from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect,—your BILLY, sir,——would you for the world have called him JUDAS?——Would you, my dear sir, he would say, laying his hand upon your breast with the genteelest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,——Would you, sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecra-

tion of him?——O my God! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, sir, ——you are incapable of it;——you would have trampled upon the offer;——you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble;——and, what renders it more so, is the principle of it;——the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your son called JUDAS,—the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to answer this argument.——But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputations; he was born an orator;——Suadæ filius.——Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were so blended up in him,—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent,—that NATURE might have stood up and said,—"This man is eloquent." In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him: ——And yet, 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients;——nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongst the moderns;——and, what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single lecture upon Crakenthorp or Burgersdicius, or any Dutch logician or commentator:—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus College in * * * *,—it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;——for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comic kind to defend,—most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la bagatelle*; and, as such, he would make merry with them for half an hour or so, and, having sharpened his wit upon 'em, dismiss them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father's many odd opinions, but as a warning to the learned reader against the indiscreet reception of such guests, who, after a free and undisturbed entrance for some years, into our brains, at length claim a kind of settlement there,—working sometimes like yeast,—but more generally after the manner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest,—but ending in downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's notions, or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit; or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right;——the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that, in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious;——he was all uniformity;——he was systematical, and, like all systematic reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again, —he was serious!——and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better,—as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child, or more so, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy dog.

This, he would say, looked ill;——and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, viz. That, when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, it was not like the case of a man's character, which, when wronged, might hereafter be cleared,—and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death, be, somehow or other, set to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:——He knew, as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over sirnames;——but, for very strong reasons which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would say, to go a step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names,—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely indifferent to him: Jack, Dick, and Tom, were of this class: these my father called neutral names;—affirming of them, without a satire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them:——so that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually destroyed each other's effects; for which reason, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-stone to choose amongst them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral

kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epsom when it was given him, he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worse. Andrew was something like a negative quantity in algebra with him:—it was worse, he said, than nothing.——William stood pretty high:——Numps again was low with him—and Nick, he said, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for TRISTRAM;——he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it, of any thing in the world, thinking it could possibly produce nothing, *in rerum natura*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: so that in the midst of a dispute on the subject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved—he would sometimes break off in a sudden and spirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth, above the key of the discourse,—and demand it categorically of his antagonist, whether he would take upon him to say, he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Tristram, performing any thing great, or worth recording?——No,—he would say—TRISTRAM!——The thing is impossible.

What could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote a book, to publish this notion of his to the world! Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions,—unless he gives them proper vent:——It was the identical thing which my father did;——for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express DISSERTATION simply upon the word Tristram,—shewing the world, with great candour and modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page—will not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul?——To see an orderly and well-disposed gentleman, who, though singular,—yet inoffensive in his notions,—so played upon in them by cross-purposes;——to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little systems and wishes;——to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had purposely been planned and pointed against him, merely to insult his speculations,——in a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day suffering sorrow;——ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!——Melancholy dissyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to Nincompoop, and every name vituperative under heaven.——By his ashes! I swear it,—if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself in traversing the purposes of mortal man,—it must have been here;——and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——How could you, madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a Papist.*——Papist! you told me no such thing, sir.—Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing.——Then, sir, I must have missed a page.——No, madam,—you have not missed a word.——Then I was asleep, sir.——My pride, madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.——That, madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and, as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as soon as you get to the next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again.

I have imposed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonness nor cruelty, but from the best of motives; and, therefore, shall make her no apology for it when she returns back:——It is to rebuke a vicious taste which has crept into thousands besides herself,—of reading straight forwards, more in quest of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them.——The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the younger affirm, "That he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it." The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do less service, I affirm it, than the history of Parismus and Parismenes, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fair lady. Have you read over again the chapter, madam, as I desired you?——You have: And did you not observe the passage, upon the second reading, which admits the inference?——Not a word like it.——Then, madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to say, "It was *necessary* I should be born before I was christened." Had my mother, madam, been a Papist, that consequence did not follow.*

Mr Tristram Shandy's compliments to Messrs

* The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, *before* it is born;—but upon this proviso, That some part or other of the child's body be seen by the baptizer.——But the Doctors

Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.———He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, slap-dash, by *injection*, would not

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of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongst them, April 10, 1733,—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, That though no part of the child's body should appear,——that baptism shall, nevertheless, be administered to it by injection,—*par le moyen d'une petite canulle*,—Anglice, *a squirt*.——'Tis very strange that St Thomas Aquinas, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school-divinity,—should, after so much pains bestowed upon this,—give up the point at last,—as a second *La chose impossible*.—" Infantes in maternis uteris existentes (quoth St Thomas!) baptizari possunt *nullo modo*."—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curiosity to see the question upon baptism *by injection*, as presented to the Doctors of the Sorbonne, with their consultation thereupon, it is as follows:

MEMOIRE PRESENTÉ A MESSIEURS LES DOCTEURS DE SORBONNE.*

Un Chirurgien Accoucheur, represente à Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mère ne sçauroit accoucher, et même où l'enfant est tellement renfermé dans le sein de sa mère, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de son corps, ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, de pouvoir baptiser immediatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mère.————Il demande si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis et légitime, et s'il peut s'en servir dans les cas qu'il vient d'exposer.

RESPONSE.

Le Conseil estime, qui la question proposée souffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens posent d'une côté pour principe, que le baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, suppose une premiere naissance; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part quæst 88. artic. 11. *suit cette doctrine comme une vérité constante; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, et S. Thomas est fondé sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés et ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes; d' où il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure pour reçevoir par leur ministère les sacremens nécessaires au salut:* Pueri in maternis uteris existentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non possunt subjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salutam. *Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi sur les mêmes matières, et ils defendent tous d'une manière uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, et des rituels, qui sont les régles des diocèses, paroit former une autorité qui termine la question presente; cependant le conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté, que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, et que la defense des rituels suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la supposition presente; et d'un autre côté, considerant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanctifier les hommes; et d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs mères, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation;—pour ces considerations, et en egard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mère, le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secours, et supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'addresser à son evêque, et à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, et du danger du moyen proposé, et comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'evêque, le Conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, que a le droit d'expliquer le régles de l'eglise, et d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage et quelque utile que paroisse la manière de baptiser dont il s'agit, le Conseil ne pourroit l'approuver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseile au moins à celui qui consulte, de s'addresser à son evêque, et de lui faire part de la presente décision, afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s'appuyent, il puisse être autorisé, dans le cas de nécessité, où il risqueroit trop d'attendre que la permission fût demandée et accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propose si avantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le Conseil, en estimant que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'esperance de ceux qui se seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit necessaire de les baptiser* sous condition; *et en cela le Conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent néant moins, et ordonnent de le baptiser* sous condition, *s'il vient heureusement au monde.*

Déliberé en Sorbonné, le 10 *Avril*, 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.
L. DE ROMIGNY.
DE MARCILLY.

* Vide Deventer. Paris edit. 4to. 1734, page 366.

be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again (*sous condition*)——and provided, in the second place, that the thing can be done, which Mr Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d' une petite canulle*, and *sans faire aucun tort au pere!*

——— ——— ——— ———

It is a terrible misfortune for this same book of mine, but more so to the Republic of Letters;—so that my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it,—that this self-same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit and humour,—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way,—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will go down:—the subtile hints and sly communications of science fly-off, like spirits upwards,——the heavy moral escapes downwards; and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male-reader has not passed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wish it may have its effects;—and that all good people, both male and female, from example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAP. XXI.

———I wonder what's all that noise and running backwards and forwards for, above stairs, quoth my father, addressing himself, after an hour and a half's silence, to my uncle Toby,—who, you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoking his social pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on.——What can they be doing, brother? quoth my father,—we can scarce hear ourselves talk.

I think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of his left thumb, as he began his sentence,—I think, says he———But to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the outlines of which I shall just give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

——Pray what was that man's name,—for I write in such a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,—who first made the observation, "That there was great inconsistency in our air and climate?" Whoever he was, it was a just and good observation in him.——But the corollary drawn from it, namely, "That it is this which has furnished us with such a variety of odd and whimsical characters;"——that was not his;——it was found out by another man, at least a century and a half after him.———, Then again,—that this copious storehouse of original materials, is the true and natural cause that our comedies are so much better than those of France, or any others that either have, or can be, wrote upon the continent;—that discovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign,—when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces (if I mistake not,) most fortunately hit upon it. Indeed towards the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addison began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators;——but the discovery was not his.———Then, fourthly and lastly, that this strange irregularity in our climate, producing so strange an irregularity in our characters,—doth thereby, in some sort, make us amends, by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors,—that observation is my own; and was struck out by me this very rainy day, March, 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus,—thus, my fellow-labourers and associates in this great harvest of our learning now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by slow steps of casual increase, that our knowledge, physical, metaphysical, physiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, enigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obstetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (most of them ending, as these do, in *ical*) have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἄκμη of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of these last seven years, we cannot possibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever:—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading; and that, in time, *as war begets poverty; poverty peace*—must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge,—and then——we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

———Happy! thrice happy times! I only wish that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered, or that it could have been put off with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance.——

But I forget my uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere; and I should have made no scruple of ranking him

amongst one of the first-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many strong lines in it of a family-likeness, which shewed, that he derived the singularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever; And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reasons for it, upon his observing some tokens of eccentricity in my course when I was a boy,—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way; for all the SHANDY FAMILY were of an original character throughout,—I mean the males;——the females had no character at all, —except, indeed, my great aunt DINAH, who, about sixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often say, She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will seem very strange,—and I would as soon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as set him upon guessing how it could come to pass, that an event of this kind, so many years after it had happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwise so cordially subsisted between my father and my uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first, as is generally the case:——But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are sent down for our good, and that as this had never done the SHANDY FAMILY any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge its office.——Observe, I determine nothing upon this.——My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of investigation, to come at the first springs of the events I tell:——not with a pedantic *Fescue*,—or in the decisive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himself and his reader;——but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the assistance merely of the inquisitive;——to them I write, —and by them I shall be read,—if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so long,—to the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how, and in what direction it exerted itself, so as to become the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows:

My uncle TOBY SHANDY, madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude, possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature:——though I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing; and that is, whether this modesty of his was natural or acquired.——Whichever way my uncle Toby came by it, it was nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;——and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman, —that female nicety, madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, madam, that my uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very source;——that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which such fair examples render irresistible,—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so;——for unless it was with his sister-in-law, my father's wife, and my mother,—my uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years;——no, he got it, madam, by a blow.——A blow! ——Yes, madam, it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.——Which way could that effect it? The story of that, madam, is long and interesting;——but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in its proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you:——'Till then, it is not in my power to give further light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already,—that my uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarefied by the constant heat of a little family pride, —they both so wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt DINAH touched upon, but with the greatest emotion.——The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face;——but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would set my uncle Toby's honour and modesty a-bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my uncle Toby, that ever one

brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired of another, to have made my uncle Toby's heart easy in this or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain,—speculative,—systematical;——and my aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus:——The backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my aunt Dinah in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system, which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the SHANDEAN SYSTEM, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever;——and neither he, nor, I dare say, Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.——*Amicus Plato*, my father would say, construing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato;* that is, DINAH was my aunt,——*sed magis amica Veritas;*——but TRUTH is my sister.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the source of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded,—and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

For God's sake, my uncle Toby would cry,—and for my sake, and for all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy—do let this story of our aunt's and her ashes sleep in peace;——how can you,—how can you have so little feeling and compassion for the character of our family?——What is the character of a family to an hypothesis? my father would reply.——Nay, if you come to that,—what is the life of a family?——The life of a family!——my uncle Toby would say, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg——Yes, the life,—my father would say, maintaining his point. How many thousands of 'em are there, every year that comes, cast away (in all civilized countries at least)—and considered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypothesis?—In my plain sense of things, my uncle Toby would answer,—every such instance is downright MURDER, let who will commit it.——There lies your mistake, my father would reply;——for, in *Foro Scientiæ* there is no such thing as MURDER,—'tis only DEATH, brother.

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero.——You must know it was the usual channel through which his passions got vent, when any thing shocked or surprised him;——but especially when any thing which he deemed very absurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons. First, That, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished for ever, from every other species of argument,—as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam, ex Absurdo, ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatsoever:——And, secondly, That it may be said by my children's children, when my head is laid to rest,—that their learned grandfather's head had been busied to as much purpose once, as other people's:——That he had invented a name,—and generously thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the most unanswerable arguments in the whole science. And, if the end of disputation is more to silence than convince,—they may add, if they please, to one of the best arguments too.

I do, therefore, by these presents, strictly order and command, That it be known and distinguished by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fistulatorium*, and no other;——and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum* and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter to be treated of in the same chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium* which is never used but by the woman against the man;——and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwise, is made use of by the man only against the woman;——as these two are enough in conscience for one lecture,—and, moreover, as the one is the best answer to the other,—let them likewise be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themselves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Bishop Hall, I mean the famous Dr Joseph Hall, who was Bishop of Exeter in King James the First's reign, tells us, in one of his Decades, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted in London in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Aldersgate-street, "That it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself;"——and really I think it is so.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out;——I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as, in all my digressions (one only excepted,) there is a master-stroke of di-

gressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader, not for want of penetration in him, but because it is an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression;——and it is this; That though my digressions are all fair, as you observe,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's most whimsical character;——when my aunt Dinah and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: Notwithstanding all this, you perceive, that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time;——not the great contours of it,—that was impossible,—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touched on, as we went along, so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too—and at the same time.

This, sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her elliptic orbit, which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy;——though I own it suggested the thought,—as I believe the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from such trifling hints.

Digressions, incontestibly, are the sunshine, they are the life, the soul of reading:——take them out of this book, for instance, you might as well take the book along with them;——one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: restore them to the writer,—he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but also of the author, whose distress in this matter is truly pitiable: For, if he begins a digression,—from that moment, I observe, his whole work stands stock still;——and, if he goes on with his main work, then there is an end of his digression.

————This is vile work.————For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such intersections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;——and, what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the Fountain of health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I HAVE a strong propensity in me to begin this chapter very nonsensically, and I will not baulk my fancy.——Accordingly I set off thus.

If the fixture of Momus's glass in the human breast, according to the proposed emendation of that arch-critic, had taken place,—first, This foolish consequence would certainly have followed,—That the very wisest and very gravest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, secondly, That had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in,—viewed the soul stark-naked;——observed all her motions,——her machinations; traced all her maggots, from their first engendering to their crawling forth;——watched her loose in her frisks, her gambols, her caprices; and, after some notice of her more solemn deportment, consequent upon such frisks, &c. ————then taken your pen and ink, and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to:——But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be so; if not, better still for him:——for there the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the sun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron,—must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants (as the efficient cause,) to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause;) so that, betwixt them both, all the tenements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for aught the soundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot;)——so that, till the inhabitants grow old, and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become so monstrously refracted,—or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen through;—his soul might as well, unless for mere ceremony,—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own house.

But this, as I said above, is not the case with the inhabitants of this earth;—our minds shine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystallized flesh and

blood; so that, if we would come to the specific characters of them, we must go some other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind instruments.——Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame,—and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of characters among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind instrument they use, which they say is infallible.——I dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place;——it is sufficient we have it amongst us—but never think of making a drawing by it;——this is enigmatical, and intended to be so, at least, *ad populum*:——And therefore, I beg, madam, when you come here, that you read on as fast as you can, and never stop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations;——but this often gives a very incorrect outline,—unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his repletions too; and, by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp,—and be rendered still more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of his Non-Naturals.——Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his Non-Naturals,—is another question.

There are others, fourthly, who disdain every one of these expedients;——not from any fertility of their own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphic Brethren* of the brush have shewn in taking copies.——These, you must know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full-length character against the light;——that's illiberal,—dishonest,—and hard upon the character of the man who sits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the camera;——that is most unfair of all, because, there you are sure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors, in giving you my uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;——nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or the other side of the Alps;——nor will I consider either his repletions or his discharges,—or touch upon his Non-Naturals;——but, in a word, I will draw my uncle Toby's character from his Hobby-Horse.

CHAP. XXIV.

If I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character,——I would here previously have convinced him, that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his Hobby-Horse, though I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other, yet, doubtless, there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies;——and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the Hobby-Horse,—by long journies, and much friction, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of Hobby-Horsical matter as it can hold;——so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now, the Hobby-Horse which my uncle Toby always rode upon, was, in my opinion, an Hobby-Horse well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover,—from Dover to Penzance, in Cornwall,—and from Penzance to York back again, and not have seen such another upon the road; or, if you had seen such an one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopped to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute,—whether he was really a Hobby-Horse or no:——But as the Philosopher would use no other argument to the sceptic, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising up upon his legs, and walking across the room;—so would my uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his Hobby-Horse was a Hobby-Horse indeed, but by getting upon his back, and riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

* Pentagraph, an instrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with so much pleasure, and he carried my uncle Toby so well,—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either said or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him:——But, to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you, first, how my uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

The wound in my uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the siege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the service, it was thought expedient he should return to England, in order, if possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and, in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries,—owing to a succession of exfoliations from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os ilium*,—both which bones were dismally crushed, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its size—(though it was pretty large;) which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it,—which, he would often tell him, was a great happiness.

My father, at that time, was just beginning business in London, and had taken a house;——and, as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle Toby could no where be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house, he assigned him the very best apartment in it.———And, what was a much more sincere mark of his affection still, he would never suffer a friend or acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bedside.

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it—my uncle's visitors at least thought so, and, in their daily calls upon him, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject,—and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and, if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe would have laid him in his grave.

What these perplexities of my uncle Toby were, 'tis impossible for you to guess;——if you could,—I should blush; not as a relation, not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch as I set no small store by myself, upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at any thing. And in this, sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Vol II

CHAP. I.

I HAVE begun a new Book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King William's wars;—but if he has not,—I then inform him, that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, before the gate of St Nicholas, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St Roch. The issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this,—That the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard,—and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St Nicholas's gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle Toby was an eye-witness at Namur,—the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from seeing much of each other's operations,—my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp,—the glacis and covered-way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms;——so that you will the less wonder, if, in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, it was a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counterscarp before the gate of St Nicholas, extending itself from the bank of the *Maes*, quite up the great water-stop,—the ground was cut and cross-cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards, to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and, as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends, and fresh inquiries,—he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt, my uncle Toby had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men; yet any one may imagine, that, when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered-way without falling down the counterscarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch,

but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:——He did so:——and these little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr James M'Kenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion—Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

———My uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it——it was enough he felt it was so ——and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved, some way or other, to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lie in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortifications of the town and citadel of *Namur*, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.———I take notice of his desire to have the environs, along with the town and citadel, for this reason, because my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St Roch;——so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his Hobby-Horse.

CHAP. II.

There is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expense of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taste run it down: nor is there any thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them; and, in the next place, I pay them all court.——Gentlemen, I kiss your hands,—I protest no company could give me half the pleasure,—by my soul I am glad to see you,—I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far as to have left a seventh open for them,—and in this very spot I stand on;——but being told by a critic (though not by occupation,—but by nature,) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the meantime, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

———— How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool,——be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as——Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I scorn it.——It is language unurbane, and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is, moreover, the reply valiant, —and therefore I reject it; for, though it might have suited my uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the Lillabullero,*—as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;——that even my similies, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are erudite, ——and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me?——Why, sir, I should be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critic, —I should have made an opening for a couple.

——— Therefore I answer thus:—

Pray, sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding?——Don't answer me rashly,—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it who understand it not:——If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is,———It is a history. ——A history! of who? what? where? when? ——Don't hurry yourself.———It is a history book, sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own

* The well-known tune of Lillabullero, composed in ridicule of King James, and his Lieutenant in Ireland, Lord Tyrconnel, was highly fashionable in King William's army, and hence become the favourite of uncle Toby.

mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now, if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found, that the cause of obscurity and confusion in the mind of a man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects, when the said organs are not dull. And, thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.——Call down Dolly, your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap, and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain, that Dolly herself shall understand it as well as Malbranch.——When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket, hanging by her right side,——take that opportunity to recollect, that the organs and faculties of perception, can, by nothing in this world, be so aptly typified, and explained, as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of.——Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you—it is an inch, sir, of red seal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft,—though it may receive,—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever Dolly thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her mistress rings the bell;——in any one of these three cases, the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass jack.

Now you must understand, that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my uncle Toby's discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists,—to shew the world what it did *not* arise from.

What it did arise from, I have hinted above; and a fertile source of obscurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unsteady uses of words, which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages;——if you have,—what terrible battles, yclept logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and ink-shed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them, without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself, how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:——What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about ἀσώματα; and in the schools of the learned about power and about spirit;——about essences, and about quintessences;——about substances, and about space:—what confusion in greater THEATRES, from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense;——when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities;——thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counterscarp,—his glacis and his covered-way,—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas—by Heaven!—his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. III.

WHEN my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good,—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobesius's military architecture and pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and, before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterscarp with great order;——but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his first motive made necessary,—my uncle Toby was able to cross the *Maes* and *Sambre*; make diversions as far as Vauban's line, the Abbey of Salsines, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that at the gate of St Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it;——by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, through which, I ween, the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-vertu'd,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat

and impatience of his thirst; so that, before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith, the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements and new works; all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year, my uncle Toby purchased Ramelli and Cantaneo, translated from the Italian;——likewise Stevinus Moralis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Coehorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marshal Vauban, Mons. Blondel, with almost as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:——And having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who, it seems, was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line.—This, N. Tartaglia proved to my uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

————Endless is the search of Truth!

No sooner was my uncle Toby satisfied which road the cannon-ball did *not* go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to inquire and find out which road the ball *did* go: For which purpose, he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.——He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA,—or else an HYPERBOLA,—and that the paremeter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breach upon an horizontal plane;——and that the semi-parameter—Stop! my dear uncle Toby—stop!——go not one foot further into this thorny and bewildered track:——intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuits of this bewitching phantom, KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee.——O, my uncle! fly—fly—fly from it as from a serpent————Is it fit, good-natured man! thou should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights, baking thy blood with hectic watchings?————Alas! it will exasperate thy symptoms,—check thy perspirations,—evaporate thy spirits,—waste thy animal strength,—dry up thy radical moisture,—bring thee into a costive habit of body,—impair thy health,—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.————O my uncle! my uncle Toby!

CHAP. IV.

I WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this,—That the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my uncle Toby,—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate; therefore, I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my story.

—Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters.————Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth than beauty.————This is to be understood *cum grano salis;* but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,—it is not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby, perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conic section, angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,—to dismiss his barber unshaven,—and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went on: When, lo!————all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,—complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon;——and one morning as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished, at least by that time.——He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment;——adding, that, had it not been for the kind looks, and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers,—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.——My father was by: My uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected.——My uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;——it had the greater effect.——The surgeon was confounded;——not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater marks, of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too: in the four years he had

attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word; ——he had been all patience,—all submission.

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it;——but we often treble the force:—The surgeon was astonished;——but much more so, when he heard my uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly,—or sending for Monsieur Ronjat, the King's Serjeant-Surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is planted in man's nature;——the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister passion to it: These my uncle Toby had in common with his species;—and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well, and out of doors; —— but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way; ——and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my uncle Toby's head.——There was so; and 'tis the subject of the next chapter, to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle in the middle of his sentence.

CHAP. V.

When a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his Hobby-horse grows head-strong, ——farewell cool reason and fair discretion.

My uncle Toby's wound was near well; and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.——The succession of his ideas was now rapid; he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;——and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four, to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.——So, leaving a bank-note upon the table, for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's, —he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other, ——my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden emigration, was as follows:—

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him,—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it;—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers;——and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,——he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

It was to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself: he rung his bell for his man Trim. Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, pri'thee see what confusion I have here been making.—I must have some better contrivance,—Trim. ——Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again——Yes, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, making a bow;——but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country seat, where, as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification,—we would manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company:——his real name was James Butler; ——but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;——and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and, indeed, from first to last, waited upon him, and served him, with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return; and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge:——For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him,) by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantages of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically as a body-

servant, *Non Hobby Horsical per se*; had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chambermaid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it. The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him;—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of your Honour, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault in Trim broke no squares with 'em. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;—and, besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—as an humble friend,—he could not bear to stop his mouth.——Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter———Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby;——speak,—speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why, then, replied Trim, (not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division———I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings,—I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment, that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground, to do what we pleased with: As summer is coming on, continued Trim, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.——I dare say thou would'st, Trim, quoth my uncle.——For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines, and angles——That I could do very well, quoth my uncle—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth——I can to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp——Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby——And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too——The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby——Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone——I know they are, Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;——for a cannon ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service:——but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;——but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty, or of anger;——it was a blush of joy;——he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.——Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.——We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish 'em town for town as fast as———Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more.———Your Honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would———Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.———Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime, but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your Honour's wound would be well in a month.———Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project mightily.———And if your Honour pleases, I'll, this moment, go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel, and a pick-axe, and a couple of——Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand.——Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more;——but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's

supper,—to no purpose:——Trim's plan of operation ran so much in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.———Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed:——'twas all one. ———Corporal Trim's description had so fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.———The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him; ——so that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre;——and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for:——so that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,"—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy;—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or, at least, of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private:———I say in private;———for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three sides from mortal sight, by rough holly, and thick-set flowering shrubs;———so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.———Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,—or private soever it might seem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events, —may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitasis and working up of this drama.——At present the scene must drop,—and change for the parlour fire-side.

CHAP. VI.

———What can they be doing, brother? said my father.———I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;——I think, replied he,—it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?——quoth my father;——my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir, answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left shoulder, my mistress is taken very badly.——And where's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her? ——Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife. ———Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr Slop, the man-midwife, with all our services,—and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour,—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door,—as there is so expert an operator as Dr Slop so near—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of her's, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;———and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle Toby, my sister does it to save the expense.—A pudding's end,—replied my father;—the Doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action,—if not better,—to keep him in temper.

——— Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart,—but Modesty:——My sister, I dare say, added he, does not care to let a man come so near her ****. I will not say whether my uncle Toby had completed the sentence or not;——'tis for his advantage to suppose he had,—as, I think, he could have added no One Word which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which rhetoricians style the Aposiopesis.——— Just heaven! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists—the insensible more or less, determine the precise line of beauty, in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddlestick, et cætera, give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure!———O, my countrymen!—be nice; be cautious of your language;——and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——"My sister, mayhap," quoth my uncle Toby, "does not choose to let a man come so near her ****." Make this dash——'tis an Aposiopesis.——Take the dash away, and write backside,—'tis bawdy.———Scratch backside out, and put covered way in,—'tis a metaphor;

and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence, that word was it.

But whether that was the case, or not the case;——or whether the snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe so critically, happened through accident or anger,—will be seen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

Though my father was a good natural philosopher,—yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapped short in the middle,—he had nothing to do—as such—but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.———He did no such thing;——he threw them with all the violence in the world;——and, to give the action still more emphasis,—he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked something like heat;———and the manner of his reply to what my uncle Toby was saying, proved it was so.

———"Not choose," quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby's words) "to let a man come so near her——!" By heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job; and I think I have the plagues of one already, without it.——Why?—Where?—Wherein?—Wherefore?——Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmost astonishment. ———To think, said my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so little about women!——I know nothing at all about them—replied my uncle Toby; and I think, continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with widow Wadman,—which shock, you know, I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.———Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is said in Aristotle's Master-Piece, "That when a man doth think of any thing which is past,—he looketh down upon the ground;—but that when he thinketh of something which is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens."

My uncle Toby, I suppose, thought of neither;——for he looked horizontally.———Right end,—quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly, as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece;——right end of a woman!——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;——and if I was to think, continued my uncle Toby, (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad joint,) this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.

Then, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father, (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles—Not always, quoth my uncle Toby.——At least, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the same thing.——Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the make, the shape, the construction, come-at-ability, and convenience, of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically——I never rightly understood the meaning of that word, quoth my uncle Toby.——Analogy, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different——Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation;——it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it: and, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself—(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another), whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

It is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse, and go for Dr Slop, the man-midwife;—so that no one can say with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come;—though, morally and truly speaking, the man, perhaps, has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this, and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell and the rap at the door;—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths,—should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration and of its simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas,—and is the true scholastic pendulum,—and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter,—abjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to

Dr Slop, the man-midwife's house;——and that whilst Obadiah has been going those said eight miles and back, I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders, into England;——that I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim, in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire;—all which put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr Slop upon the stage,—as much, at least (I hope), as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable,—alleging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,—when I have said all I can about them;——and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which before was a book apocryphal:——If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard before he met with Dr Slop;——and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him,—and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself——But this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IMAGINE to yourself a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the Horse Guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr Slop's figure, which,——if you have read Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, and if you have not, I wish you would,—you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind, by three strokes, as three hundred.

Imagine such an one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure,—coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony,—of a pretty colour,—but of strength——alack!——scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.——They were not.——Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin, as he approached, would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it round its axis——have been a subject of juster apprehension to Doctor Slop in his situation, than the worst of Whiston's comets?——To say nothing of the NUCLEUS, that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse——in my idea the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the Doctor, at least the Doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr Slop have been, when you read (which you are just going to do,) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane, when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop—full upon him!——Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible, than such a rencounter,—so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr Slop was.

What could Dr Slop do?——He crossed himself.—Pugh!——But the Doctor, sir, was a papist.——No matter; he had better kept hold of the pommel.——He had so;——nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all;—for, in crossing himself, he let go his whip;—and, in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which, he lost his seat:—and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing,) the unfortunate Doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr Slop;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he saw him seated——Ill-timed complaisance!—had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him?——Sir, he did all that his situation would allow:—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once;——he rode in a circle three times round Dr Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;——and at the last, when he did stop his beast, it was done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Doctor Slop so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

CHAP. X.

When Dr Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of Women,—it was hard to determine whether Dr Slop's figure, or Dr Slop's presence, occasioned more surprise to them; for, as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him,—Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unannealed, with all his stains and blotches on him.——He stood like Hamlet's ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour door (Obadiah still holding his hand,) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared—and, in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn;——for no mortal, who had beheld Dr Slop in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "That mayhap his sister might not care to let *such* a Dr Slop come so near her ****." But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem;* and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it.——No; the reason was,—it was not his nature to insult.

Dr Slop's presence, at that time, was no less problematical than the mode of it, though, it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have solved it; for he had apprised Dr Slop but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the Doctor had heard nothing since, it was natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to see how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, measuring their distance,—and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else.——Common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my uncle Toby,—but it excited a very different train of thoughts;——the two irreconcileable pulsations instantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind.——What business Stevinus had in this affair, is the greatest problem of all;——it shall be solved,—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Writing, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is,) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about, in good company would venture to talk all;——so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all. The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

It is his turn now:——I have given an ample description of Dr Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour;——his imagination must now go on with it for awhile.

Let the reader imagine, then, that Dr Slop has told his tale;—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooses.——Let him suppose that Obadiah has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures as they stand by each other.——Let him imagine, that my father had stepped up stairs to see my mother:—and to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the Doctor washed,—rubbed down and condoled,—felicitated,—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!——truce, good Dr Slop!—Stay thy obstetric hand;——return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm;——little dost thou know what obstacles——little dost thou think what hidden causes retard its operation!——Hast thou, Dr Slop,—hast thou been entrusted with the secret articles of the solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true.—Besides, great son of Pilumnus! what canst thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarmed;—thou hast left thy *tire tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *squirt*,—and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment, they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at the bed's head!——Ring;—call!—send Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

——Make great haste, Obadiah, quoth my

father, and I'll give thee a crown! and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

CHAP. XII.

Your sudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr Slop, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to speak)—instantly brought the great Stevinus into my head, who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making use of the argument *ad crumenam*,—I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown-piece (which will serve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back,) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or other,—or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.

He has so,—replied my uncle Toby.—I knew it, said my father, though, for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr Slop's sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification;—yet I feared it.—Talk of what we will, brother,——or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject—you are sure to bring it in. I would not, brother Toby, continued my father,——I declare I would not have my head so full of curtains and horn-works.——That, I dare say, you would not, quoth Dr Slop, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis, the critic, could not detest and abhor a pun, or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow testy upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose;——he saw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr Slop—the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedsteads:—though, I know, Du Cange says, "That bed-curtains, in all probability, have taken their name from them;"—nor have the horn-works, he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom: But the *curtain*, sir, is the word we use in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions, and joins them. Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtain, for this reason, because they are so well *flanked*: ('Tis the case of other curtains, quoth Dr Slop, laughing.)—However, continued my uncle Toby, to make them sure, we generally choose to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch.——The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—though they are very different things;—not in their figure or construction for we make them exactly alike in all points; for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent.—Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little testily.)—In their situations, answered my uncle Toby:—for when a ravelin, brother, stands before a curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion;——but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.——I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides——as well as others.

—As for the horn-work (heigh ho! sighed my father,) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork;——they are called by the French engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest;—'tis formed by two epaulments or demi-bastions,—they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble:—I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them,—they are much stronger, but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; so that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double *tenaille*——By the mother who bore us!—brother Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,—you would provoke a saint;——here have you got us, I know not how, not only souse into the middle of the old subject again,—but so full is your head of these confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife.——*Accoucheur*—if you please, quoth Dr Slop.——With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil:—it has been the death of thousands,—and it will be mine, in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns of Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage;—I have told you in a former chapter, "that he was a man of courage:"—And will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter;——nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this insult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a

peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it——all was mixed up so kindly within him, my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand, ——I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as as he spoke, to let it escape; go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?——This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened: but whether it was that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it;—or, in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice, and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will, then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of my mind: And though I would not depreciate what the study of the *literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me both at home and abroad since;—yet, I often think, that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental expression.

This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my uncle Toby's picture, by the instrument with which I drew the other parts of it,—that taking in no more than the mere Hobby-Horsical likeness;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little sourness of temper; though this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy;—yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, it was apt to show itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness.——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature,——at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this sub-acid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved, ——he would feel more pain ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned), than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which rose about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a Hobby-Horse——that a man's Hobby-Horse is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes at my uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.——No:——as I said above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray, sir, what said he?—How did he behave?—Oh, sir!—it was great; for as soon as my father had done insulting his Hobby-Horse, ——he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Dr Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looked up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature,——so placid,——so fraternal,——so inexpressibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he spoke,—Brother Toby, said he,—I beg thy pardon;——forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me.——My dear, dear brother, answered my uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, say no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother.——But it is ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;——a brother, worse;——but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners—so unprovoking—and so unresenting, ——'tis base;——by Heaven! 'tis cowardly. ——You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle Toby,—had it been fifty times as much.——Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?

——Brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, looking wistfully in his face,——you are much mistaken in this point;—for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy family at your time of life.——But, by that, sir, quoth Dr Slop, Mr Shandy increases his own.—Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

My brother does it, quoth my uncle Toby, out of *principle*.——In a family-way, I suppose, quoth Dr Slop.——Pshaw!—said my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

CHAP. XIV.

At the end of the last chapter, my father and my uncle Toby were both left standing, like Brutus and Cassius at the close of the scene, making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words,—he sat down;——my uncle Toby exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to step home for Stevinus;——my uncle Toby's house being no further off than the opposite side of the way.

Some men would have dropped the subject of Stevinus;——but my uncle Toby had no resentment in his heart, and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr Slop, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought Stevinus into my head. (My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head)—Because, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated sailing-chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr Slop (as the fellow is lame), of going for Stevinus's account of it, because, in my return from Leyden, through the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

That's nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peireskius did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to see it,—and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone. The more fool Peireskius, replied Dr Slop. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all;——but that Peireskius's indefatigable labour, in trudging so far on foot out of love to the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr Slop, in that affair, to nothing.—The more fool Peireskius, said he again.—Why so?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father's mind;——but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse;——Why so?——said he. Why is Peireskius, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? For, notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and though I cannot guess upon what principles of philosophy he has achieved it—yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate my brother mentions.

It answered, replied my uncle Toby, as well, if not better; for, as Peireskius elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat quam erat ventus;* which, unless I have forgot my Latin, is, that it was as swift as the wind itself.

But pray, Dr Slop, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (though not without begging pardon for it, at the same time), upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?—Upon very pretty principles, to be sure, replied Dr Slop;——and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours—(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing,) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls to which the sex is subject,—if the wind only served,—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For that very reason, replied my father, "Because they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing,"—the scheme is bad;—it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry,—circulates trade,—brings in money, and supports the value of our lands:——and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generously recompence the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances;——yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.

My father here had got into his element,——and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification;—but, to the loss of much sound knowledge, the destinies in the morning had decreed, that no dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day;——for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence,

CHAP. XV.

In popped Corporal Trim, with Stevinus:—But it was too late;—all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take back the book home again, Trim, said my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But pri'thee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look first into it, and see if thou can'st spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the service, had learned to obey,—and not to remonstrate;—so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves; an' please your Honour, said Trim, I can see no such thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make sure work of it, an' please your Honour;——so taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

There is something fallen out, however, said Trim, an' please your Honour;—but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one.—Pri'thee, Corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then? I think, answered Trim, stooping to take it up, ———'tis more like a sermon,———for it begins with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse; and then goes on, not as a chariot, —but like a sermon directly.

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle Toby, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a sermon, replied Trim;—but if it please your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page;—for Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read, almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look into things which cross my way by such strange fatalities as these; and as we have nothing better to do, at least till Obadiah gets back, I shall be obliged to you, brother, if Dr Slop has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it, as he seems willing. An' please your Honour, quoth Trim, I officiated two whole campaigns in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.—He can read it, quoth my uncle Toby, as well as I can. Trim, I assure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next halbert, but for the poor fellow's misfortune.—Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made a humble bow to his master:———then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by, his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

—If you have any objection,—said my father, addressing himself to Dr Slop;—Not in the least, replied Dr Slop;—for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote; ———it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—so that we run equal risks.—'Tis wrote upon neither side, quoth Trim, for 'tis only upon Conscience, an' please your Honours.

Trim's reason put his audience into good humour—all but Dr Slop, who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

Begin, Trim,—and read distinctly, quoth my father.—I will, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

CHAP. XVII.

———But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude; ———otherwise he will naturally stand represented by your imagination in an uneasy posture, —stiff,—perpendicular,—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;———his eye fixed, as if on duty;—his look determined,—clenching the sermon in his left hand, like his firelock.———In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was standing in his platoon, ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed and bent forwards, just so far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon;—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well to be the true persuasive angle of incidence:—in any other angle you may talk and preach—'tis certain,—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge.

The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactness,———does it not shew us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly;———or whether it was chance, or nature, or good sense, or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of the cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood,—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards,—his right leg from under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight———the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little, not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of science too;—for consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that, in this case, the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no further advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters;—need I add,—to orators?—I think not; for, unless they practise it,———they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs. ———He held the sermon loosely,—not careless-

ly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast; ——his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,—— but with the palm of it open, and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muscles of his face, were in full harmony with the other parts of him;——he looked frank,—unconstrained, —something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask, how Corporal Trim could come by all this;——I have told him it should be explained;—but so he stood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr Slop,—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure, a statuary might have modelled from it;——nay, I doubt whether the oldest Fellow of a College,—or the Hebrew Professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:—

THE SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

——*For we* trust *we have a good Conscience.*—

"TRUST!——Trust we have a good Conscience!"

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an' please your Honour, replied Trim. —Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Dr Slop, Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer (who, I perceive, is a Protestant,) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the Apostle, is certainly going to abuse him,—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Dr Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any church.—Because, answered Dr Slop, if he was of ours, he durst no more take such a license,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, sir, a man was to insult an apostle,——a saint,—— or even the paring of a saint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.——What, by the saint? quoth my uncle Toby. No, replied Dr Slop,—he would have an old house over his head.———Pray, is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one?——I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr Slop.——An' please your Honours, quoth Trim, the Inquisition is the vilest ——Pri'thee spare thy description, Trim; I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Dr Slop,—it has its uses; for, though I am no great advocate for it, yet in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then! quoth my uncle Toby—Amen, added Trim; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother, who has been fourteen years a captive in it.— I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle Toby, hastily:—How came he there, Trim?——O, sir, the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times;—but it is too long to be told now;— your Honour shall hear it from first to last, some day when I am working beside you in our fortifications;—but the short of the story is this:—That my brother Tom went over a servant to Lisbon,—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which, somehow or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition; where, God help him, continued Trim, fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour; he was as honest a soul, added Trim (pulling out his handkerchief,) as ever blood warmed.——

The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away:—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.— Certain proof of pity!

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,— read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; ——but pri'thee begin the sermon again;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the Apostle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

——*For we* trust *we have a good Conscience.*—

"Trust!—trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing,—whether he has a good conscience or no."

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr Slop.]

"If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—— he must be privy to his own thoughts and de-

sires;——he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives which, in general, have governed the actions of his life."

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr Slop.]

"In other matters, we may be deceived by false appearances; and, as the Wise Man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here, the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself;——is conscious of the web she has wove;——knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her."

[The language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

"Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives; it is plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self-accused, that he must necessarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not;——that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the Apostle intimates, but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also."

[Then the Apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr Slop, and the Protestant divine is in the right.—Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will presently appear, that St Paul and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr Slop, as east is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

"At first sight, this may seem to be a true state of the case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the mind of man,—that, did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the Scripture assures it may) insensibly become hard;—and, like some tender parts of his body, by much stress, and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it:—Did this never happen;—or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment;—or that the little interests below, could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness:——Could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred Court:—Did Wit disdain to take a bribe in it;——or was ashamed to shew its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment:—Or, lastly, were we assured, that Interest stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing,—and that Passion never got into the judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of Reason, which is supposed always to preside and determine upon the case:——Was this truly so, as the objection must suppose;——no doubt, then, the religious and moral state of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it;——and the guilt or innocence of every man's life, could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.

"I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side,) that he is guilty; and, unless in melancholy and hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there are always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

"But the converse of the proposition will not hold true;——namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse; and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent.——This is not fact:——So that the common consolation, which some good Christian or other is hourly administering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him; and that, consequently, he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and, as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight, yet, when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—you see it liable to so much error from a false application;—the principle upon which it goes so often perverted;—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life which confirm the account.

"A man shall be vicious, and utterly debauched in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct to the world;—shall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify;—a sin, by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt;——rob her of her best dowry;——and not only cover her own head with dishonour,—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake.——Surely, you will think, conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life:——he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

"Alas! Conscience had something else to do, all this time, than break in upon him; as Elijah reproached the God Baal,—this domestic

God *was either talking, or pursuing, or was on a journey, or peradventure he slept, and could not be awoke.*

"Perhaps He was gone out in company with HONOUR to fight a duel;——to pay off some debt at play,——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust: Perhaps CONSCIENCE, all this time, was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty-larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank of life secured him against all temptation of committing; so that he lives as merrily,"—[If he was of our church, though, quoth Dr Slop, he could not]—"sleeps as soundly in his bed,—and at last meets death as unconcernedly,—perhaps much more so, than a much better man."

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr Slop, turning to my father,—the case could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often. I own, quoth Dr Slop (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment,) that a man in the Romish church may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die so.——'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean, answered Dr Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.—Pray, how many have you in all, said my uncle Toby,——for I always forget?——Seven, answered Dr Slop.—Humph!——said my uncle Toby,—though not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle Toby. Dr Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.——Humph! replied Dr Slop, (stating my uncle Toby's argument over again to him)—Why, sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal sins?——Seven golden candlesticks?——Seven heavens?——'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.——Are there not seven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But pri'thee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.]

"Another is sordid, unmerciful (here Trim waved his right hand,) a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship or of public spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer." [An' please your Honours, cried Trim, I think this a viler man than the others.]

"Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?——No; thank God, there is no occasion: *I pay every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to my conscience;—no faithless vows, or promises to make up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child: thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.*

"A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his whole life; 'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws, plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.——You will see such an one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life.

"When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience,——CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE;——finds no express law broken by what he has done;——perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred; sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening its gates upon him:——What is there to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law; sits there invulnerable, fortified with **Cases** and **Reports** so strongly on all sides,—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold."

[Here Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—Ay, ay, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, shaking his head,——these are but sorry fortifications, Trim.——O! very poor work, answered Trim, to what your honour and I make of it.——The character of this last man, said Dr Slop, interrupting Trim, is more detestable than all the rest; and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging Lawyer amongst you.——Amongst us, a man's conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*,——three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession.——Will that restore it to sight, quoth my uncle Toby?——Go on, Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon.——'Tis a very short one, replied Trim.——I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

"A fourth man shall want even this refuge; shall break through all the ceremony of slow chicane;——scorns the doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose.——See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders!—Horrid!—But indeed much better was not to be expected, in the present case;—the poor man was in the dark!——his priest had got the keeping of his conscience; and all he would let him know of it, was, That he must believe in

the Pope;——go to mass;—cross himself;—tell his beads;—be a good catholic; and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry him to heaven. What——if he perjures!——Why,—he had a mental reservation in it.——But if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him;——If he robs,—if he stabs,—will not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound itself? Ay,—but the man has carried it to confession;——the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution. O Popery! what hast thou to answer for?——when, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things;——thou hast wilfully set open the wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, to go astray of himself, and confidently speak peace to himself, when there is no peace.

"Of this, the common instances, which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must refer him a moment to his own reflections, and will then venture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

"Let him consider, in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand there: though equally bad and vicious in their own natures,—he will soon find, that such of them, as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and a flattering hand can give them;—and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear at once, naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

"When David surprised Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe,—we read, that his heart smote him for what he had done:—But in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust,—where conscience had so much greater reason to take the alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed, from the first commission of that crime, to the time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done.

"Thus conscience, this once able monitor,—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes,—does its office so negligently,—sometimes so corruptly,—that it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore, we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

"So that, if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled in,—namely, in what degree of real merit you stand, either as an honest man, an useful citizen, a faithful subject to your King, or a good servant to your God,—call in religion and morality. Look: What is written in the law of God?——How readest thou?—Consult calm reason, and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth;—what say they?

"Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these reports;—and then, if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the Apostle supposes,—the rule will be infallible;"—[Here Dr Slop fell asleep]—"*thou wilt have confidence towards God;*—that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast passed upon thyself, is the judgment of God; and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence, which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter, by that Being, to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

"*Blessed is the man*, indeed, then, as the author of the book of *Ecclesiasticus* expresses it, *who is not pricked with the multitude of his sins: Blessed is the man whose heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart* (a heart thus guided and informed,) *he shall at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high.*"—[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle Toby, unless it is flanked.]—"In the darkest doubts, it shall conduct him safer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour, than all the causes and restrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply: *forced*, I say, as things stand; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects of those consciences which are no law unto themselves; well intending, by the many provisions made,—that in all such corrupt and misguided cases, where principles and the checks of conscience will not make us upright,—to supply their force, and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to it."

[I see, plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple,—or at some Assize.—I like the reasoning,—and am sorry that Dr Slop has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction;—for it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St Paul in the least; nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.——A great matter, if they *had* differed, replied my uncle Toby,—the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.——True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, shaking

hands .th him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.

Well,—what dost thou think of it? said my father, speaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, answered the Corporal, that the seven watchmen upon the tower,—who, I suppose, are all sentinels there,—are more, an' please your Honour, than were necessary;—and, to go on at that rate, would harass a regiment all to pieces; which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it; because two sentinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myself, in the *Corps de Garde*, an hundred times, continued Trim (rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke;)——and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King William, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life——Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—but you do not consider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not such things as our bastions, flanked and defended by other works. This, Trim, was an invention since Solomon's death; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtain, in his time;—or such a fossé as we make, with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counterscarps palisadoed along it, to guard against a *coup de main*:—So that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*, set there, not only to look out, but to defend it——They could be no more, an' please your Honour, than a Corporal's guard.——My father smiled inwardly, but not outwardly;—the subject between my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim being rather too serious, considering what had happened, to make a jest of:—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted,—he contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows:—]

"To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong:—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion;—the second, those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two *tables*, even in imagination (though the attempt is often made in practice,) without breaking, and mutually destroying, them both.

"I said, the attempt is often made; and so it is; there being nothing more common, than to see a man, who has no sense at all of religion,—and indeed has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion of his moral character,—or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

"When there is some appearance that it is so, though one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

"Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion, as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great distress.

"I will illustrate this by an example.

"I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in,"—[There is no need, cried Dr Slop, *waking*, to call in any physician in this case]—"to be neither of them men of much religion: I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn, as to put the matter past doubt. Well:—notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one;—and, what is still dearer to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.

"Now, let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage;—I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life:—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters.—In a word, I'm persuaded that they cannot hurt me, without hurting themselves more.

"But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other side; that a case should happen, wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world;—or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate, by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art:—In this case, what hold have I of either of them?—Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question;—interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me:——What have I left to cast into the opposite scale, to balance this temptation?——Alas! I have nothing,—nothing but what is lighter than a bubble:——I must lie at the mercy of Honour, or some such capricious principle.——Strait security for two of the most valuable blessings, of my property and my life!

"As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion;—so, on the other hand,—there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality; nevertheless, it is no prodigy to see a man, whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

"He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,—but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, inasmuch as he talks loudly

against the infidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points of religion,—goes twice a-day to church,—attends the sacraments,—and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion,—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment, that, for this, he is a religious man, and has discharged truly his duty to God: And you will find that such a man, through force of this delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real honesty than himself.

"*This likewise is a sore evil under the sun;* and I believe there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.——For a general proof of this,—examine the history of the Romish Church;"—[Well, what can you make of that? cried Dr Slop]—"See, what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, blood-shed,"—[They may thank their own obstinacy, cried Dr Slop]—"have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

"In how many kingdoms of the world"—[Here Trim kept waving his right hand, from the sermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of the paragraph.]

"In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided saint-errant spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condition?—and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both,——heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses!"

[I have been in many a battle, and please your Honour, quoth Trim, sighing, but never in so melancholy an one as this:—I would not have drawn a trigger in it, against these poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.——Why, what do you understand of the affair? said Dr Slop, looking towards Trim, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved.——What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, replied Trim, that I never refused quarter in my life, to any man who cried out for it:—but, to a woman, or a child, continued Trim, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.——Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my uncle Toby, and I'll give Obadiah another too.——God bless your honour, replied Trim;—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle Toby.——My father nodded his head,—as much as to say—And so he is.

But pri'thee, Trim, said my father, make an end,—for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

"If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves!

"To be convinced of this, go with me, for a moment, into the prisons of the Inquisition."—[God help my poor brother Tom!]—"Behold Religion, with Mercy and Justice chained down under her feet,—there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark! what a piteous groan!"—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.]——"See the melancholy wretch who uttered it"—[Here the tears began to trickle down.]——"just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent."——[D—n them all, quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—"Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors, his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement!"—[Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim, in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together,—I fear 'tis poor Tom.——My father and my uncle Toby's hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.——Why, Trim, said my father, this is not a history,—'tis a sermon thou art reading;—pri'thee begin the sentence again.]——"Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors,—his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.

"Observe the last movement of that horrid engine!"—[I would rather face a cannon, quoth Trim, stamping.]—"See what convulsions it has thrown him into!——Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he endures by it!"—[I hope 'tis not in Portugal.]—"'Tis all nature can bear!—Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!"—[I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world;—I, fear an' please your Honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is.——I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,—'tis a description.——'Tis only a description, honest man, quoth Slop, there's not a word of truth in it.——That's another story, replied my father.—However, as Trim reads it with so much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, Trim;—I'll finish it for thee, and thou mayest go.——I must stay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your Honour will allow me;—though I would not read it myself for a Colonel's pay.——Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.——My father went on.]

—"Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched, what exquisite torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear!

Good God! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips,—willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart!—Behold the unlucky wretch led back to his cell!" ——[Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, that they have not killed him.]—" See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames, and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle,—this principle, that there can be religion without mercy, has prepared for him."——[Then, thank God,—he is dead, quoth Trim,—he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worst at him.—O, sirs!——Hold your peace, Trim, said my father, going on with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Dr Slop, we shall never have done at this rate.]

" The surest way to try the merit of any disputed notion, is to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of Christianity;——'tis the short and decisive rule which our Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments—*By their fruits ye shall know them all.*

" I will add no further to the length of this sermon, than by two or three short and independent rules deducible from it.

" *First,* Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions, which had got the better of his CREED. A bad life and a good belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours; and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness' sake.

" *Secondly,* When a man thus represented, tells you, in any particular instance,—That such a thing goes *against* his conscience,—always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you, such a thing goes *against* his stomach;——a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

" In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

" And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which has ruined thousands,—That your conscience is not a law:—no, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you, to determine,—not, like an Asiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions,—but like a British Judge in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, but faithfully declares that law which he knows already written."

FINIS.

THOU hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim, quoth my father.——If he had spared his comments, replied Dr Slop,—he would have read it much better.——I should have read it ten times better, sir, answered Trim, but that my heart was so full.——That was the very reason, Trim, replied my father, which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addressing himself to Dr Slop, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compositions are fine—[I deny it, quoth Dr Slop],—I maintain it,—that the eloquence of our pulpits with such subjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world;—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, sir, with sorrow, that, like French politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field.——'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this should be lost.——I like the sermon well, replied my father,—'tis dramatic,—and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, said Dr Slop——I know that very well, said my father,—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Dr Slop, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.——But in this, added Dr Slop, a little piqued,—our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch, or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr, or a saint.—There are some very bad characters in this, however, said my father; and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—whose can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus?——A man must be as great a conjurer as Stevinus, said my father, to resolve the second question. The first, I think, is not so difficult;—for, unless my judgment greatly deceives me,—I know the author; for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.

The similitude of the style and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture,—proving it as strongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove such a thing to a philosophic mind, That it was Yorick's, and no one's else.—It was proved to be so *à posteriori*, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my uncle Toby's house to inquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my uncle Toby, and had carelessly popped his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever subject, he had sent Stevinus home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! Thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee, a second time, dropped through an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket, down into a treacherous and tattered lining,—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his Rosinante inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falledst,—buried ten days in the mire,—raised up out of it by a beggar,—sold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk,—transferred to his parson,—lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of

his days,—nor restored to his restless manes till this very moment that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this sermon of Yorick's was preached at an assize in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done?—and within so short a space as two years and three months after Yorick's death?—Yorick, indeed, was never better served in his life;——but it was a little hard to maltreat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick,—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away;—and that, I am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the world;—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;—I leave that to others:—but I find myself impelled by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That in doing justice, I may give rest to Yorick's ghost;—which,—as the country-people, and some others, believe,—*still walks*.

The second reason is, That, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in case the character of Parson Yorick, and this sample of his sermons, are liked,—there are now in the possession of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service,—and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

Obadiah gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling with all the instruments in a green baize-bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr Slop (clearing up his looks,) as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs Shandy, to send up stairs to know how she goes on.

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty;—for you must know, Dr Slop, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, that, by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not so much as that,—unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies; and, in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they choose to undergo it.

They are in the right of it,—quoth my uncle Toby.—But, sir, replied Dr Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father,—they had better govern in other points;—and a father of a family, who wishes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.——I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he said,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world,—unless that—of who shall beget them.——One would almost give up any thing, replied Dr Slop.—I beg your pardon,—answered my uncle Toby.——Sir, replied Dr Slop, it it would astonish you, to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,—which has received such lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands,) I declare I wonder how the world has—I wish, quoth my uncle Toby, you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.

CHAP. XIX.

I have dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due course;—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this,——That, from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian names, and that other point previous thereto,—you was led, I think, into an opinion (and I am sure I said as much,) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,—down to the lean and slippery pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

——Mr Shandy, my father, sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it;

—he placed things in his own light:—he would weigh nothing in common scales:—no,—he was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an imposition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steel-yard, the *fulcrum*, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this, the *minutiæ* of philosophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.—Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible *in infinitum*;—that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would say, error was error,—no matter where it fell:——whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—'twas alike fatal to truth: and she was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing,—as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament, that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped, as estimators had reported.

You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people. Why? he would ask, making use of the stories or syllogism of Zeno and Chrysippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why?—Why are we a ruined people?—Because we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear sir, that we are corrupted?——Because we are needy;——our poverty, and not our wills, consent.——And wherefore, he would add, are we needy?——From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and our halfpence:—Our bank-notes, sir, our guineas,—nay, our shillings, take care of themselves.

'Tis the same, he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences;—the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themselves;—but error—(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)—error, sir, creeps in through the minute holes, and small crevices, which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of.——The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows:

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr Slop's assistance preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very singular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher,—he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet anchor.——It failed him; though from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his soul to make her comprehend the drift of it.——Cursed luck!—said he to himself, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpose;—cursed luck! said he, biting his lip, as he shut the door,—for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature,—and have a wife, at the same time, with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, to save his soul from destruction.

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother,—had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together.—I will, therefore, endeavour to do it justice,—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms:—

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the groundwork of the first axiom,—though it comes last)—That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal,—and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding—was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance above or below another,—but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence—he had made it the subject of his inquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of the brain; which, as he philosophized, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow pea; though, to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plump into the centre of the mistake, had it not been for my uncle Toby,—who rescued him out of it, by a story he had told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a French surgeon; and, after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself, is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body;——and if it is true, that people can walk about, and do their business without brains,—then certes the soul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain very thin, subtle, and very fragrant juice which Coglionissimo Borri, the great Milanese physician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in the cellulæ of

the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul (for you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living,—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;)——as for the opinion, I say, of Borri,—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination; he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seemed the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief sensorium, or head-quarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum,—or rather somewhere about the medulla oblongata, wherein, it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses, concentered, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion;——he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, setting up another Shandean hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him;—and which said hypothesis equally stood its ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that, next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do consist;—that next to this and his Christian name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all;—that the third cause, or rather what logicians call the *Causa sine quâ non*, and without which, all that was done was of no manner of significance,—was the preservation of this delicate and fine-spun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonsensical method of bringing us into the world by that foremost.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonesis de Partu difficili*,* published by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, That the lax and pliable state of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no sutures at that time, was such,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labour pains, was equal, upon an average, to a weight of 470 pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicular upon it;——it so happened, that, in forty-nine instances out of fifty, the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry-cook generally rolls up, in order to make a pie of.——Good God! cried my father, what havock and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the *cerebellum!*——Or, if there is such a juice, as Borri pretends,—is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehension, when he further understood, that this force, acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself, or *cerebrum*,—but that it necessarily squeezed and propelled the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.——Angels and ministers of grace defend us! cried my father, can any soul withstand this shock?——No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tattered as we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk,—all perplexity,—all confusion within-side.

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that instead of the *cerebrum* being propelled towards the *cerebellum*, the *cerebellum*, on the contrary, was propelled simply towards the *cerebrum*, where it could do no manner of hurt:——By heavens! cried he, the world is in conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the professors of the obstetric art are listed into the same conspiracy.——What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his *cerebellum* escapes uncrushed?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself as proper nourishment; and from

* The Author is here twice mistaken;—for *Lithopædus* should be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonensis Icon.* The second mistake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by Athosius, 1580, may be seen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr Tristram Shandy has been led into this error, either from seeing *Lithopædus's* name, of late, in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr ——, or by mistaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,—from the too great similitude of the names.

the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.—This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phenomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it;——it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.——Poor devil, he would say,—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.——It unriddled the observations of drivellers and monstrous heads, shewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwise,—unless****—I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Asiatic genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sun-shine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarefy and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing by one extreme,—as they are condensed in colder climates by the other;—but he traced the affair up to its spring-head,—shewed that in warmer climates Nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest parts of the creation;—their pleasures more;—the necessity of their pains less, insomuch, that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the *cerebellum* was preserved;—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced,—so that the soul might act just as she liked.

When my father had got so far,—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsarean section, and of the towering geniuses, who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? Here, you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the *sensorium*;—no pressure of the head against the *pelvis*;—no propulsion of the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, either by the *os pubis* on this side, or the *os coxygis* on that;——and, pray, what were the happy consequences?——Why, sir, your Julius Cæsar, who gave the operation a name; and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name;—your Scipio Africanus; your Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the Sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis;—these, and many more, who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *sideway*, sir, into the world.

The incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for six weeks together in my father's head;—he had read, and was satisfied that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,—merely as a matter of fact;—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to say no more of it,—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to no purpose to propose.

This was my father, Mr Shandy's hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we spoke of.—For happening not only to be christened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epsom,—being moreover my mother's first child,—coming into the world with his head *foremost*,—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful slow parts,—my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way,—and was, therefore, one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose;—for though his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance,—yet it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—though not with a view to the soul's good, in extracting by the feet, as was my father's system,—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle Toby.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science,—is hard to conceive.——You may conjecture upon it, if you please,—and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.——You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage articles,—and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, God-fathers and God-mothers not excepted.——These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve, if you have time;—but I tell you before-hand, it will be in vain;—for not the sage Alquife, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no less famous Urganda, the sorceress, his wife, (were they alive,) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year,—when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.

Vol III

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

——"I WISH, Dr Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, (repeating his wish for Dr Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his manner of wishing, than he had wished at first*)—"*I wish*, Dr Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "*you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.*"

My uncle Toby's wish did Dr Slop a disservice, which his heart never intended any man. —Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes, male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the case;—nothing is more dangerous, madam, than a wish coming sideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the safest way, in general, to take off the force of the wish, is, for the party wished at, instantly to get upon his legs,—and wish the wisher something in return, of pretty near the same value;—so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you were,—nay, sometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my chapter of wishes.—

Dr Slop did not understand the nature of this defence;—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop to the dispute for four minutes and a-half:—five had been fatal to it:—my father saw the danger:—the dispute was one of the most interesting disputes in the world, "Whether the child of his prayers and endeavours should be born without a head or with one;" ——He waited to the last moment, to allow Dr Slop, in whose behalf the wish was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I say, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled souls generally stare with,—first in my uncle Toby's face—then in his—then up—then down —then east—east and by east, and so on,— coasting it along by the plinth of the wainscot, till he had got to the opposite point of the compass,—and that he had actually begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his chair,—my father thought there was no time to be lost with my uncle Toby, so took up the discourse as follows.

CHAP. II.

—"WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"——

Brother Toby, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a striped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle Toby.——

——Now, in this, I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reasons for it.

Matters of no more seeming consequence in themselves than, "Whether my father should have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left,"—have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them, to totter upon their heads. ——But need I tell you, sir, that the circum-

* Vide page 49.

stances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its size and shape?—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is,—great,—little,—good,—bad,—indifferent or not indifferent, just as the case happens?

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he should by no means have suffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out;—which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twist in any one tendon or muscle of his whole body.

In this case (unless, indeed, my father had been resolved to make a fool of himself by holding the wig stiff in his left hand,—or by making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been easy,—natural,—unforced. Reynolds himself, as great and graceful as he paints, might have painted him as he sat.

Now, as my father managed this matter,—consider what a devil of a figure my father made of himself.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the First,—"Coat-pockets were cut very low down in the skirt."—I need say no more;—the father of mischief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worse fashion for one in my father's situation.

CHAP. III.

It was not an easy matter in any king's reign (unless you were as lean a subject as myself) to have forced your hand diagonally, quite across your whole body, so as to gain the bottom of your opposite coat-pocket.——In the year one thousand seven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; so that when my uncle Toby discovered the transverse zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it instantly brought into his mind those he had done duty in, before the gate of St Nicholas;—the idea of which drew off his attention so entirely from the subject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell, to ring up Trim, to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compasses and sector along with it, to measure the returning angles of the traverses of that attack,—but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face—my uncle Toby dismounted immediately.

—I did not apprehend your uncle Toby was on horseback.———

CHAP. IV.

A man's body and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining;—rumple the one, you rumple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this case, and that is, when you are so fortunate a fellow, as to have had your jerkin made of gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a sarcenet or thin persian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babylonius, Dionysius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Possidonius amongst the Greeks;—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca amongst the Romans;—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne amongst the Christians; and a score and a half of good, honest, unthinking Shandean people as ever lived, whose names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this fashion; you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted and fridged the outside of them all to pieces;—in short, you might have play'd the very devil with them, and at the same time not one of the insides of 'em would have been one button the worse, for all you had done to them.

I believe, in my conscience, that mine is made up somewhat after this sort:—for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at such a rate as it has been these last nine months together:—and yet I declare, the lining to it,—as far as I am a judge of the matter, is not a three-penny piece the worse;—pell-mell, helter-skelter, ding-dong, cut and thrust, back stroke and fore stroke, side way and long way, have they been trimming it for me:—had there been the least gumminess in my lining, by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

————You, Messrs the Monthly Reviewers!——how could you cut and slash my jerkin as you did?—how did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily, and from my soul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs;—so God bless you:—only next month, if any one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me, as some of you did last May (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exasperated if I pass it by again with good temper, being determined as long as I live or write (which in my case means the same thing,) never to give the honest gentleman a worse word or a worse wish, than my uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his nose all dinner-time:——"Go,—go, poor devil," quoth he,—"get thee gone;—

why should I hurt thee!—This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."

CHAP. V.

Any man, madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face, as I told you,) he must have reddened, pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour,—Any man, madam, but my uncle Toby, who had observed this,—together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body, during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and, taking that for granted, —had he been a lover of such kind of concord as arises from two such instruments being put in exact tune,—he would instantly have screwed up his to the same pitch;—and then the devil and all had broke loose—the whole piece, madam, must have been played off, like the sixth of Avison Scarlatti—*con furia*—like mad.—Grant me patience!—What has *con furia,—con strepito*—or any other hurly-burly whatever, to do with harmony?

Any man, I say, madam, but my uncle Toby, the benignity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the body into the kindest sense the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle Toby blamed nothing but the tailor who cut the pocket-hole;—so sitting still, till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face, with inexpressible good-will—my father, at length, went on as follows:——

CHAP. IV.

"What prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

——Brother Toby, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honest a man, and with as good and as upright a heart, as ever God created;—nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, shall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremost into the world;—but, believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though these, in my opinion, are well worth considering,—but the dangers and difficulties our children are beset with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow;—little need is there to expose them to unnecessary ones in their passage to it.——Are these dangers, quoth my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up seriously in his face, for an answer,—are these dangers greater now-a-days, brother, than in times past?——Brother Toby, answered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,—our forefathers never looked farther.—My uncle Toby instantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raised his head, till he could just see the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muscles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muscles around his lips to do their duty,—he whistled *Lillabullero*.

CHAP. VII.

Whilst my uncle Toby was whistling *Lillabullero* to my father,—Dr Slop was stamping, and cursing and damning at Obadiah at a most dreadful rate. It would have done your heart good, and cured you, sir, for ever, of the vile sin of swearing, to have heard him—I am determined, therefore, to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr Slop's maid delivered the green baize-bag, with her master's instruments in it, to Obadiah, she very sensibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the strings, and ride with it slung across his body. So, undoing the bow-knot, to lengthen the strings for him, without any more ado, she helped him on with it. However, as this, in some measure, unguarded the mouth of the bag; lest any thing should bolt out, in galloping back at the speed Obadiah threatened, they consulted to take it off again: and, in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two strings, and tied them close (pursing up the mouth of the bag first) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all safe, had twitched and drawn together with all the strength of his body.

This answered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy against some evils which neither he or she foresaw. The instruments, it seems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had so much room to play in it, towards the bottom (the shape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with such a terrible jingle, what with the *tire-tête*, *forceps*, and *squirt*, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated his motion, and from a plain trot assayed to prick his coach-horse into a full gallop,—by Heaven! sir, the jingle was incredible.

As Obadiah had a wife and three children,—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill consequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain;—he had, however, his objection, which came home to himself, and

weighed with him, as it has oftentimes done with the greatest patriots.——"The poor fellow, sir, was not able to hear himself whistle."

CHAP. VIII.

As Obadiah loved wind-music preferably to all the instrumental music he carried with him,—he very considerately set his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he should put himself in a condition of enjoying it.

In all distresses (except musical) where small cords are wanted, nothing is so apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philosophy of this is so near the surface,—I scorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed case;——mark, sirs,—I say, a mixed case; for it was obstetrical,—*scrip*-tical, squirtical, papistical—and as far as the coach-horse was concerned in it,—cabalistical, and only partly musical;—Obadiah made no scruple of availing himself of the first expedient which offered; so taking hold of the bag and instruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other, putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then slipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and cross-tied them all fast together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with such a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate cross turns, with a hard knot at every intersection or point where the strings met,—that Dr Slop must have had three-fifths of Job's patience at least to have unloosed them.—I think, in my conscience, that had Nature been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for such a contest,—and she and Dr Slop both fairly started together,—there is no man living who had seen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it,—and known likewise the great speed the Goddess can make when she thinks proper, who would have had the least doubt remaining in his mind which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, madam, had been delivered sooner than the green bag infallibly—at least by twenty knots.——Sport of small accidents, Tristram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,—thy affairs had not been so depressed (at least by the depression of thy nose) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy house and the occasions of making them, which have so often presented themselves in the course of thy life, to thee, been so often, so vexatiously, so tamely, so irrecoverably abandoned—as thou hast been forced to leave them;—but 'tis over,—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got into the world.

CHAP. IX.

Great wits jump:—for the moment Dr Slop cast his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the dispute with my uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it) the very same thought occurred.—'Tis God's mercy, quoth he (to himself) that Mrs Shandy has had so bad a time of it, else she might have been brought to bed, seven times told, before one half of these knots could have been got untied.—But here you must distinguish:—the thought floated only in Dr Slop's mind, without sail or ballast to it, as a simple proposition; millions of which, as your worship knows, are every day swimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's understanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till some little gusts of passion or interest drive them to one side.

A sudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the proposition the very service I am speaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr Slop, unless I make haste, the thing will actually befall me as it is.

CHAP. X.

In the case of knots; by which, in the first place, I would not be understood to mean slip-knots,—because in the course of my life and opinions—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the catastrophe of my great uncle Mr Hammond Shandy,—a little man,—but of high fancy:—he rushed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair:—nor, secondly, in this place, do I mean that particular species of knots called bow-knots;—there is so little address, or skill, or patience required in the unloosing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am speaking of, may it please your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honest, devilish tight, hard knots, made *bonâ fide*, as Obadiah made his;—in which there is no quibbling provision made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the strings through the annulus or noose made by the second implication of them—to get them slipped and undone by.—I hope you apprehend me.

In the case of these *knots*, then, and of the several obstructions, which, may it please your reverences, such knots cast in our way in getting through life—every hasty man can whip out his pen-knife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, sirs, the most virtuous way, and which both reason and conscience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Dr Slop had lost his teeth,—his favourite instrument by extracting in a wrong direction, or, by some misapplication of it, unfortunately slipping, he

had formerly, in a hard labour, knocked out three of the best of them with the handle of it:—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut close.—The deuce take it! I can make nothing of it either way, cried Dr Slop.——The trampling over head near my mother's bedside increased.—Pox take the fellow! I shall never get the knots untied as long as I live.—My mother gave a groan——Lend me your pen-knife—I must e'en cut the knots at last.—Pugh!—psha!—Lord! I have cut my thumb quite across to the very bone.—Curse the fellow—if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout—I wish the scoundrel hanged—I wish he was shot—I wish all the devils in hell had him for a blockhead!——

My father had a great respect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him disposed of in such a manner:—he had moreover some little respect for himself,—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himself in it.

Had Dr Slop cut any part about him but his thumb,—my father had passed it by—his prudence had triumphed:—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curses, Dr Slop, upon great occasions, quoth my father (condoling with him first upon the accident) are but so much waste of our strength and soul's health to no manner of purpose.——I own it, replied Dr Slop.——They are like sparrow-shot, quoth my uncle Toby (suspending his whistling) fired against a bastion.——They serve, continued my father, to stir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony;—for my own part, I seldom swear or curse at all—I hold it bad;—but if I fall into it by surprise, I generally retain so much presence of mind (right, quoth my uncle Toby) as to make it answer my purpose;—that is, I swear on till I find myself easy. A wise and a just man, however, would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to these humours, not only to the degree of them stirring within himself, but to the size and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.—Injuries come only from the heart,—quoth my uncle Toby.——For this reason, continued my father, with the most Cervantic gravity, I have the greatest veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in distrust of his own discretion in this point, sat down and composed (that is, at his leisure) fit forms of swearing suitable to all cases, from the lowest to the highest provocation which could possibly happen to him;—which forms being well considered by him, and such moreover as he could stand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for use.——I never apprehended, replied Dr Slop, that such a thing was ever thought of,—much less executed.—I beg your pardon, answered my father; I was reading, though not using, one of them to my brother Toby this morning, whilst he poured out the tea:—'Tis here upon the shelf over my head;——but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.——Not at all, quoth Dr Slop—the devil take the fellow.——Then, answered my father, 'Tis much at your service, Dr Slop,—on condition you read it aloud.—So rising up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-book of the Church of Rochester, writ by Ernulphus the bishop—with a most affected seriousness of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himself,—he put it into Dr Slop's hands.——Dr Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and, with a wry face, though without any suspicion, read aloud, as follows,—my uncle Toby whistling *Lillabullero*, as loud as he could, all the time.

TEXTUS DE ECCLESIA ROFFENSI, PER ERNULFUM EPISCOPUM.

CHAP. XI.

Excommunicatio.

Ex auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, et sanctorum canonum, sanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,—

CHAP. XI.

"By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour,"—[I think there is no necessity, quoth Dr Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addressing

---

* As the genuineness of the consultation of the *Sorbonne*, upon the question of baptism, was doubted by some, and denied by others,—it was thought proper to print the original of this excommunication; for the copy of which Mr Shandy returns thanks to the chapter-clerk of the dean and chapter of Rochester.

——Atque omnium cœlestium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, potestatuum, cherubin ac seraphin, et sanctorum, patriarcharum, prophetarum, et omnium apostolorum et evangelistarum, et sanctorum innocentum, qui in conspectu Agni Sancti digni inventi sunt canticum cantare novum, et sanctorum martyrum et sanctorum confessorum, et sanctarum virginum, atque omnium simul sanctorum et electorum Dei,—Excommuni- *vel* os s *vel* camus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel os s hunc malefactorem, N. N. et à liminibus sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ sequestramus, et æternis sup- *vel* i n pliciis excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, scientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et sicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, sic *vel* eorum extinguatur, lucerna ejus in secula seculorum n n nisi respuerit, et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen.

os

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem os creavit. Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro ho- os mine passus est. Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptismo effusus est. Maledicat os illum sancta crux, quam Christus pro nostrâ, salute hostem triumphans ascendit.

os

Maledicat illum sancta Dei genetrix et per- os petua Virgo Maria. Maledicat illum sanctus Michael, animarum susceptor sacrarum. Ma- os ledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et potestates, omnesque militia cœlestes.

himself to my father,—as you have read it over, sir, so lately, to read it aloud;—and as Captain Shandy seems to have no great inclination to hear it,—I may as well read it to myself.——That's contrary to treaty, replied my father.—Besides, there is something so whimsical, especially in the latter part of it, I should grieve to lose the pleasure of a second reading.——Dr Slop did not altogether like it;—but my uncle Toby offering at that instant to give over whistling, and read it himself to them,—Dr Slop thought he might as well, under the cover of my uncle Toby's whistling—as suffer my uncle Toby to read it alone;—so raising up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin,—he read it aloud, as follows:—my uncle Toby whistling *Lillabullero*, though not quite so loud as before.

"By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubins and seraphins, and of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, who, in the sight of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the saints together, with the holy and elect of God,—May he" (Obadiah) "be damn'd" (for tying these knots)—"We excommunicate, and anathematize him, and from the thresholds of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed, and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord God, 'Depart from us, we desire none of thy ways.' And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out for evermore, unless it shall repent him" (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) "and make satisfaction!" (for them.) "Amen.

"May the Father who created man, curse him!—May the Son who suffered for us, curse him!——May the Holy Ghost, who was given to us in baptism, curse him!" (Obadiah)——"May the holy cross, which Christ, for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him!

"May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him!——May St Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him!——May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him!" [Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby,—but nothing to this.——For my own part, I could not have a heart to curse my dog so.]

os
Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum os laudabilis numerus. Maledicant illum sanctus Johannes Præcursor et Baptista Christi, et sanctus Petrus, et sanctus Paulus, atque sanctus Andreas, omnesque Christi, apostoli, simul et cæteri discipuli, quatuour quoque evangelistæ, qui sua prædicatione mundum universum os converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus, martyrum et confessorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus est.

os
Maledicant illum sacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana causa honoris Christi respuenda os contempserunt. Maledicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio mundi usque in finem seculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os
Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia sancta in eis manentia.

i n n
Maledictus sit ubicunque, fuerit, sive in domo, sive in agro, sive in viâ, sive in semitâ, sive in silvâ, sive in aquâ, sive in ecclesiâ.

i n
Maledictus sit vivendo, moriendo,—

—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——

manducando, bibendo, esuriendo, sitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, stando, sedendo, jacendo, operando, quiescendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

i n
Maledictus sit in totis viribus corporis.

i n
Maledictus sit intus et externis.

i n i n
Maledictus sit in capillis; maledictus sit in i n cerebro. Maledictus sit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in superciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris sive molibus, in labiis, in gutture, in humeris, in carpis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus stomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguine, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

i n
Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum à vertice capitis, usque ad plantam pedis—Non sit in eo sanitas.

"May the praiseworthy multitude of patriarchs and prophets curse him!

"May St John, the Precursor, and St John the Baptist, and St Peter, and St Paul, and St Andrew, and all other Christ's Apostles together curse him! and may the rest of his disciples, and four evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him!" (Obadiah.)

"May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for the honour of Christ have despised the things of the world, damn him!—May all the saints who from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him!—May the heavens and earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him!" (Obadiah) "or her! (or whoever else had a hand in tying these knots.)

"May he (Obadiah) be damned wherever he be,—whether in the house or the stables, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church!——May he be cursed in living, in dying!" [Here my uncle Toby, taking the advantage of a *minim* in the second bar of his tune, kept whistling one continued note to the end of the sentence, Dr Slop, with his division of curses, moving under him, like a running bass all the way.] "May he be cursed in eating and drinking; in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, in pissing, in shitting, and in blood-letting!

"May he (Obadiah) be cursed in all the faculties of his body!

"May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly!——May he be cursed in the hair of his head!——May he be cursed in his brains, and in his vertex, (that is a sad curse, quoth my father,) in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his foreteeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his wrists, in his arms, in his fingers!

"May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach!

"May he be cursed in his reins, and in his groin," (God in Heaven forbid! quoth my uncle Toby,) "in his thighs, in his genitals," (my father shook his head,) "and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs, and feet, and toe-nails!

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of the members, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot! May there be no soundness in him!

os
Maledicat illum Christus Filius Dei vivi toto suæ majestatis imperio——

——et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, nisi pœnituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty,——" [Here my uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monstrous, long, loud Whew—w—w——; something betwixt the interjectional whistle of *Hey-day?* and the word itself.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter,—and of Juno (if her majesty wore one) and by the beards of the rest of your heathen worships, which, by the bye, was no small number, since what with the beards of your celestial gods, and gods aërial and aquatic,—to say nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddesses your whores and concubines (that is in case they wore them)——all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thousand effective beards upon the Pagan establishment;—every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being stroken and sworn by:—by all these beards together then,—I vow and protest, that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his,—only to have stood by, and heard my uncle Toby's accompaniment.]

——"curse him!"—continued Dr Slop,—"and may Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him, curse and damn him" (Obadiah) "unless he repent and make satisfaction! Amen. So be it,—so be it. Amen."

I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, my heart would not let me curse the Devil himself with so much bitterness.——He is the father of curses, replied Dr Slop.——So am not I, replied my uncle.——But he is cursed and damn'd already, to all eternity, replied Dr Slop.

I am sorry for it, quoth my uncle Toby.

Dr Slop drew up his mouth, and was just beginning to return my uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—, or interjectional whistle, when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one,—put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

Now don't let us give ourselves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and because we have the spirit to swear them,—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoisseur:——though I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing,—as I would do to a connoisseur in painting, &c. &c. the whole set of 'em are so hung round and *befetish'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticism,—or, to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have fetch'd it as far as from the coast of Guinea,—their heads, sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have that eternal propensity to apply them upon all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the Devil at once, than stand to be prick'd and tortur'd to death by 'em.

—And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?—Oh, against all rule, my lord—most ungrammatically!—Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a

breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling:—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?——I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.——Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! it is out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.——I had my rule and compasses, &c. my lord, in my pocket.——Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem, your lordship bid me look at;—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.——Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?——It is a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian,—the expression of Rubens,—the grace of Raphael,—the purity of Domenichino,—the *corregiescity* of Corregio,—the learning of Poussin,—the airs of Guido,—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo.——Grant me patience, just heaven!——Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour,—give me—I ask no more, but one stroke of native humour, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it—and send Mercury, with the *rules and compasses*, if he can be spared, with my compliments to—no matter.

Now, to any one else, I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations, which we have been puffing off upon the world for these two hundred and fifty years last past, as originals,—except *St Paul's thumb*,—*God's flesh*, and *God's fish*, which were oaths monarchical, and, considering who made them, not much amiss; and as kings' oaths, it is not much matter whether they were fish or flesh;——else, I say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse amongst them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus, a thousand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely short of the force and spirit of the original!—it is thought to be no bad oath,—and by itself passes very well,—"G—d damn you;"——Set it beside Ernulphus's,—"God Almighty the Father damn you,—God the Son damn you,—God the Holy Ghost damn you,"—you see 'tis nothing.——There is an orientality in his we cannot rise up to: besides, he is more copious in his invention,—possess'd more of the excellencies of a swearer,—had such a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when Ernulphus cursed,—no part escaped him.——'Tis true, there is something of a *hardness* in his manner,—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of grace:—but then there is such a greatness of *gusto!*

My father, who generally look'd upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He considered rather Ernulphus's anathema as an institute of swearing, in which, as he suspected, upon the decline of swearing in some milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the succeeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;—for the same reason that Justinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digest—lest, through the rust of time,—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition,—they should be lost to the world for ever.

For this reason, my father would oftentimes affirm, there was not an oath from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror, ("By the splendour of God,") down to the lowest oath of a scavenger, ("Damn your eyes,") which was not to be found in Ernulphus.——In short, he would add,—I defy a man to swear out of it.

The hypothesis is, like most of my father's, singular and ingenious too;—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

——Bless my soul! my poor mistress is ready to faint—and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurse has cut her arm—(and I my thumb, cried Dr Slop;) and the child is where it was, continued Susannah,—and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruised her hip as black as your hat.——I'll look at it, quoth Dr Slop.——There is no need of that, replied Susannah,—you had better look at my mistress—but the midwife would gladly first give you an account how things are; so desires you would go up stairs and speak to her this moment.

Human nature is the same in all professions.

The midwife had just before been put over Dr Slop's head;—he had not digested it.—No, replied Dr Slop, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.——I like subordination, quoth my uncle Toby,—and but for it, after the reduction of Lisle, I know not what might have become of the garrison of Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.——Nor, replied Dr Slop, (parodying my uncle Toby's hobby-horsical reflection; though full as hobby-horsical himself)—do I know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garrison above stairs, in the mutiny and confusion I find all things are in at present, but for the subordination of fingers and thumbs to ******:—the application of which, sir, under this accident of mine, comes in so *à propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family as long as the Shandy family had a name.

CHAP. XIV.

Let us go back to the ******—in the last chapter.

It is a singular stroke of eloquence (at least it was so when eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome; and would be so now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pink'd doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-ashes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot;—but, above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Though if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's second Philippic,—it must certainly have beshit the orator's mantle.—And then, again, if too old,—it must have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action,—so as to make him lose by his child almost as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwise, when a state-orator has hit the precise age to a minute,—hid his Bambino in his mantle so cunningly that no mortal could smell it,—and produced it so critically, that no soul could say it came in by head and shoulders,—Oh, sirs! it has done wonders!—it has opened the sluices, and turned the brains, and shook the principles, and unhinged the politics, of half a nation!

These feats, however, are not to be done, except in those states and times, I say, where orators wore mantles,—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with some twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, superfine, marketable cloth in them,—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great style of design.—All which plainly shews, may it please your worships, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good service it does at present, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing else in the world but short coats and the disuse of trunk-hose.——We can conceal nothing under ours, madam, worth shewing.

CHAP. XV.

Dr Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize-bag upon his knees when he began to parody my uncle Toby,—'twas as good as the best mantle in the world to him: for which purpose, when he foresaw the sentence would end in his new-invented forceps, he thrust his hand into the bag, in order to have them ready to clap in, when your reverences took so much notice of the ******, which, had he managed,—my uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown: the sentence and the argument in that case jumping closely in one point, so like the two lines which form the salient angle of a ravelin.—Dr Slop would never have given them up; and my uncle Toby would as soon have thought of flying, as taking them by force; but Dr Slop fumbled so vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and, what was ten times worse evil (for they seldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his forceps, his forceps unfortunately drew out the squirt along with it.

When a proposition can be taken in two senses,—'tis a law in disputation, that the respondent may reply to which of the two he pleases, or finds most convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle Toby's side.——"Good God!" cried my uncle Toby, "*are children brought into the world with a squirt!*"

CHAP. XVI.

—Upon my honour, sir, you have tore every bit of skin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle Toby;—and you have crush'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly.——'Tis your own fault, said Dr Slop;—you should have clench'd your two fists together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and sat firm.——I did so, answered my uncle Toby.——Then the points of my forceps have not been sufficiently armed, or the rivet wants closing,—or else the cut on my thumb has made me a little awkward,—or possibly——'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of possibilities—that the experiment was not first made upon my child's head-piece.——It would not have been a cherry-stone the worse, answered Dr Slop.——I maintain it, said my uncle Toby, it would have broke the cerebellum (unless indeed the skull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect posset.——Psha! replied Dr Slop, a child's head is

naturally as soft as the pap of an apple;—the sutures give way;—and besides, I could have extracted by the feet after.——Not you, said she.——I rather wish you would begin that way, quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

——And pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to say, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head?—('Tis most certainly the head, replied the midwife.) Because, continued Dr Slop (turning to my father) as positive as these old ladies generally are,—'tis a point very difficult to know, and yet of the greatest consequence to be known;——because, sir, if the hip is mistaken for the head,—there is a possibility (if it be a boy) that the forceps * * * * * * * * * *

——What the possibility was, Dr Slop whispered very low to my father, and then to my uncle Toby.——There is no such danger, continued he, with the head.——No, in truth, quoth my father;—but where your possibility has taken place at the hip, [illegible] may as well take off the head too.

——It is morally impossible that the reader should understand this—'tis enough Dr Slop understood it; so taking the green baize-bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripped pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across the room to the door;—and from the door was shewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAP. XVIII.

It is two hours and ten minutes,—and no more,—cried my father, looking at his watch, since Dr Slop and Obadiah arrived;—and I know not how it happens, brother Toby,—but, to my imagination, it seems almost an age.

——Here—pray, sir, take hold of my cap:—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, sir, they are all at your service; and I freely make you a present of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father said, "*he knew not how it happened*,"—yet he knew very well how it happened;—and at the instant he spoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter, by a metaphysical dissertation upon the subject of *duration, and its simple modes*, in order to shew my uncle Toby by what mechanism and mensurations in the brain it came to pass, that the rapid succession of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of the discourse from one thing to another, since Dr Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out so short a period to so inconceivable an extent.——"I know not how it happens,"—cried my father,—"but it seems an age."

——It is owing entirely, quoth my uncle Toby, to the succession of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch, in common with all philosophers, of reasoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too,—proposed infinite pleasure to himself in this, of the succession of ideas; and had not the least apprehension of having it snatched out of his hands by my uncle Toby, who (honest man!) generally took every thing as it happened;—and who, of all things in the world, troubled his brain the least with abstruse thinking;—the ideas of time and space,—or how we came by those ideas,—or of what stuff they were made,—or whether they were born with us, or we picked them up afterwards as we went along,—or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches;—with a thousand other inquiries and disputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and so forth, upon whose desperate and unconquerable theories, so many fine heads have been turned and cracked,—never [illegible]d my uncle Toby's the least injury at all; n[illegible]ather knew it,—and was no less surpri[illegible] he was disappointed with my uncle's fo[illegible]ous solution.

Do you understand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

—But you have some ideas, said my father, of what you talk about?

No more than my horse, replied my uncle Toby.

Gracious Heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and clasping his two hands together,—there is a worth in thy honest ignorance, brother Toby;—'twere almost a pity to exchange it for knowledge.—But I'll tell thee.——

To understand what Time is aright, without which we never can comprehend Infinity, insomuch as one is a portion of the other,—we ought seriously to sit down and consider what idea it is we have of *duration*, so as to give a satisfactory account how we came by it.——What is that to any body? quoth my uncle Toby.*—"For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your mind," continued my father, "and observe attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilst you and I are talking together, and thinking, and smoking our pipes, or whilst we receive successively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exist; and so we estimate the existence, or the continuation of the existence of ourselves, or any thing else, commensurate to the succes-

* Vide Locke.

sion of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourselves, or any such other thing co-existing with our thinking;—and so, according to that pre-conceived"——You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle Toby.

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of time we are so used to minutes, hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks (I wish there was not a clock in the kingdom) to measure out their several portions to us, and to those who belong to us,—that 'twill be well if, in time to come, the *succession of our ideas* be of any use or service to us at all.

Now, whether we observe it or no, continued my father, in every sound man's head there is a regular succession of ideas, of one sort or other, which follow each other in train just like——a train of artillery? said my uncle Toby——A train of a fiddlestick!—quoth my father—which follow and succeed one another in our minds at certain distances, just like the images in the inside of a lantern turned round by the heat of a candle.—I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, mine are more like a smoke-jack.——Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to say to you upon the subject, said my father.

CHAP. XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here lost!——My father in one of his best explanatory moods,—in eager pursuit of a metaphysical point, into the very regions where clouds and thick darkness would soon have encompassed it about;—my uncle Toby in one of the finest dispositions for it in the world:—his head like a smoke-jack;—the funnel unswept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuscated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!——By the tomb-stone of Lucian,—if it is in being;—if not, why then by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes!——my father and my uncle Toby's discourse upon TIME and ETERNITY,—was a discourse devoutly to be wished for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a stop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic Treasury* of such a jewel, as no coalition of great occasions and great men is ever likely to restore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THOUGH my father persisted in not going on with the discourse,—yet he could not get my uncle Toby's smoke-jack out of his head,—piqued as he was at first with it;—there was something in the comparison at the bottom which hit his fancy; for which purpose, resting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right side of his head upon the palm of his hand,—but looking first steadfastly in the fire,—he began to commune with himself, and philosophize about it: but his spirits being wore out with the fatigues of investigating new tracts, and the constant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of subjects which had taken their turn in the discourse,—the idea of the smoke-jack soon turned all his ideas upside down,—so that he fell asleep almost before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle Toby, his smoke-jack had not made a dozen revolutions before he fell asleep also.——Peace be with them both!——Dr Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother, above stairs.——Trim is busy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the siege of Messina next summer;—and is this instant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands;—'tis the first time I have had a moment to spare,—and I'll make use of it, and write my preface.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

No, I'll not say a word about it;—here it is,—In publishing it,—I have appealed to the world,—and to the world I leave it;—it must speak for itself.

All I know of the matter is, when I sat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my understanding would hold out,—a wise, aye, and a discreet; taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and judgment (be it more or less) which the great Author and Bestower of them had thought fit originally to give me;—so that, as your worships see, 'tis just as God pleases.

Now, Agalastes (speaking dispraisingly) sayeth, That there may be some wit in it, for aught he knows,—but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, ask, How is it possible there should?——for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inasmuch as they are two operations, differing from each other as wide as east from west.—So says Locke:—so are farting and hiccuping, say I.——But, in answer to this, Didius the great church-lawyer, in his code, *De fartandi et illustrandi fallaciis*, both maintain and make fully appear, That an illustration is no argument,—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean, to be a syllogism;——but you all, may it please your worships, see the better for it;—so that the main good these things do, is only to clarify the understanding, previous to the application of the argument itself, in order to free it from any little motes or specks of opacular matter, which, if left swimming therein, might hinder a conception, and spoil all.

Now, my dear Anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics and fellow-labourers, (for to you I

write this Preface)—and to you, most subtle statesmen and discreet doctors (do,—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wisdom;—Monopolos, my politician;—Didius, my counsel;—Kysarchius, my friend;—Phutatorius, my guide;—Gastripheres, the preserver of my life:—Somnalentius, the balm and repose of it;—not forgetting all others, as well sleeping as waking,—ecclesiastical as civil, whom, for brevity, but out of no resentment to you, I lump all together——Believe me, right worthy—

My most zealous wish and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in case the thing is not done already for us,—is, that the great gifts and endowments, both of wit and judgment, with every thing which usually goes along with them,—such as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without stint or measure, let or hinderance, be poured down, warm as each of us could bear it,—scum and sediment and all, (for I would not have a drop lost) into the several receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and spare places of our brains,——in such sort, that they might continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wish, until every vessel of them, both great and small, be so replenished, saturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it save a man's life, could possibly be got either in or out.

Bless us!—what noble work we should make! how should I tickle it off!—and what spirits should I find myself in, to be writing away for such readers!—and you,—just Heaven!—with what raptures would you sit and read!—but oh!—'tis too much!—I am sick,—I faint away deliciously at the thoughts of it!—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me,—I am giddy,—I am stone blind,—I am dying,—I am gone.——Help! help! help!—But hold,—I grow something better again, for I am beginning to foresee, when this is over, that as we shall all of us continue to be great wits,—we should never agree amongst ourselves one day to an end:——there would be so much satire and sarcasm,—scoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it,—thrusting and parrying in one corner or another,—there would be nothing but mischief among us.—Chaste stars! what biting and scratching, and what a racket and a clatter we should make! what with breaking of heads, rapping of knuckles, and hitting of sore places,—there would be no such thing as living for us.

But then again, as we should all of us be men of great judgment, we should make up matters as fast as ever they went wrong; and though we should abominate each other ten times worse than so many devils or devilesses, we should nevertheless, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindness, milk and honey,—'twould be a second land of promise,—a paradise upon earth, if there was such a thing to be had;—so that, upon the whole, we should have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what most distresses my invention at present, is how to bring the point itself to bear; for as your worships well know, that of these heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have so bountifully wished both for your worships and myself,—there is but a certain *quantum* stored up for us all, for the use and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and such small *modicums* of 'em are only sent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye-corner or another,—and in such narrow streams, and at such prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be sufficient for the wants and emergencies of so many great states and populous empires.

Indeed, there is one thing to be considered: That in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all those cold and dreary tracks of the globe which lie more directly under the artic and antartic circles,—where the whole province of a man's concernments lies, for near nine months together, within the narrow compass of his cave,—where the spirits are compressed almost to nothing,—and where the passions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itself;——there, the least quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the business;—and of *wit*,—there is a total and an absolute saving;—for, as not one spark is wanted,—so not one spark is given.——Angels and ministers of grace defend us!——What a dismal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with so *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's sake, let us think no more about it, but travel on, as fast as we can, southwards into Norway,—crossing over Swedeland, if you please, through the small triangular province of Angermania, to the lake of Bothnia, coasting along it through East and West Bothnia, down to Carelia, and so on, through all those states and provinces which border upon the far side of the Gulf of Finland, and the north-east of the Baltic, up to Petersburg, and just stepping into Ingria;—then stretching over, directly from thence, through the north parts of the Russian empire,—leaving Siberia a little upon the left hand, till we get into the very heart of Russia and Asiatic Tartary.

Now, through this long tour which I have led you, you observe the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have just left:——for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive some small glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable provision of

good plain household judgment, which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good shift with;—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would destroy the proper balance betwixt them; and I am satisfied, moreover, they would want occasions to put them to use.

Now, sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant island, where you perceive the spring-tide of our blood and humours runs high;—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreson passions upon our hands to govern and subject to reason,—the *height* of our wit, and the *depth* of our judgment, you see, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our necessities;—and accordingly we have them sent down amongst us in such a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cause to complain.

It must, however, be confessed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold,—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and settled way;—so that sometimes for near half a century together, there shall be very little wit or judgment either to be seen or heard of amongst us:—the small channels of them shall seem quite dried up;—then all of a sudden the sluices shall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury,—you would think they would never stop:——and then it is that, in writing, and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by these observations, and a wary reasoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative process, which Suidas calls *dialectic induction*,—that I draw and set up this position as most true and veritable:—

That of these two luminaries, so much of their irradiations are suffered from time to time to shine down upon us, as he, whose infinite wisdom which dispenses every thing in exact weight and measure, knows will just serve to light us on our way in this night of our obscurity; so that your reverences and worships now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wish in your behalf with which I set out, was no more than the first insinuating *How d'ye* of a caressing prefacer, stifling his reader, as a lover sometimes does a coy mistress, into silence. For, alas! could this effusion of light have been as easily procured, as the exordium wished it,—I tremble to think how many thousands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned sciences at least) must have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives, running their heads against posts, and knocking out their brains, without ever getting to their journey's end;—some falling with their noses perpendicular into sinks;—others horizontally with their tails into kennels: Here one half of a learned profession tilting *full butt* against the other half of it; and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs;—Here the brethren of another profession, who should have run in opposition to each other, flying on the contrary, like a flock of wild geese, all in a row, the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes! fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited,—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart,—instead of measuring them by a quadrant!

In the fore-ground of this picture, a *statesman* turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—*against* the stream of corruption,—by Heaven!—instead of *with* it!

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse, feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's:—a brother of the Faculty in the back-ground upon his knees, in tears;—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim, to beg his forgiveness;—offering a fee, instead of taking one.

In that spacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damn'd dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way!—kicking it *out* of the great doors, instead of *in!* and with such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preservation of mankind;——perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still,—a litigated point fairly hung up;—for instance, Whether *John o' Nokes* his nose could stand in *Tom o' Stiles* his face, without a trespass, or not?—rashly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months,—and, if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an ACTION should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein,—such as feints,—forced marches,—surprises,—ambuscades,—mask-batteries,—and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which consist in catching at all advantages on both sides,—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the Clergy—No;—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot.——I have no desire; and besides, if I had,—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject. With such weak nerves and spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with so bad and melancholy an account;—and therefore it is safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it, as fast as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up:—and that is, How it comes to pass, that your men of least *wit* are reported to be men of most *judgment*?—But mark—I say, *reported to be;* for it is no more, my dear sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust,

I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observation already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations;—and, above all things in the world, it is one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opaque words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception,—when in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once,—"for what hindrance, hurt or harm doth the laudable desire of knowledge bring to any man, if even from a sot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old slipper, or a cane-chair?"—I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment by the two knobs on the top of the back of it?—they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimblet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here stands *wit*,—and there stands *judgment*, close beside it, just like the two knobs I am speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*,—as wit and judgment are of *ours*,—and, like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments,—*to answer one another*.

Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter,—let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on;—nay, don't laugh at it,—but did you ever see in the whole course of your lives such a ridiculous business as this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow with one ear; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one as in the other:——Do,—pray get off your seats, only to take a view of it.—Now, would any man who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in such a condition?—Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether this one single knob, which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther ask, in case the chair was your own, if you would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now, these two knobs,—or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature,—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which, of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful,—the most prized,—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at;—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us, so destitute of a love of good fame or feeding,—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein,—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought, at least master of one or the other, and, indeed, of both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now, your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one,—unless they laid hold of the other,—pray what do you think would become of them?——Why, sirs, in spite of all their *gravities*, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their insides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon;—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been satisfied with what little they could have snatched up and secreted under their clokes and great periwigs, had they not raised a *hue* and *cry* at the same time against the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done with so much cunning and artifice,—that the great Locke, who was seldom outwitted by false sounds, was nevertheless bubbled here.——The cry, it seems, was so deep and solemn a one, and, what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered so general a one against the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it:—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors;—but this was not of the number; so that, instead of sitting down coolly, as such a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophized upon it,—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This had been made the Magna Charta of stupidity ever since;—but your reverences plainly see, it has been obtained in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:——which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave folks have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind so freely,—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudice, by one general declaration,—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I see they

are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this self-same imposture,—for any purpose. Peace be with them!—☞ Mark only,—I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

Every day, for at least ten years together, did my father resolve to have it mended:—'tis not mended yet.—No family but ours would have borne with it an hour;—and, what is most astonishing, there was not a subject in the world upon which my father was so eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges:——and yet, at the same time, he was certainly one of the greatest bubbles to them, I think, that history can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.——Never did the parlour-door open, —but his philosophy or his principles fell a victim to it.—Three drops of oil with a feather, and a smart stroke of a hammer, had saved his honour for ever.

——Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal;—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities, to multiply his pains, and render him melancholy and more uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so!—Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enough, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow!—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided! and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever!

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall, the parlour-door hinge shall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

When Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above measure; and knowing what a pleasure it would be to his master to see them, he was not able to resist the desire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now, next to the moral lesson I had in view, in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a speculative consideration arising out of it, and it is this:—

Had the parlour-door opened and turned upon its hinges, as a door should do,—

Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges,—(that is, in case things have all along gone well with your worship,—otherwise I give up my simile)—in this case, I say, there had been no danger either to master or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle Toby fast asleep,—the respectfulness of his carriage was such, he would have retired as silent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them:—but the thing was, morally speaking, so very impracticable, that, for the many years in which this hinge was suffered to be out of order, and amongst the hourly grievances my father submitted to upon its account,—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the first person who should open the door, was always uppermost in his imagination, and so incessantly stepped in betwixt him and the first balmy presage of his repose, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole sweets of it.

When things move upon bad hinges, an' please your worships, how can it be otherwise?

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.——I wish the smith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.——'Tis nothing, an' please your Honour, said Trim, but two mortars I am bringing in.——They shan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father hastily. ——If Dr Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.——May it please your Honour, cried Trim, they are two mortar-pieces for a siege next summer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah told me your Honour had left off wearing. ——By Heaven! cried my father, springing out of his chair, as he swore,—I have not one appointment belonging to me which I set so much store by, as I do by these jack-boots:—they were our great-grandfather's, brother Toby: they were *hereditary*.——Then I fear, quoth my uncle Toby, Trim has cut off the entail.——I have only cut off the tops, an' please your Honour, cried Trim.——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father,—but these jack-boots, continued he, (smiling, though very angry at the same time) have been in the family, brother, ever since the civil wars; —Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marston-Moor.—I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleasure, and putting his hand into his breeches-pocket as he viewed them—I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment, with all my heart and soul——

Brother Toby, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you dissipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a siege.——Have I not one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, besides my half-pay? cried my uncle Toby.——What is that,—re-

plied my father hastily,—to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas for your *pontoons*?—half as much for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to say nothing of the train of little brass artillery you bespoke last week, with twenty other preparations for the siege of Messina! believe me, dear brother Toby, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand,—these military operations of yours are above your strength—you mean well, brother,—but they carry you into greater expences than you were at first aware of;—and take my word, dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.——What signifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle Toby, so long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?——

My father could not help smiling, for his soul;—his anger, at the worst, was never more than a spark;—and the zeal and simplicity of Trim,—and the generous (though HOBBY-HORSICAL) gallantry of my uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good-humour with them in an instant.

Generous souls!—God prosper you both, and your mortar-pieces too, quoth my father to himself.

CHAP. XXIII.

ALL is quiet and hush, cried my father, at least above stairs——I hear not one foot stirring.—Prithee, Trim, who's in the kitchen? There is no one soul in the kitchen, answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr Slop.——Confusion! cried my father, (getting upon his legs a second time)—not one single thing has gone right this day! Had I faith in astrology, brother, (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—Why, I thought Dr Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you.——What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?——He is busy, an' please your Honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby;——pray give my humble service to Dr Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You must know, my uncle Toby mistook the bridge as widely as my father mistook the mortars;—but to understand how my uncle Toby could mistake the bridge,—I fear I must give you an exact account of the road which led to it;—or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothing more dishonest in an historian, than the use of one)——in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle Toby aright, I must give you some account of an adventure of Trim's, though much against my will; I say, much against my will, only because the story, in one sense, is certainly out of its place here; for, by right, it should come in, either amongst the anecdotes of my uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor,—or else in the middle of his and my uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-green,—for it will do very well in either place:—but then, if I reserve it for either of those parts of my story,—I ruin the story I'm upon;—and if I tell it here,—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worships have me to do in this case?

—Tell it, Mr Shandy, by all means.—You are a fool, Tristram, if you do.

O ye POWERS! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing,—that kindly shew him where he is to begin it, and where he is to end it—what he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out,—how much of it he is to cast into a shade, and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preside over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, and see how many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly fall into;—will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you, (in case you will do nothing better for us) that wherever, in any part of your dominions, it so falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, as they have done just here,—that at least you set up a guide-post, in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil, which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THOUGH the shock my uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed in him a resolution never more to think of the sex,—or of aught which belonged to it;—yet Corporal Trim had made no such bargain with himself. Indeed, in my uncle Toby's case, there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances, which insensibly drew him in to lay siege to that fair and strong citadel.—In Trim's case, there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen;—though, in truth, the love and veneration he bore his master was such, and so fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points,—I am persuaded the honest Corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleasure. When, therefore, my uncle Toby sat down before the mistress, Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have so much cause to esteem and honour,—(why, or wherefore, it is no matter)—can it escape your penetration,—I defy it,—that so many playwrights, and opificers of chit-chat, have ever since been working upon Trim's and my uncle

Toby's pattern?——I care not what Aristotle, or Pacuvius, or Bossu, or Ricaboni, say—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a single-horse chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-a-vis*, than betwixt a single amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama.—Sir, a simple, single, silly affair of that kind,—is quite lost in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a series of attacks and repulses in a course of nine months on my uncle Toby's quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in its proper place, my uncle Toby, honest man! found it necessary to draw off his forces, and raise the siege somewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I said, had made no such bargain, either with himself—or with any one else:—the fidelity, however, of his heart, not suffering him to go into a house which his master had forsaken with disgust,—he contented himself with turning his part of the siege into a blockade,—that is, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the house, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod, or wink, or smile, or look kindly at her;—or (as circumstances directed) he would shake her by the hand,—or ask her lovingly how she did,—or would give her a ribband;—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a——

Precisely in this situation did these things stand for five years, that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year thirteen, to the latter end of my uncle Toby's campaign in the year eighteen, which was about six or seven weeks before the time I'm speaking of,——when Trim, as his custom was, after he had put my uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-shiny night to see that every thing was right at his fortifications,—in the lane separated from the bowling-green with flowering shrubs and holly,—he espied his Bridget.

As the Corporal thought there was nothing in the world so well worth shewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle Toby had made, Trim courteously and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in:——This was not done so privately, but that the foul-mouthed trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's; with this untoward circumstance along with it, that my uncle Toby's curious draw-bridge, constructed and painted after the Dutch fashion, and which went quite across the ditch,—was broke down, and somehow or other crushed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my uncle Toby's HOBBY-HORSE, he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and, indeed, unless my uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without smiling at it;——so that it could never get lame, or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond measure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him.——Well,—but, dear Toby! my father would say, do tell me seriously how this affair of the bridge happened.—How can you teaze me so much about it? my uncle Toby would reply.—I have told it you twenty times, word for word, as Trim told it me.——Prithee, how was it then, Corporal? my father would cry, turning to Trim.——It was a mere misfortune, an' please your Honour;——I was shewing Mrs Bridget our fortifications, and, in going too near the edge of the *fossé*, I unfortunately slipt in.——Very well, Trim! my father would cry,—(smiling mysteriously, and giving a nod,—but without interrupting him)—and being linked fast, an' please your Honour, arm in arm with Mrs Bridget, I dragged her after me, by means of which she fell backwards soss against the bridge;—and Trim's foot (my uncle Toby would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too.——It was a thousand to one, my uncle Toby would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.——Ay, truly, my father would say,—a limb is soon broke, brother Toby, in such encounters.——And so, an' please your Honour, the bridge, which your Honour knows was a very slight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.

At other times, but especially when my uncle Toby was so unfortunate as to say a syllable about cannons, bombs, or petards,—my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the battering-rams of the ancients—the *vinea* which Alexander made use of at the siege of Troy.—He would tell my uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw such monstrous stones so many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundations:—he would go on and describe the wonderful mechanism of the *ballista*, which Marcellinus makes so much rout about!—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli* which cast fire;—the danger of the *terebra* and *scorpio*, which cast javelins.—But what are these, would he say, to the destructive machinery of Corporal Trim?——Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or bastion, or sallyport, that ever was constructed in this world, can hold out against such artillery.

My uncle Toby would never attempt any defence against the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of smoking his pipe: in doing which, he raised so dense a vapour one night after supper, that it set my father, who was a little phthisical, into a suffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle Toby

leaped up, without feeling the pain upon his groin,—and, with infinite pity, stood beside his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambric handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle Toby did these little offices,—cut my father through his reins, for the pain he had just been giving him.—May my brains be knocked out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himself,—if ever I insult this worthy soul more!

CHAP. XXV.

The draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to set about another,——but not upon the same model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being discovered, and my uncle Toby rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the empire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign must, in all likelihood, be either in Naples or Sicily,—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my uncle Toby, by the bye, was not far out of his conjectures;)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my uncle Toby took it of him in the field,—convinced him, that if the King of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears, England, France, and Holland, must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lists too; and, if so, he would say, the combatants, brother Toby, as sure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting stage of Flanders;—then what will you do with your Italian bridge?

—We will go on with it, then, upon the old model, cried my uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half finished it in that style,—my uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly considered before. It turned, it seems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turning to one side of the fossé, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that, by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my uncle Toby to raise it up, or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garrison was weak, was as much as he could well spare;—but the disadvantages of such a construction were insurmountable;—for by this means, he would say, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's possession;—and pray of what use is the other?

The natural remedy for this was, no doubt, to have his bridge fast only at one end with hinges, so that the whole might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright;—but that was rejected, for the reason given above.

For a whole week after, he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular construction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a passage; and to thrust forwards again to gain a passage,—of which sorts your worships might have seen three famous ones at Spires before its destruction,—and one now at Brisac, if I mistake not:—but my father advising my uncle Toby, with great earnestness, to have nothing more to do with thrusting bridges;—and my uncle foreseeing, moreover, that it would but perpetuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortune, he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d'Hôpital's invention, which the younger Bernouilli so well and learnedly described, as your worships may see, *Act. Erud. Lips.* an. 1695;—to these a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of sentinels, inasmuch as the construction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid,——if not a cycloid itself.

My uncle Toby understood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England;—but was not quite such a master of the cycloid:—he talked, however, about it every day——the bridge went not forwards.——We'll ask somebody about it, cried my uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAP. XXVI.

When Trim came in, and told my father that Dr Slop was in the kitchen, and busy in making a bridge,—my uncle Toby——the affair of the jack-boots having just then raised a train of military ideas in his brain,——took it instantly for granted, that Dr Slop was making a model of the Marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby;—pray give my humble service to Dr Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it,—it could not have given him a more distinct conception of the operations in my uncle Toby's imagination than what he had; so, notwithstanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was just beginning to triumph,—

When Trim's answer, in an instant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twisted it to pieces.

CHAP. XXVII.

——This unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father——God bless your Honour, cried Trim, 'tis a bridge for master's nose.—In bringing him into the world with his vile instruments, he has crushed his nose, Susannah

says, as flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a false bridge, with a piece of cotton, and a thin piece of whalebone out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.

——Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my room this instant.

CHAP. XXVIII.

From the first moment I sat down to write my life for the amusement of the world, and my opinions for its instruction, has a cloud insensibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and distresses has been setting in against him.—Not one thing, as he observed himself, has gone right; and now is the storm thickened, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my story in the most pensive and melancholy frame of mind, that ever sympathetic breast was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it.—Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickness of my pulse, and of that careless alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to say and write a thousand things I should not:—And this moment that I last dipped my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of sad composure and solemnity there appeared in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the rash jerks and hair-brained squirts thou art wont, Tristram, to transact it with in other humours, dropping thy pen—spurting thy ink about thy table and thy books,—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture, cost thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

——I won't go about to argue the point with you:—'tis so,—and I am persuaded of it, madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman bear pain or sorrow (and, for aught I know, pleasure too) best in a horizontal position."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himself prostrate across his bed, in the wildest disorder imaginable, but, at the same time, in the most lamentable attitude of a man borne down with sorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greatest part of both his eyes, gently sunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his nose touched the quilt;—his left arm hung insensibly over the side of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peeped out beyond the valance,—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the side of the bed, the edge of it pressing upon his shin-bone.—He felt it not. A fixed inflexible sorrow took possession of every line of his face.—He sighed once,—heaved his breast often, but uttered not a word.

An old set-stitched chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worsted bobs, stood at the bed's head, opposite to the side where my father's head reclined.—My uncle Toby sat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested,—it comes too late: so that you see, madam, there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. My uncle Toby was always either on this side, or on that of it, and would often say, He believed in his heart he could as soon hit the longitude; for this reason, when he sat down in his chair, he drew the curtains a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's service,—he pulled out a cambric handkerchief,—gave a low sigh,—but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

——"All is not gain that is got into the purse."—So that, notwithstanding my father had the happiness of reading the oddest books in the universe, and had, moreover, in himself, the oddest way of thinking that ever man in it was blessed with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all,——That it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses; of which this particular one, which he sunk under at present, is as strong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps,—however scientifically applied,—would vex any man in the world who was at so much pains in begetting a child as my father was;—yet, it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half an hour,—and my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——I think it a very unreasonable demand,—cried my great-grandfather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more;—and you insist upon having three-hundred pounds a year jointure for it.——

—"Because," replied my great-grandmother, "you have little or no nose, sir."——

Now, before I venture to make use of the

word *Nose* a second time,—to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it, in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution, and to nothing else,—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon *a Will o' the Wisp*, or any other sound part of philosophy and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you set out, unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment, —but to give the world a good definition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion for,—changing it, sir, as you would a guinea, into small coin?—which done,—let the father of confusion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of strict morality and close reasoning, such as this I am engaged in,—the neglect is inexcusable; and Heaven is witness how the world has revenged itself upon me for leaving so many openings to equivocal strictures,—and for depending so much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanliness of my reader's imaginations.

—Here are two senses, cried Eugenius, as we walked along, pointing with the forefinger of his right hand to the word *Crevice*, in the one hundred and seventeenth page of this first volume of this book of books,—here are two senses, quoth he.—And here are two roads, replied I, turning short upon him,—a dirty and a clean one,—which shall we take?——The clean, by all means, replied Eugenius. Eugenius, said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast,—to define—is to distrust.—Thus, I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.——'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obstinate one; therefore,

I define a nose, as follows,—entreating only beforehand, and beseeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the devil, and suffer him, by no art or wile, to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.——For by the word Nose, throughout all this long chapter of Noses, and in every other part of my work where the word Nose occurs,—I declare, by that word I mean a Nose, and nothing more or less.

CHAP. XXXII.

——"Because," quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again,—"you have little or no nose, sir."——

S'death! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose,—'tis not so small as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's.——Now, my great-grandfather's nose was for all the world like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the island of Ennasin.—By the way, if you would know the strange way of getting a-kin amongst so flat-nosed a people, you must read the book:—find it out yourself you never can.——

—'Twas shaped, sir, like an ace of clubs.

——'Tis a full inch, continued my grandfather, pressing up the ridge of his nose with his finger and thumb;—and repeating his assertion,—'tis a full inch longer, madam, than my father's.——You must mean your uncle's, replied my great-grandmother.

——My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwisted the paper, and signed the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——What an unconscionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this small estate of ours! quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.——

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more nose, my dear, saving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.——

Now, you must know that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-Day)—during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father;—and as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, with which generous souls, and generous souls only, are able to fling down money: but as soon as ever he entered upon the odd fifty,—he generally gave a loud *hem!* rubbed the side of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his fore-finger,—inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig,—looked at both sides of every guinea as he parted with it,—and seldom could get to the end of fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us.—Never, O never! may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from ancestors.

For three generations, at least, this tenet in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family.——Tradition was all along on its side, and interest was every half year

stepping in to strengthen it; so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions. For, in a great measure, he might be said to have sucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however.——If education planted the mistake, (in case it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses.——And, for the contrary reason, he would generally add, That it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly noses, following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoist it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boast, that the Shandy family ranked very high in King Harry the VIII's time, but owed its rise to no state engine—he would say,—but to that only:——but that, like other families, he would add,—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's nose.——It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, shaking his head,—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family, as ever turned up trumps.

——Fair and softly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee!—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face,—and which painters say, in good jolly noses and well-proportioned faces, should comprehend a full third;—that is, measured downwards from the setting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this pass!

CHAP. XXXIII.

It is a singular blessing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and renitency against conviction, which is observed in old dogs,—"of not learning new tricks."

What a shuttlecock of a fellow would the greatest philosopher that ever existed be whisked into at once, did he read such books, and observe such facts, and think such thoughts, as would eternally be making him change sides!

Now, my father, as I told you last year, detested all this:—He picked up an opinion, sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple;—it becomes his own;—and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will contest this point, and cry out against me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confesso*, he will say,—things were in a state of nature;—the apple is as much Frank's apple as John's.—Pray, Mr Shandy, what patent has he to shew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it when he set his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roasted it? or when he peeled it? or when he brought it home? or when he digested?—or when he ——? —For 'tis plain, sir, if the first picking up of the apple made it not his,—that no subsequent act could.

Brother Didius, Tribonius will answer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a-half, and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard,—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me; so I give myself no farther trouble about the answer.)—Brother Didius, Tribonius will say, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogines's codes, and in all the codes from Justinian's down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux,—That the sweat of a man's brows, and the exsudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backside;—which said exsudations, &c. being dropped upon the said apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indissolubly wasted, and as indissolubly annexed, by the picker up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roasted, peeled, eaten, digested, and so on,—'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in so doing, has mixed up something which was his own, with the apple which was not his own; by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the same learned chain of reasoning, my father stood up for all his opinions: he had spared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had cost him, moreover, as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above; so that they might well and truly be said to be of his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly, he held fast by 'em, both by teeth and claws,—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on,—and, in a word, would entrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breastworks, as my uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this:—the scarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercised their parts in writing books upon the subject of great noses. By the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding, when I am considering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been wasted upon worse subjects,—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been fabricated on points not half so much tending to the

unity and peace-making of the world! What was to be had, however, he set the greater store by; and though my father would oft times sport with my uncle Toby's library,—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough,—yet at the very same time he did it, he collected every book and treatise which had been systematically wrote upon noses, with as much care as my honest uncle Toby had done those upon military architecture.—'Tis true, a much less table would have held them;—but that was not thy transgression, my dear uncle.—

Here,—but why here—rather than in any other part of my story?——I am not able to tell:——but here it is——my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness.—Here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellence of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts,—insultedst no man's opinions;—thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread! Gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou ramble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way: for each one's sorrows, thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need, thou hadst a shilling.

Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolished.

CHAP. XXXV.

My father's collection was not great, but, to make amends, it was curious; and consequently he was some time in making it: he had the great fortune, however, to set off well, in getting Bruscambille's prologue upon long noses, almost for nothing;—for he gave no more for Bruscambille than three half-crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy which the stall-man saw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.—There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom, said the stall-man, except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning,—took Bruscambille into his bosom,—hied home from Picadilly to Coleman-street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Bruscambille all the way.

To those who do not yet know of which gender Bruscambille is,—inasmuch as a prologue upon long noses might easily be done by either,—'twill be no objection against the simile—to say, That when my father got home, he solaced himself with Bruscambille after the manner, in which, 'tis ten to one, your worship solaced yourself with your first mistress;—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful soever it may prove to the inamorato,—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers.—Take notice, I go no further with the simile;—my father's eye was greater than his appetite,—his zeal greater than his knowledge;—he cooled,—his affections became divided;——he got hold of Prignitz,—purchased Scroderus, Andrea Paræus, Bouchet's Evening Conferences, and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I shall have much to say by and bye,—I will say nothing now.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and study in support of his hypothesis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment at first, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaste pen of the great and venerable Erasmus, upon the various uses and seasonable applications of long noses.——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one spot of rising ground to get astride of your imagination, if you can anywise help it; or, if he is so nimble as to slip on,—let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, to *frisk it, squirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks and short kicks*, till, like Tickletoby's mare, you break a strap or a crupper, and throw his worship into the dirt——You need not kill him.—

——And pray who was Tickletoby's mare?—'Tis just as discreditable and unscholar-like a question, sir, as to have asked what year (*ab urb. con.*) the second Punic war broke out.—Who was Tickletoby's mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or by the knowledge of the great Saint Paraleipomenon,—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows, I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motley emblem of my work,) than the world with all its sagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, transactions, and truths, which still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the black one.*

* In the early editions, there occurred here a marbled leaf, as elsewhere a black one. It has been thought unnecessary to retain them here.

CHAP. XXXVII.

"*Nihil me pœnitet hujus nasi,*" quoth Pamphagus;—that is,—"My nose has been the making of me."——"*Nec est cur pœniteat,*" replies Cocles; that is, "How the deuce should such a nose fail?"

The doctrine, you see, was laid down by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it which Heaven had bestowed upon man on purpose to investigate Truth, and fight for her on all sides.—My father pish'd and pugh'd at first most terribly.——'Tis worth something to have a good name. As the dialogue was of Erasmus, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again, with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it through and through in its most strict and literal interpretation.—He could still make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap there is more meant, than is said in it, quoth my father.—Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing.—I'll study the mystic and the allegoric sense.—Here is some room to turn a man's self in, brother.

My father read on.——

Now, I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by Erasmus, the dialogist affirmeth, that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniences also; for that, in a case of distress,—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well *ad excitandum focum,* (to stir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge;—so that he had got out his pen-knife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.—I've got within a single letter, brother Toby, cried my father, of Erasmus his mystic meaning.——You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conscience.——Psha! cried my father, scratching on,—I might as well be seven miles off—I've done it,—said my father, snapping his fingers.——See, my dear brother Toby, how I have mended the sense.——But you have marred a word, replied my uncle Toby.——My father put on his spectacles,—bit his lip, and tore out the leaf in a passion.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O, Slawkenbergius! thou faithful analyser of my Disgrazias,—thou sad foreteller of so many of the whips and short turns which in one stage or other of my life have come slap upon me from the shortness of my nose, and no other cause that I am conscious of—tell me, Slawkenbergius! what secret impulse was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it sound in thy ears?—art thou sure thou heard'st it?—which first cried out to thee,—Go,—Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours of thy life,—neglect thy pastimes,—call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature,—macerate thyself in the service of mankind, and write a grand folio for them, upon the subject of their noses.

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's sensorium,—so that Slawkenbergius should know whose finger touch'd the key,—and whose hand it was that blew the bellows,—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourscore and ten years,—we can only raise conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitefield's disciples:—that is, with such a distinct intelligence, sir, of which of the two masters it was that had been practising upon his *instrument,*—as to make all reasoning upon it needless.

—— For, in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occasions for writing and spending so many years of his life upon this one work,—towards the end of his prolegomena; which, by the bye, should have come first,—but the bookbinder has most injudiciously placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book and the book itself,—he informs his reader, that ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly and consider within himself the true state and condition of man,—and distinguish the main end and design of his being;—or,—to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage;—ever since I understood, quoth Slawkenbergius, any thing,—or rather *what was what,*—and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before,—have I, Slawkenbergius, felt a strong impulse, with a mighty and unresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.

And to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the list with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man, who had ever entered it before him;—and, indeed, in many respects, deserves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers of voluminous works at least, to model their works by; for he has taken in, sir, the whole subject,—examined every part of it *dialectically*;—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the collison of his own natural parts could strike,—or the profoundest

knowledge of the sciences had empowered him to cast upon it,—collating, collecting, and compiling;—begging, borrowing, and stealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticoes of the learned; so that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be considered, not only as a model,—but as a thorough stitched DIGEST, and regular institute of *noses;* comprehending in it all that is, or can be, needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to speak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatises of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noses,—or collaterally touching them;—such, for instance, as Prignitz, now laying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different skulls in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in Silesia, which he had rummaged, has informed us, that the mensuration and configuration of the osseous or bony parts of human noses, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crush'd down by the thumb, so that no judgment can be formed upon them,—are much nearer alike than the world imagines;—the difference amongst them being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;—but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impelled, and driven by the warmth and force of imagination, which is but a step from it (being the case of idiots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turkey, supposes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it so happens, and ever must, says Prignitz, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason; that is, because 'tis all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I say nothing likewise of Scroderus (Andrea,) who, all the world knows, set himself up to oppugn Prignitz with great violence,—proving it in his own way, first, logically, and then by a series of stubborn facts, "That so far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the nose, that, on the contrary,—the nose begat the fancy."

—The learned suspected Scroderus of an indecent sophism in this;—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the dispute, that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him,—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Paræus decided it in a moment, and, by overthrowing the systems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witness,——

I don't acquaint the learned reader;—in saying it,—I mention it only to shew the learned, I know the fact myself——

That this Ambrose Paræus was chief surgeon and nose-mender to Francis the Ninth of France; and in high credit with him and the two preceding or succeeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the slip he made in his story of Taliacotius's noses, and his manner of setting them on,—he was esteemed by the whole college of physicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noses, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now, Ambrose Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts,—was neither this nor that;—but that the length and goodness of the nose, was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast, as the flatness and shortness of *puisne* noses was to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively;—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubbed, so rebuffed, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam;*—but that in case of flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast,—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourished, plumped up, refreshed, refocilated, and set a-growing for ever.

I have but two things to observe of Paræus; first, That he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and decorum of expression;—for which, may his soul for ever rest in peace;

And, secondly, that besides the systems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambrose Paræus his hypothesis effectually overthrew, it overthrew at the same time the system of peace and harmony of our family; and, for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turned likewise the whole house, and every thing in it, except my uncle Toby, quite upside down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a dispute between a man and his wife, never surely, in any age or country, got vent through the key-hole of a street-door!

My mother, you must know——but I have fifty things more necessary to let you know first;—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promised to clear up, and a thousand distresses and domestic misadventures crowding in upon me thick and three-fold, one upon the neck of another. A cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two rations and a half of dried grass, tearing up the sods with it which faced his horn-work and covered-way.——Trim insists upon being tried by a court-martial,—the cow to be shot,—Slop

to be *crucifix'd*,—myself to be *tristram'd*, and at my very baptism made a martyr of;—poor unhappy Devils that we all are!—I want swaddling;—but there is no time to be lost in exclamations,—I have left my father lying across his bed, and uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him, and promised I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are lapsed already.——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever seen in,—this certainly is the greatest; for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, sir, to finish;—a dialogue between my father and my uncle Toby, upon the solution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambrose Paræus, Panocrates, and Grangousier to relate;—a tale out of Slawkenbergius to translate;—and all this in five minutes less than no time at all.—Such a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only saw the inside of it!

CHAP. XXXIX.

There was not any one scene more entertaining in our family;—and to do it justice in this point,—I here put off my cap, and lay it upon the table, close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article, the more solemn,—That I believe in my soul, (unless my love and partiality to my understanding blinds me,) the hand of the Supreme Maker and First Designer of all things, never made or put a family together (in that period at least of it, which I have sat down to write the story of)—where the characters of it were cast or contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and entrusted with so unlimited a confidence, as in the Shandy Family.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I say, in this whimsical theatre of ours,—than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long noses,—especially when my father's imagination was heated with the inquiry, and nothing would serve him, but to heat my uncle Toby's too.

My uncle Toby would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would sit smoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilst my father was practising upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle Toby's reason,—or contrary to it,—or that his brain was like damp tinder, and no spark could possibly take hold,—or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds, curtains, and such military disqualifications, to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines,—I say not;—let schoolmen,—scullions,—anatomists, and engineers, fight for it among themselves.—

'Twas some misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's latin, of which, as he was no great master, his translation was not always of the purest,—and generally least so, where it was most wanted:——this naturally opened a door to a second misfortune, that, in the warmer paroxysms of his zeal to open my uncle Toby's eyes—my father's ideas run on as much faster than the translation, as the translation out-moved my uncle Toby's;—neither the one or the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

The gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms,—I mean in man,—for in superior classes of beings, such as angels and spirits,—'tis all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by intuition;——and beings inferior, as your worships all know,—syllogize by their nose; though there is an island swimming in the sea, though not altogether at its ease, whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make very well out too:——but that's neither here nor there—

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or, the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*;) just as a man, as Locke well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin-alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle Toby's deportment,—what great attention he gave to every word;—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it!—surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb;—then foreright,—then this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and fore-shortenings,—he would have concluded my uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted:—his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophic lectures,—was to enable my uncle Toby not to *discuss*, but *comprehend*;—to hold the grains and scruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.—My uncle Toby,

as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'Tis a pity, cried my father, one winter's night, after a three hours painful translation of Slawkenbergius,—'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark as he spoke,—that Truth, brother Toby, should shut herself up in such impregnable fastnesses, and be so obstinate as not to surrender herself up sometimes upon the closest siege.—

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him,—having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling-green:—his body might as well have taken a turn there too;—so that with all the semblance of a deep schoolman, intent upon the *medius terminus*,—my uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's, as if my father had been translating Hafen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *siege*, like a talismanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch,—he opened his ears;—and my father observing that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a desire to profit,—my father with great pleasure began his sentence again,—changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the siege in it, to keep clear of some dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, said my father, that truth can only be on one side, brother Toby,—considering what ingenuity these learned men have all shown in their solutions of noses.—Can noses be dissolved? replied my uncle Toby.

—My father thrust back his chair,—rose up,—put on his hat,—took four long strides to the door,—jerked it open, thrust his head half-way out,—shut the door again,—took no notice of the bad hinge,—returned to the table,—plucked my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book, went hastily to his bureau,—walked slowly back, twisted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb,—unbuttoned his waistcoat,—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire,—bit her satin pincushion in two,—filled his mouth with bran,—confounded it;——but mark, the oath of confusion was levelled at my uncle Toby's brain—which was even confused enough already;——the curse came charged only with the bran;—the bran, may it please your Honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations of human nature, that nothing should prove my father's mettle so much, or make his passions go off so like gun-powder, as the unexpected strokes his science met with from the quaint simplicity of my uncle Toby's questions.——Had ten dozen of hornets stung him behind in so many different places all at one time,—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer seconds,—or started half so much, as with one single query of three words unseasonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horsical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle Toby:—he smoaked his pipe on, with unvaried composure;—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could seldom find out where the sting of it lay—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himself.—He was five minutes and thirty-five seconds about it in the present case.

By all that's good! said my father, swearing as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digest of curses—(though, to do my father justice, it was a fault, as he told Dr Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as seldom committed as any man upon earth)—By all that's good and great! brother Toby, said my father, if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do,—you would put a man beside all temper.—Why, by the *solutions* of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world, of the causes of short and long noses.—There is no cause but one, replied my uncle Toby, why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so.—That is Grangousier's solution, said my father.—It is He, continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philosophical;—there is more religion in it than sound science. It was no inconsistent part of my uncle Toby's character,—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.——So the moment my father finished his remark,—my uncle Toby fell a whistling *Lillabullero*, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual——

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP. XLII.

No matter.—As an appendage to seamstressy, the thread-paper might be of some consequence

to my mother,—of none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treasury of inexhaustible knowledge to my father;—he could not open him amiss; and he would often say, in closing the book, that if all the arts and sciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were lost——should the wisdom and policies of governments, he would say, through disuse, ever happen to be forgot, and all that statesmen had wrote, or caused to be written, upon the strong or the weak sides of courts and kingdoms, should they be forgot also,—and Slawkenbergius only left,—there would be enough in him, in all conscience, he would say, to set the world a-going again. A treasure, therefore, was he indeed! an institute of all that was necessary to be known of noses, and every thing else.—At matin, noon, and vespers, was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight;—'twas for ever in his hands;—you would have sworn, sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book, so worn, so glazed, so contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs, in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not such a bigot to Slawkenbergius, as my father:—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but, in my opinion, the best, I don't say the most profitable, but the most amusing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his Tales; and, considering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy.—These take up his second book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decades; each decade containing ten tales.—Philosophy is not built upon tales; and, therefore, 'twas certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to send them into the world by that name.—There are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decades, which, I own, seem rather playful and sportive than speculative;—but, in general, they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of so many independent facts, all of them turning round, somehow or other, upon the main hinges of his subject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as so many illustrations upon the doctrines of noses.

As we have leisure enough upon our hands,—if you give me leave, madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decade.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo pareant opusculis—in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis ad seria, in seriis vicissim ad jocos transire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Episcop. Lugdun.

VOL. IV. ORIG. EDIT.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA.*

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repleta Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, se apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit:——Dî boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse: itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.——Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens——seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-satin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

He told the sentinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of Noses—was going on to Frankfort——and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The sentinel looked up into the stranger's face:——he never saw such a nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger;—so slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a short scymitar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the sentinel's hand, and passed on.

It grieves me, said the sentinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-legged drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard—he cannot travel without one to his scymitar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all Strasburg.——I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the sentinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke—I carry it, continued he, thus—holding up his naked scymitar, his mule moving on slowly all the time, on purpose to defend my nose.

* As Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis, is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original. I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, è pergamenâ factitius est.

Prout christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore suâ qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympanistam, vérum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frena demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam ait ille respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus—Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagistri,

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in sinum dextram inserens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus extractis cum argento

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the sentinel.

——'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-legged drummer,—'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true Catholic—except that it is six times as big—'tis a nose, said the sentinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By dunder, said the sentinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legged drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the sentinel and the drummer,—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicite!——What a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate that he heard every word of the dispute, not only betwixt the sentinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the time) No! said he, looking up,—I am not such a debtor to the world,—slandered and disappointed as I have been,—as to give it that conviction:——no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst Heaven gives me strength——To do what? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife;—he was making a vow to Saint Nicholas; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his bosom, with his scymitar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal streets of Strasburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over-against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking

lacinlato περιζωματι, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum promontorio redivi, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de se ipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur——Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major est! —est ne, ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mi, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet.—

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

Vivus est ait illa,—et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci Sancto Nicholao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minimè tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam.——Quam horam? ait illa——Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obsecro? ait illa——Peregrinus nil respondens multo conscenso discessit.

out of it his crimson-satin breeches, with a silver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not translate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his short scymitar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it;—so, turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn,—undressed himself, packed up his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for Frankfort,—and shall be back at Strasburg this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine,—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, sir, replied the master of the inn—unless a man has great business.

——Tut! tut! said the stranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn, and his wife, kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose.——By Saint Radagunda, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all Strasburg! Is it not, said she, whispering her husband in his ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn;—'tis a false nose.

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he; I smell the turpentine.——

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to Saint Nicholas this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till——Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up.——Till when? said she, hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour——What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.——Never!—never! said the stranger, never, till I am got——For Heaven's sake, into what place? said she.——The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline bells were just ringing to call

the Strasburghers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all Strasburg heard 'em,—the city was like a swarm of bees,—men, women, and children, (the Compline bells tinkling all the time), flying here and there—in at one door, and out at another,—this way and that way,—long ways and cross ways,—up one street, down another street,—in at this alley, out at that;—Did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it?——who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack-a-day! I was at vespers!—I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting——God help me! I never saw it—I never touch'd it! would I had been a sentinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule, in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair,——talking all the way he rode, in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule,—sometimes to himself, —sometimes to his Julia.

O, Julia, my lovely Julia!——nay, I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle,—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it!——

——Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle,—never mind it;—thou shalt have a better supper at night.

——Banished from my country,—my friends, —from thee——

Poor devil, thou art sadly tired with the journey!——Come,—get on a little faster,—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts, —a crimson-satin pair of breeches, and a fringed——, dear Julia!

——But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracks——

——Stumbling! by St Nicholas! every step! Why, at this rate we shall be all night in getting in——

——To happiness;—or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander?—destined to be driven forth unconvicted,——unheard——untouched; —if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg, where justice—but I had sworn! Come, thou shalt drink to Saint Nicholas—O, Julia!——What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The stranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia,—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted;—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of,—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in it,—called for an omelet for his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in Strasburg being abated for that night,—the Strasburgers had all got quietly into their beds, —but not, like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; Queen Mab, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of slitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in Strasburg to hold them. The abbess of Quedlingberg, who with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the subchantress, and senior canoness, had that week come to Strasburg to consult the university upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes,—was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night through for it;—there was no keeping a limb still amongst them:—in short, they got up like so many ghosts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint Francis,—the nuns of Mount Calvary,—the Premonstratenses,—the Clunienses,*—the Carthusians,—and all the severer orders of nuns, who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still in a worse condition than the abbess of Quedlingberg.—By tossing and tumbling, and tumbling and tossing from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long,—the several sisterhoods had scratch'd and maul'd themselves all to death;——they got out of their beds almost flay'd alive; every body thought Saint Anthony had visited them for probation with his fire;—they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long, from vespers to matins.

The nuns of Saint Ursula acted the wisest; they had never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of Strasburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of buttered buns), all wished they had followed the nuns of Saint Ursula's example.

In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven,—there were no buttered buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburg:

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo Abbe de Cluny.

—the whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion;——such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strasburg, since Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city upside down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting itself thus into the dishes* of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; though I acknowledge, (*cries* Slawkenbergius *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*) that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but, at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life—though I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the Strasburgers' fantasies was so general,—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of Strasburgers' minds—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that it turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it—every soul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and student—mistress and maid—gentle and simple—nun's flesh and woman's flesh in Strasburg, spent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in Strasburg languished to see it—every finger—every thumb in Strasburg burned to touch it.

Now, what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a desire—was this, that the sentinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and descriptions of the stranger's nose——they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and, secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty—the finest made man!—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg—that as he rode with his scymitar slung loosely to his wrist, through the streets—and walked with his crimson-satin breeches across the parade—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand, the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

The sentinel and the bandy-legged drummer!—nothing on this side of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates, to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor in their porticoes.

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left hand, read his also in the same style—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard;—his wife, her's more privately in a back-room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously, but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshalled them—in a word, each Strasburger came crowding for intelligence—and every Strasburger had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade—she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of Strasburg for her auditory.—But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard beside him?

Whilst the unlearned, through these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themselves not with facts—they reasoned.—

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of wens and œdematous swellings; they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls:—the stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous swellings.

It was demonstrated, however, very satisfac-

* Mr Shandy's compliments to orators,—is very sensible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor,—which he is very guilty of:—that, as a translator, Mr Shandy has all along done what he could to make him stick to it,—but here 'twas impossible.

torily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the *fœtus*, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c. said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first *stamia* and rudiments of its formation before it came into the world, (bating the case of wens,) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable——In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them, so long as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs.—For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,—and the lungs the only engine of sanguification—it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or, admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds, however, to his lungs—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time——that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies, cried the opponents——else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach,—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

He dies of a plethora, said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.——

——It happens otherwise——replied the opponents.——

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that Nature, though she sported—she sported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the *literati*;—they began and ended with the word *Nose*; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to supply the phenomenon with a succession of drops—(a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he)—Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood—

I deny the definition—Death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist——Then we don't agree about our weapons, said the logician——Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a dispute.

—Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society;—and if false—to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger, *ex mero motu*, had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c.—To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the Bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocate's part, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegoric expression, importing no more, than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the under-written authorities,* which had decided the point incontestibly, had it not ap-

* Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logistæ & Canonistæ.——Vid. Parce Barne. Jas. in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. N. 7. que etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmack. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend.

peared, that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of Strasburg—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate,—and the Popish, founded by Leopold, Archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required)—in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate, *à priori*, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October, 1483;—when the moon was in the twelfth house—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third—the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury all got together in the fourth—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damned man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damned doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio* (in reading this, my father would always shake his head) in the ninth house which the Arabians allotted to religion,—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one stiver about the matter;—and that, from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of Mars,—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming;—with the blast of which his soul (being steeped in guilt) sailed before the wind in the lake of Hell-fire.

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this, was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born October 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner,—inasmuch as it appeared, from the register of Islaben, in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas-day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[——I must break off my translation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph,—not over my uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it,—but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, looking up, "that christian names are not such "indifferent things:"—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eternity;—not that I look upon Martin, he would add, as a good name,—far from it,—'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little;—yet, little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could shew him,—yet so strange is the weakness of man, at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight;—it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together,—his *Names* and his *Noses*.—I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it,—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the Cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and, no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *navigation*, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about:—it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries were no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience,—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold:—in a word, the

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empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal. Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum Comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure Gent. & Civil. de Protib. aliena feud, per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

* Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nonâ cœli statione, quam Arabes religiosi deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum sacrilegium hereticum, Christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos navigavit——ab Alecto, Tisiphone et Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

—Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

printers were ordered to distribute their types:—all controversies dropped.

'Twas a square cap with a silver tassel upon the crown of it—to a nut-shell,—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddlestick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians; he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinosarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinosarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors.——'Tis false, said their other opponents.

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose.—It extends only to all possible things, replied the Lutherans.

By God in Heaven, cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg.

Now the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-sized man.—The Popish doctors swore it could:—the Lutheran doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.—That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas; and Thomas Aquinas to the Devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute;—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulf of school-divinity,—and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c. instead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the Strasburgers' imaginations to a most inordinate degree.—The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it;—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied,—saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side,—the Popish doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of sight.

—— The poor Strasburgers left upon the beach!

—— What was to be done?—No delay;—the uproar increased,—every one in disorder,—the city-gates set open.

Unfortunate Strasburgers!—was there in the storehouse of nature,—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning,—was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts?—I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves,—'tis to write your panegyric. Shew me a city so macerated with expectation,—who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for seven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous stranger had promised to return to Strasburg.

Seven thousand coaches (Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters) 7000 coaches,—15,000 single-horse chairs,—20,000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with senators, counsellors, syndics,—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches:—The abbess of Quedlingberg with the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of Strasburg, with the four dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand,—the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; some on horseback,—some on foot—some led,—some driven, some down the Rhine,—some this way,—some that,—all set out at sun-rise to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale—I say catastrophe (cries Slawkenbergius) inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Catastrophe* and *Peripeteia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it;—it has its *Protasis, Epitasis, Catastasis*, its *Catastrophe* or *Peripeteia*, growing one out of the other in it, in the order Aristotle first planted them,—without which a tale had better never be told at all, says Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

—From his first parley with the sentinel, to his leaving the city of Strasburg, after pulling off his crimson-satin pair of breeches, is the *Protasis*, or first entrance,—where the characters of the *Personæ Dramatis* are just touched on, and the subject slightly begun.

The *Epitasis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened till it arrives at its state or height, called the *Catastasis*, and which usually takes up the second and third act, is included within that busy period of my tale, be-

twixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctor's finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburgers upon the beach in distress, is the *Catastasis*, or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the Strasburgers on the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergius, constitutes the *Catastrophe* or *Peripeteia* of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

—We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep,—he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horse,—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master's word for it; and, without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to Strasburg that night. What a fool am I, said the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Strasburg this night!—Strasburg!—the great Strasburg!—Strasburg, the capital of Alsatia!—Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat,—nay, a ducat and a half:—'tis too much,—better go back to the last inn I have passed,—than lie I not where, or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

——We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread; and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it;—but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! said the traveller, harassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.——I have one as soft as is in Alsatia, said the host.

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose—He has got a defluxion, said the traveller.—Not that I know, cried the host—but it is a camp-bed, and Jacinta, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in—Why so? cried the traveller, starting back—It is so long a nose, replied the host.——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again—'Tis no trifle, said Jacinta, 'tis the most glorious nose!——The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—Then, said he, looking up to Heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'tis Diego!

The traveller was the brother of Julia, so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from Strasburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from Valladolid across the Pyrenean Mountains through France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him, through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny track.

——Julia had sunk under it,—and had not been able to get a step farther than to Lyons, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sickened, but had just strength to write a letter to Diego; and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)—though the camp-bed was as soft as any one in Alsace, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.—As soon as it was day he rose; and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

"Sieg. Diego,

"Whether my suspicions of your nose were justly excited or not,—'tis not now to inquire;—it is enough I have not had firmness to put them farther to trial.

"How could I know so little of myself, when I sent my duenna to forbid your coming more under my lattice? or how could I know so little of you, Diego, as to imagine you would have staid one day in Valladolid to have given ease to my doubts?—Was I to be abandoned, Diego, because I was deceived! or was it kind to take me at my word, whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and sorrow?

"In what manner Julia has resented this,—my brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, will tell you; he will tell you in how few moments she repented of the rash message she had sent you,—in what frantic haste she flew to her lattice, and how many days and nights together she leaned immovably upon her elbow, looking through it towards the way which Diego was wont to come.

"He will tell you, when she heard of your departure,—how her spirits deserted her—how her heart sickened,—how piteously she mourned,—how long she hung her head. O Diego! how many weary steps has my brother's pity

led me by the hand languishing to trace out yours! how far has desire carried me beyond strength!—and how oft have I fainted by the way, and sunk into his arms, with only power to cry out,—O my Diego!

"If the gentleness of your carriage has not belied your heart, you will fly to me almost as fast as you fled from me:—haste as you will,—you will arrive but to see me expire.——'Tis a bitter draught, Diego; but oh! 'tis embittered still more by dying *un*——?"

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was *unconvinced;* but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter;—he ordered his mule forthwith and Fernandez's horse to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts,—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases,* having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window,—Diego availed himself of it; and, whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows:—

ODE.

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unless my Julia strikes the key,
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whose dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with sympathetic sway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural,—for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Sieg. Diego was slow in composing verses,—or the ostler quick in saddling mules,—is not averred; certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horse were ready at the door of the inn before Diego was ready for his second stanza; so, without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the Rhine, traversed Alsace, shaped their course towards Lyons; and, before the Strasburgers and the abbess of Quellingberg had set out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, crossed the Pyrenean Mountains, and got safe to Valladolid.

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that, when Diego was in Spain, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the Frankfort road; it is enough to say, that, of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest—the Strasburgers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home—when, alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the most grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the Strasburgers' affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, says Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of Mons. Colbert, and put in manuscript into the hands of Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of Strasburg, to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to disturb the quiet of Germany——and that, in consequence of this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true springs of this and such-like revolutions——The vulgar look too high for them——Statesmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian——The Strasburgers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison—and so fell a prey to a French one.

The fate, says another, of the Strasburgers, may be a warning to all free people to save their money.——They anticipated their revenues—brought themselves under taxes, exhausted their strength, and, in the end, became so weak a people they had not strength to keep their gates shut, and so the French pushed them open.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French——'twas CURIOSITY pushed them open—The French, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they saw the Strasburgers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the stranger's nose—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noses have ever so run in their heads, that the Strasburgers could not follow their business.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation—it is not the first——and I fear will not be the last fortress that has been either won—or lost by NOSES.

THE END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAP. I.

With all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's fancy,—with so many family prejudices—and ten decades of such tales running on for ever along with them—how was it possible, with such exquisite—Was it a true nose?——that a man with such exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs, or indeed above stairs, in any other posture but the very posture I have described?

——Throw yourself down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking glass first in a chair on one side of it, before you do it—But was the stranger's nose a true nose—or was it a false one?

To tell that before-hand, madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, somewhat exultingly, has been reserved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it through,—'twould be even high time for both of us to shut up the book; inasmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous stranger and his sister Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten,

THE INTRICACIES

OF

DIEGO AND JULIA.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! how can this ever be translated! and yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisiteness of his morals, should please the world—translated shall a couple of volumes be.——Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no sort of conception.——There seems, in some passages, to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em:—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it,—unless, may it please your worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other,—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided;—for to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet,—and to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference,—I mean to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, madam, is not worth stooping for.

CHAP. II.

My father lay stretched across the bed, as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-side. My uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling;—he thrust it a little more within the valance,—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom, gave a hem! My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure answered it, and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing, moreover, that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now, whether the compression shortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleasurable oval,—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles, so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.——My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sunshine in his face, as melted down the sullenness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows:—

CHAP. III.

Did ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch,—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive so many lashes?——The most I ever saw given, quoth

my uncle Toby (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim,) was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment.

—Had my uncle Toby shot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

Was it Mackay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipped at Bruges about the ducats?——O, Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipped, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begged, and he had gone directly to Heaven; for he was as innocent as your honour.——I thank thee, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.——I never think of this, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.——Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim. I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle Toby.——I know your Honour does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your Honour, continued Trim, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke,—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them,—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world,—and fall into such evils!—poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages!——Honest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O! these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief,—these are misfortunes, may it please your Honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

—'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own;—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-a-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face,—your Honour knows I have neither wife or child;—I can have no sorrows in this world.——My father could not help smiling.——As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age,—when thou art past all service, Trim,—and hast out-lived thy friends.——An' please your Honour, never fear, replied Trim cheerily.,——But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle Toby, and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of,—whilst thy master is worth a shilling, thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny.——Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby,—but had not power;—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breast—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

——I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my uncle Toby.—My father smiled.——I have left him, moreover, a pension, continued my uncle Toby.——My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

Is this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of *pensions* and *grenadiers*?

CHAP. VI.

When my uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed with his nose into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed, he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, madam,—'tis the transition from one attitude to another,—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor,—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance,—gave a hem,—raised himself upon his elbow, and was just beginning to address himself to my uncle Toby,—when, recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude,—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle Toby as follows:

CHAP. VII.

When I reflect brother Toby, upon Man; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble;—when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance,——I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father,—but my commission.——Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a-

year?——What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.——That's another concern, said my father, testily;—but I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross-reckonings and sorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God, cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together,—'tis not from our own strength, brother Shandy;—a sentinel in a wooden sentry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men.—We are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into the mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is so finely painted by Raphael in his school of Athens; which your Connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it,—for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right; and seems as if he was saying to the libertine he is reclaiming,—"*You grant me* this,—and this,—and this: and this, I don't ask of you;—they follow of themselves in course."

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs.——O, Garrick! what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it!

CHAP. VIII.

Though man is of all others the most curious vehicle, said my father; yet, at the same time, tis of so slight a frame, and so totteringly put together, that the sudden jerks, and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a-day,—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a secret spring within us.——Which spring, said my uncle Toby, I take to be religion.——Will that set my child's nose on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other.——It makes every thing straight for us, answered my uncle Toby.——Figuratively speaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know, said my father; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastic power within us, of counterbalancing evil, which, like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock,—at least, it imposes upon our sense of it.

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point,—had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyred in that precious part of him,—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names, and of that magic bias, which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts,—Heaven is witness, that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what George or Edward would have spread around it.

But, alas! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befallen him,—I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened Trismegistus, brother.

I wish it may answer,—replied my uncle Toby, rising up.

CHAP. IX.

What a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down stairs,—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly—I know no more of calculations than this ballustrade, said my uncle Toby, (striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone)—'Twas an hundred to one—cried my uncle Toby——I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his shin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.——'Twas a mere chance, said my uncle Toby.——Then it adds one to the chapter—replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once—it was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation;——to guess it—there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and, in truth, I have enow already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—No, I have done that;—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modesty? to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep—By my great grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it

fairly, brother Toby, said my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that, of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon, and break down, that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my uncle Toby.——I don't comprehend, said my father. ——Suppose the hip had presented, replied my uncle Toby, as Dr Slop foreboded?

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead, slightly with his finger——

—True, said he.

CHAP. X.

Is it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no further yet than the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom; and, for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps. —Let that be as it will, sir, I can no more help it than my destiny: a sudden impulse comes across me——Drop the curtain, Shandy——I drop it—Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram:—I strike it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair:——and if I had one ——as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cause demands it——A pretty story! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I lay down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse —that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that, in a work of this dramatic cast, they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him——O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's Temple—you must read Longinus—read away ——If you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again.——Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's metaphysics forty times through a piece, and never understood a single word!—But mark the consequence——Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing;—for he wrote books *de omni scribili;* and for Licetus (Fortunio)——though all the world knows he was born a *fœtus,** of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself. The learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the Origin of the Human Soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and, take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking straws.

CHAP. XI.

We shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing.——This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby—was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king —the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher—and the greatest priest—And engineer—said my uncle Toby—

——In course, said my father.

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* Ce fœtus n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main: mais son père l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, et ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, où il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi et à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel à la vie; et son père pour faire voir un essai de son experience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, et de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire écclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, et ayant fait mettre son fils dans un four proprement accommodé, il reussit à l'élever et à lui faire prendre ses accroissemens necessaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere mesurée éxactement sur les dégres d'un Thermomêtre, ou d'un autre instrument equivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 418.)

On auroit toujours été très satisfait de l'industrie d'un père si experimenté dans l'Art de la Génération, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on se represente que l'Enfant a veçu près de quatre-vingts ans, et qu'il a composé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents, tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, et que la "Vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la Verité."

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorsqu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans célébres, revûs et corrigés par M. de la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoise.)

CHAP. XII.

—And how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs, with a huge pincushion in her hand—how does your mistress? As well, said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected—What a fool am I! said my father, drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the precise answer—And how is the child, pray?——No answer. And where is Dr Slop? added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballustrades——Susannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, crossing the landing, in order to set his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my uncle Toby——of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in a marriage state,—of which you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more asses loads than all Job's stock of asses could have carried——there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this,—that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themselves more airs upon that single inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think, rather, replied my uncle Toby, that it is we who sink an inch lower—if I meet but a woman with child——I do it—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy,—said my uncle Toby—it is a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head.——Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—said my father, shaking his head too—but certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

God bless } 'em all—said my uncle Toby and
Deuce take } my father, each to himself.

CHAP. XIII.

Holla!——you chairman!——here's sixpence—do step into that bookseller's shop, and call me a *day-tall* critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

'Tis even high time; for, except a short nap which they both got whilst Trim was boring the jack-boots——and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge——they have not else shut their eyes since nine hours before the time that Dr Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—and to take up——Truce——

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present——an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself——and I believe will never hold good to any other, until its final destruction——and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worship's attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume,*—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work, with what I have been doing at it;—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—And why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description,—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write,—it must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write,—and, consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships' eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive I shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same *Life* of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect:—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises,—I shall never overtake myself—Whipped and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes;—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us!—as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geese,—I give myself no concern,—Nature is all-bountiful;—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend, you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You

* According to the original editions.

dropped a curtain at the stair-foot.—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

—Then reach my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.——There is not a moment's time to dress you, sir, cried Susannah, —the child is as black in the face as my——As your what? said my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.——Bless me, sir, said Susannah, the child's in a fit. ——And where's Mr Yorick?——Never where he should be, said Susannah; but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name;—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could, to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him?

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eyebrow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not,—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him:—but he may recover.

No, no,—said my father to Susannah, I'll get up.——There is no time, cried Susannah, the child's as black as my shoe.——Trismegistus, said my father.—But stay,—thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father; canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?——Can I? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff.——If she can, I'll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start and kept it.—'Tis Tris— something, cried Susannah.——There is no christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with Tris—, but Tristram.——Then 'tis Tristramgistus, quoth Susannah.

——There is no gistus to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the basin; Tristram! said he, &c. &c. &c. &c.:—so Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Susannah, with his nightgown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on; fastened, through haste, with but a single button; and that button, through haste, thrust only half into the button-hole.

——She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half-opening the door.——No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.——And the child is better, cried Susannah.——And how does your mistress?——As well, said Susannah, as can be expected.——Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole;—so that whether the interjection was levelled at Susannah, or the button-hole; —whether pish was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt; and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters; that is, My chapter of chamber-maids, my chapter of pishes, and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried pish! he whisked himself about,—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his nightgown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I wish I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn,—the candles put out,—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one,—for the other has been shut these twenty years,—of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject.

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is something lively in the very idea of 'em;—and trust me, when I get amongst 'em,—you gentry with great beards, —look as grave as you will,—I'll make merry work with my button-holes.—I shall have 'em all to myself,—'tis a maiden subject,—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep,—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin:—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first place;—and, in the next, I cannot, for my soul, set a grave face upon a bad matter,—and tell the world, 'tis the refuge of the unfortunate,—the enfranchisement of the prisoner,—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary, and the broken-hearted; nor could I set out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us,—that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it;)—or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that whichever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her,—no desire,—or fear,—or doubt that troubles the air; nor any difficulty past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not past over without offence, in the sweet secession.

"God's blessing," said Sancho Panza, "be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing called Sleep;—it covers a man all over like a cloke."—Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeezed out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it;—'tis admirable in its way:—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by.—We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.——For this end I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it:——and yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep, when need requires: my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation,—I evade of late all violent exercises,—I am never weary with walking;—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife.——This last word may stagger the faith of the world;—but remember, "La Vraisemblance (as Bayle says in the affair of Liceti) "n'est pas toujours du Côté de la Verité."——And so much for sleep.

CHAP. XVI.

If my wife will but venture him,—brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dressed and brought down to us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.

Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my uncle Toby's face for some time,—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother Toby, said my father, setting his arms akimbo, and shaking his head: fire, water, women, wind, brother Toby!——'Tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby.——That it is, cried my father, to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house.—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved,—whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.

And what's the matter, Susannah?——They have called the child Tristram;—and my mistress is just got out of an hysteric fit about it.——No!—'tis not my fault, said Susannah,—I told him it was Tristram-gistus.

——Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat;—but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation,—and took down his hat with the genteelest movement of limbs that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, said my uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

When the misfortune of my Nose fell so heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my Name.—No.

The different weight, dear sir,—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the same weight,—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room:—indeed I caught it as it fell;—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in Nature would have given such immediate ease. She, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all *provoking cases*, determines us to a sally of this or that member,—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why:—but mark, madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries:—the most obvious things which come in our way have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's works: so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, though we cannot reason upon it, yet we find the good of it, may it please your reverences and your worships,—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life,—nor could he carry it up stairs like the other.—He walked composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone,—Reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something sir, in fish-ponds;—but what it is, I leave to system-builders and fish-pond diggers be-

twixt 'em to find out;—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

Your Honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.——O yes, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.——I am heartily concerned too; but I hope, your Honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me.——To thee, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face,—'twas Susannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them.——What business could they have together, an' please your Honour, in the garden?——In the gallery, thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow.——Two misfortunes, quoth the Corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time;—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his Honour hereafter. Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby; so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows:

——For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram or Trismegistus;—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim, I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.——A hundred pounds, an' please your Honour! replied Trim,—I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.——Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby;—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case,—maintains, that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian names, than what ignorant people imagine;—for, he says, there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began, by one called Tristram.—Nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave.—'Tis all fancy, an' please your Honour:—I fought just as well, replied the Corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.——And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim;—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.——Bless your Honour! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he stands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.——Or when he enters a breach? said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock.——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.——

CHAP. XIX.

My father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond,—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis.—Trim recovered his arms.—Never was my uncle Toby caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father,—how hadst thou then, and thy poor *hobby-horse* too, been insulted!

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and, after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the Corporal's breach, and placing it over-against my uncle Toby, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows:

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

It is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to Ernulphus's curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, who sat under it;—it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle as I have done against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions.—I see it plainly, that either for my own sins, brother Toby, or the sins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, if it was so.——Unhappy Tristram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments, which has not fallen upon thy head, ere ever thou camest into the world!—what evils in thy passage into it!—what evils since!—Produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days,—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble,—when radical heat,

and radical moisture, the elements which should have tempered thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations,—'tis pitiful, brother Toby, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both sides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby!—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts, should have been conveyed,—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil!—

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him,—and tried an experiment at least,—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions,—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in the course of nine months gestation, have set all things to rights.—My child was bereft of these! What a teazing life did she lead herself, and consequently, her fœtus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town!——I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle Toby;—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.——She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child,—and then, what battles did she fight with me! and what perpetual storms about the midwife!——There she gave vent, said my uncle Toby.——Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrified!—

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topsy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex,—that, at this hour, 'tis ninety *per cent* insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

——Still we could have done!—Fool, Coxcomb, Puppy,—give him but a *Nose*;—Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Goosecap,—(shape him as you will) the door of fortune stands open.—O, Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee,—Fate might have done her worst.

Still, brother Toby, there was one cast of the dye left for our child, after all:—O, Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!

We will send for Mr Yorick, said my uncle Toby.

——You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

What a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down, for three volumes* together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,——quoth I to myself, when I mounted;—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.—So off I set,—up one lane,—down another, through this turnpike,—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now, ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself.—He's flung, he's off,—he's lost his seat,—he's down,—he'll break his neck!—see! if he has not gallopped full amongst the scaffolding of the undertaking critics!—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts!—he's bounced out!—look,—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I,—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's highway——But your horse throws dirt! see, you've splash'd a bishop!—I hope in God, 'twas only Ernulphus, said I.—But you have squirted full in the faces of Mess. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was last year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuser.

I deny it, quoth I, and so have got off, and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story.——And what is it?——You shall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

As Francis the First of France was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood-fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state,*—it would not be amiss, said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and Switzerland was a little strengthened.——There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people,—they would swallow up the treasury of France.——Poo! poo! answered the king,—there are more ways, Mons. le Premier, of bri-

* According to the original editions.

† Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

bing states, besides that of giving money!—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of standing godfather for my next child.——Your majesty, said the minister in so doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather.——She may be godmother, replied Francis, hastily;—so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am astonished, said Francis the First, (that day fortnight,) speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from Switzerland.——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said Mons. le Premier, to lay before you my dispatches upon that business.——They take it kindly? said the king.——They do, Sire, replied the minister, and have the highest sense of the honour your Majesty has done them—but the republic, as godmother, claims her right, in this case, of naming the child.

In all reason, quoth the king——she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or some other name that she knows will be agreeable to us.—Your Majesty is deceived, replied the minister—I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also—And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?——Shadrach Meschech Abednego, replied the minister.——By St Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss, cried Francis the First, pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

Your Majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot bring yourself off.

We'll pay them in money—said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the minister——I'll pawn the best jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the First.

Your honour stands pawned already in this matter, answered Monsieur le Premier.

Then, Mons. le Premier, said the king, by ——we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP. XXII.

Albeit, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to entreat thy lenity seriously—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his Christian names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First,—nor, in the affair of the nose—upon Francis the Ninth—nor, in the character of my uncle Toby—of characterising the militating spirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every comparison of that kind—nor, by Trim, that I meant the Duke of Ormond—or that my book is wrote against predestination, or free-will, or taxes—If 'tis wrote against any thing—'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against the spleen; in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussations of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and sweetbread of his Majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

——But can the thing be undone, Yorick? said my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canonist, replied Yorick—but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter. I hate these great dinners, said my father—The size of the dinner is not the point, answered Yorick—we want, Mr Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most eminent of our school-divines and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has so pressingly invited you—who, in your distress, would miss such an occasion? All that is requisite, continued Yorick, is to apprise Didius, and let him manage a conversation after dinner, so as to introduce the subject—Then my brother Toby, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

——Let my old tie-wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

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CHAP. XXV.

——No doubt, sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages* made in the book by it—but the bookbinder is nei-

* In the original edition, the series of the pages is altered in the way here stated; but we have thought this improper on the plan of the present work, as it would put the series wrong through the whole volume.

ther a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect, (at least upon that score)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete, by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner—I question first, by the bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this,—was the description of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's setting out and journeying to the visitations at****.

We'll go in the coach, said my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah?—It would have made my story much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that, instead of the *bend-dexter*, which, since Henry the Eighth's reign was honestly our due—a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis scarce credible, that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach—let it be whose it would—or coach-man, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round, to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Destinies* had set down in their books—ever to be grumbled at (and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brushed out, I say? said my father—There has been nothing brushed out, sir, answered Obadiah, but the lining.—We'll go o'horse-back, said my father, turning to Yorick.—Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said Yorick.—No matter for that, cried my father—I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.—Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle Toby, putting on his tie-wig.—No, indeed? said my father—you may go with my aunt Dinah to a visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit.—My poor uncle Toby blushed. My father was vexed at himself—No—my dear brother Toby, said my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January, and February last winter—so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before—and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now, the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses a-breast, led the way as slow as a patrole—whilst my uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tie-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the style and manner of any thing else I could have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene, and destroying, at the same time, that necessary equipoise and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work result. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a song—be but in tune with yourself, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.——

—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well (as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by siege—My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*, but could neither make head nor tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said Homenas—run over my notes—so I hummed over Dr Homenas's notes—The modulation's very well,—it will do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate—so on I hummed—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was; but that, all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly—it carried my soul up with it into the other world: now, had I (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible—certes I had been outwitted—Your notes, Homenas, I should have said, are good notes—but it was so perpendicular a precipice,—so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I hummed, I

found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him, to measure his own size,—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

—Sex, if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, answered Didius;—It should not go unnoticed, said Doctor Kysarcius—☞ He was of the Kysarcii of the Low Countries.

Methinks, said Didius, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick,—you might have spared this sarcastic stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr Yorick, or at least upon a more proper occasion, to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about: If the sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with,—'twas certainly, sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body—'twas certainly, sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him fast hung up, quoth Didius to himself, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma,—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone such unspeakable torments in bringing forth this sermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occasion,—that I declare, Didius, I would suffer martyrdom,—and, if it was possible, my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me,—it came from my head instead of my heart,—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it in this manner.——To preach, to shew the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit,—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and less warmth,—is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week, which is put into our hands,—'Tis not preaching the gospel,—but ourselves.—For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles,—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it,—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the last in that place to be expected,—a word I am ashamed to write,—yet must be written,—must be read;—illegal,—uncanonical,—guess ten thousand guesses multiplied into themselves,—rack,—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.——In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

Zounds!——

——Z——ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himself,—and yet high enough to be heard; and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in music,—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it.——The *concord* was good itself,—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started;——so that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a choleric spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemaul Yorick to some purpose:—and that the desperate monosyllable Z——ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; so that my uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But seeing Phutatorius stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on,—a third party began to suppose that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelvepenny oath, without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking;—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the stroke of surprise which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which Phutatorius uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked first towards the one, and then towards

the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the same? But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing;—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own galligaskins, and in a part of them, where, of all others, he stood most interested to watch accidents: so that, notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over against him,—yet, I say, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain; but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on,—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in as soon as dinner was over,—Gastripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue,—Gastripheres's chesnuts were brought in,—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now, whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at one time,—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion,—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table,—and as Phutatorius sat straddling under, it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all Johnson's dictionary:—Let it suffice to say,—it was that particular aperture, which, in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus (in peace at least), to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the bye, should be a warning to all mankind), had opened a door to this accident.—

Accident, I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking;—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it,—and are so to this hour. That there was nothing of accident in the whole event,—but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and, in a manner, of its own accord,—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other,—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obscene treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago,—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy:—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question:—All that concerns me, as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut;—and that the chesnut, somehow or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undelectable for the first twenty or five-and-twenty seconds,—and did no more than gently solicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part:—but the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain,—the soul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it. However, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present,—to bear it, if possible, like a Stoic; which, with the help of some wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter:—but the sallies of the imagination are ungovernable in all things of this kind;—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that though the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat,—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a newt, or an asker, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth;—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panic,—and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard: the effect of which was

this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering, as he rose, that interjection of surprise so much descanted upon, with the apposiopestic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds!—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;—and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction, than just to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor,—and for Yorick to rise from his chair, and pick the chesnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind.—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things!—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it,—that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down:—the action was trifling;—I am ashamed to account for it:—he did it,—for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut not a jot worse for the adventure;—and that he held a good chesnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: He considered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair, and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the chesnut was originally his;—and in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it. What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, That the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who sat directly over-against Phutatorius, of slipping the chesnut in;—and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which Phutatorius cast full upon Yorick as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion;—and as Phutatorius was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one; and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given,—in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world,—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to see what is the cause and first spring of them.—The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatise which Phutatorius had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world;—and 'twas easily found out that there was a mystical meaning in Yorick's prank,—and that his chucking the chesnut hot into Phutatorius's***—*****, was a sarcastical fling at his book;—the doctrines of which, they said, had inflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awakened Somnolentius;—made Agelastes smile;—and, if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle,—it threw Gastripheres's into that form;—and, in short, was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy. Yorick, no doubt, as Shakespeare said of his ancestor——"was a man of jest," but it was tempered with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for,—or rather all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse.—He could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike so injurious to him,—he could not stoop to tell his story to them; and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic cast produced him inconveniences in many respects;—in the present, it was followed by the fixed resentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had just made an end of his chesnut, rose up from his chair a second time, to let him know it;—which indeed he did with smile; saying only,—That he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your minds:

—The smile was for the company;

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—Can you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, speaking to Gastripheres, who sat next to him,—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair,—Can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the fire?——Ask Eugenius, said Gastripheres.——That greatly depends, said Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part. If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently

be wrapt up.——It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time, to ease and ventilate it.——If that is the case, said Eugenius, I would advise you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press,—you need do nothing more than twist it round.——The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who sat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it,—yet, I presume, is no more than the vehicle;—and that the oil and lamp-black, with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business.——Right, said Eugenius; and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said Gastripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.——That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick.——And besides, added Eugenius, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription; which the faculty hold to be half in half:—for consider, if the type is a very small one (which it should be) the sanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with such a mathematical equality, (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.——It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the second edition of my Treatise, *de Concubinis retinendis*, is at this instant in the press.——You may take any leaf of it, said Eugenius;—no matter which.——Provided, quoth Yorick, there is no bawdy in it.——

They are just now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter;—which is the last chapter but one in the book.——Pray, what is the title of that chapter? said Yorick; making a respectful bow to Phutatorius, as he spoke.——I think, added Phutatorius, 'tis that *de Re Concubinariâ*.

For Heaven's sake keep out of that chapter, quoth Yorick.

——By all means,—added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

—Now, quoth Didius, rising up, and laying his right hand, with his fingers spread, upon his breast,—had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the Reformation,——[It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himself,]—and when baptism was administered in Latin,—["Twas all in English, said my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it; and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name.—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ et filia et spiritum sanctos*,—the baptism was held null.——I beg your pardon, replied Kysarcius;—in that case, as the mistake was only the terminations, the baptism was valid;—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun;—and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listened with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued Kysarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's *in gomine Gatris, &c. &c.* instead of *in nomine Patris, &c.*——Is this a baptism?—No,—say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not signify a name, nor *gatris* a father.——What do they signify? said my uncle Toby.——Nothing at all,—quoth Yorick.——Ergo, such a baptism is null, said Kysarcius.——

In course, answered Yorick,——in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest.

But in the case cited, continued Kysarcius, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and so on:—as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the word continue untouched, the inflections of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.——But then, said Didius, the intention of the priests pronouncing them grammatically, must have been proved to have gone along with it.——Right, answered Kysarcius; and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the Third——But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope; 'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman, christened Tristram against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are akin to it.——

If the wills and wishes, said Kysarcius, interrupting my uncle Toby, of those only who stand related to Mr Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

——It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the * best lawyers and civili-

* Vide Swinburne on Testaments, Part 7. § 8.

ans in this land, continued Kysarcius, "Whether the mother be of kin to her child;"—but, after much dispassionate inquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides,—it has been adjudged for the negative;—namely, "That the mother is not of kin to her child."* My father instantly clapped his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*,—and having a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument,—he begged my uncle Toby, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it.——My uncle Toby gave a nod,—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling *Lillabullero* inwardly,—Kysarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the discourse as follows:—

This determination, continued Kysarcius, how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on its side, and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's Case.——It is cited in Brooke, said Triptolemus.——And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius.——And you may find it in Swinburn on Testaments, said Kysarcius.

The case, Mr Shandy, was this:—

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after whose death the son died also;—but without will, without wife, and without child;—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother,—the sister, by the father's side, commenced a suit before the ecclesiastical judge, alleging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and, 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore, prayed the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon its issue,—and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made,—the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm as in the civil law, were consulted together, Whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no?—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers,—but the church lawyers,—the juris-consulti,—the juris-prudentes,—the civilians,—the advocates,—the commissaries,—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, That the mother was not of † kin to her child.——

And what said the Duchess of Suffolk to it? said my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my uncle Toby's question, confounded Kysarcius more than the ablest advocate. He stopped a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying;—and in that single minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows:—

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said Triptolemus, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is that the child may be of the blood and seed of its parents,—that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and seed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents:—for so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris et matris, sed pater et mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much;—for, from this authority cited, it would follow, not only, what indeed is granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child,—but the father likewise.——It is held, said Triptolemus, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro*‡) one flesh; and consequently no degree of kindred,—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*.——There you push the argument again too far, cried Didius,—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother;—in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both *of*—— But who ever thought, cried Kysarcius, of lying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden speaks *of*,—who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation:—"You lay, sir, with my mother," said the lad; "why may not I lie with yours?"——'Tis the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick.——'Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up.

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* Vide Brooke's Abridg. Tit. Administr. No. 47.

† Mater non numeratur inter consanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

‡ Vide Brooke's Abridg. tit. Administr. N. 47.

CHAP. XXX.

—And pray, said my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs,—don't be terrified, madam; this staircase conversation is not so long as the last——And pray, Yorick, said my uncle Toby, which way is this said affair of Tristram at length settled by these learned men?——Very satisfactorily, replied Yorick: no mortal, sir, has any concern with it;—for Mrs Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him;—and as the mother's is the surest side,—Mr Shandy, in course, is still less than nothing.—In short, he is not as much a-kin to him, sir, as I am.——

——That may well be, said my father, shaking his head.

——Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her son.

The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

CHAP. XXXI.

Though my father was hugely tickled with the subtleties of these learned discourses,—'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone.—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier, as is ever the case when the staff we lean on slips from under us.—He became pensive,—walked frequently forth to the fish-pond,—let down one loop of his hat,—sighed often,—forbore to snap;—and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as Hippocrates tells us,—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds, by my aunt Dinah.

My father had scarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the honour of his family.—A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns;—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome;—he would go to law;—he would buy stock;—he would buy John Hobson's farm;—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even.—There was a fine water-mill on this side; and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river, in full view to answer it.——But, above all things in the world, he would inclose the great Ox-moor, and send out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But as the sum was *finite*, and consequently could not do every thing;—and in truth very few of these to any purpose,—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the Mississippi-scheme, in which he was an adventurer;—yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy-estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjuncture of things as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims,—like a wise man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: so that, upon the dismission of every other project at this crisis,—the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my brother, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind,—which of the two should be set agoing first.

——People may laugh as they will;—but the case was this:—

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress into foreign parts before marriage;—not only for the sake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air,—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap of having been abroad.—*Tantum valet*, my father would say, *quantum sonat*.

Now as this was a reasonable, and in course a most Christian indulgence,—to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore,—and thereby make an example of him, as the first Shandy unwhirled about Europe, in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad,—would be using him ten times worse than a Turk.

On the other hand, the case of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-money, which was eight hundred pounds,—it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen years before,—besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been, moreover, in possession of the

Shandy family ever since the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill; and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above;—and for all these reasons seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family,—yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on,—it had all along most shamefully been overlooked; and to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (Obadiah said) who understood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground,—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing,—he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it;—and that now or never was the time.

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weighed them in all humours and conditions, spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done;—reading books of farming one day,—books of travels another,—laying aside all passion whatever,—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances,—communing every day with my uncle Toby,—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah,—yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, though the Ox-moor would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay,—yet every tittle of this was true with regard to my brother Bobby,—let Obadiah say what he would.——

In point of interest,—the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and set about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return,—the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it; for it was plain he should reap a hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year,—besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following;—and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred,—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty,—if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans,—besides potatoes without end.—But then to think he was all this while breeding up my brother, like a hog to eat them,—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense,—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby, he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time; for, to say nothing of the havoc, which by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on,—it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my Christian Name, had he not been rescued out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil:—the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation,—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

From this moment I am to be considered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family;—and it is from this point properly, that the story of my Life and Opinions sets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have been but clearing the ground to raise the building; and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed since Adam. In less than five minutes I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it:—I have but half a score things to do in the time;—I have a thing to name,—a thing to lament,—a thing to hope,—a thing to promise,—and a thing to threaten.—I have a thing to suppose,—a thing to declare,—a thing to conceal,—a thing to choose,—and a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of Things,—and my next

chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connexion in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with so much earnest desire; and that is the campaigns, but especially the amours, of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervantic a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain which the occurrences themselves excite in my own,—I will answer for it, the book shall make its way in the world much better than its master has done before it. —Oh Tristram! Tristram! can this but be once brought about,—the credit which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man: —thou wilt feast upon the one,—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch so much as I do to get at these amours:—they are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em,—assure yourselves, good folks—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to *declare*. —I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*:—and the thing I *hope* is, that your worships and reverences are not offended:—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year to be offended at;—that's my dear Jenny's way;—but who my Jenny is,—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman,—*is* the thing to be *concealed*:—it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes; —and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes,*—the thing I have to *ask* is, how you feel your heads?—my own aches dismally!—As for your healths, I know they are much better.—True Shandeism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Pança, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime,—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of;—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: and as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politic as body natural;—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions, and subject them to reason,—I should add to my prayer,—that God would give my subjects grace to be WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people, under heaven.

And so with this moral for the present, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unless this vile cough kills me in the meantime) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.—FINIS.

* According to the original editions.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

My Lord,

I humbly beg leave to offer you these two volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this Work to you, I join Lady Spencer, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fevre*, in the sixth volume, to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted,

And most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

Vol. V

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

If it had not been for these two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postillion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning:—there was a slope of three miles and a half;—we scarcely touched the ground,—the motion was most rapid,—most impetuous;—'twas communicated to my brain, my heart partook of it.—"By the great God of day," said I, looking towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my study-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house."

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarcely progressive, dragged—dragged up by eight *heavy beasts*,—"by main strength!"—quoth I, nodding; "but your betters draw the same way,—and something of every body's!—O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*,—so little to the *stock*?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope! for ever in the same track,—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days as well as working days, to be shewing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their saints,—without working one—one single miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment;—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world,—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster, in his book περὶ φύσεως, called him;—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom;—the *image* of God, as Moses;—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato;—the *Marvel of Marvels*, as Aristotle,—to go sneaking on at this pitiful,—pimping,—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion;—but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a farcical house, large enough to hold,—ay—and sublimate them, *tag-rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *Whiskers*:—but, by what chain of ideas, I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it,—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world;—but I knew not of what mettle it was made,—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still, (let the world say what it will to the contrary,) so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

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——You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *whiskers*.—Shall we change the subject?——By no means, replied the old lady;—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself,—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:—Whiskers! cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball, as La Fosseuse uttered the word.—Whiskers, madam, said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word *whiskers* fell distinctly upon the Queen of Navarre's ear.——Whiskers? cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears.——Whiskers, replied La Fosseuse, repeating the word a third time.—There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair——Of what? cried Margaret, smiling. ——Of whiskers, said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

The word *whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it: the truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery.—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion,—and whiskers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground;—it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it,—the laity were against it,—and, for the women, *they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace-gate, where the guard was mounted. The Lady De Baussiere fell deeply in love with him,—La Battarelle did the same;—it was the finest weather for it that ever was remembered in Navarre.—La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur de Croix also;—La Rebours and La Fosseuse knew better:—De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

The Queen of Navarre was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as De Croix passed through it. He is handsome, said the Lady Baussiere.——He has a good mien, said La Batarelle.——He is finely shaped, said La Guyol.——I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said La Maronette, with two such legs;——Or who stood so well upon them, said La Sabatiere.——But he has no whiskers, cried La Fosseuse.——Not a pile, said La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy.—Ave Maria + — what can La Fosseuse mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers. —Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingale.—From St Anthony down to St Ursula, inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St Francis, St Dominick, St Bennet, St Basil, St Bridget, had all whiskers.

The Lady Baussiere had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse's text:—she mounted her palfrey, her page followed her,—the host passed by,—the Lady Baussiere rode on.

One denier, cried the Order of Mercy,—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands.—I beg for the unfortunate:—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison,—for an hospital,—'tis for an old man, —a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire:—I call God and all his angels to witness,—'tis to clothe the naked,—to feed the hungry,—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground:

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——Cousin, aunt, sister, mother,—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me!—pity me!

——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

Take hold of *my whiskers*, said the Lady Baussiere.——The page took hold of *her palfrey*. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger.—We see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints. Ho, ho! cried La Batarelle and Maronette, doing the same.—Whist! cried one;—st, st, said a second;—hush, quoth a third;—poo, poo, replied a fourth;—gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavalette;—'twas she who bewhiskered St Bridget.

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours' hand.—La Rebours shook her head.

The Lady Baussiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff.——La Guyol smiled.——Fie! said the Lady Baussiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger,—as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles.—It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix finding it high time to leave Navarre for the want of whiskers,—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations.——The Curate d'Estella wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarrois against them.

Does not all the world know, said the Curate d'Estella at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate, some centuries ago, in most parts of Europe, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil, indeed, spread no further then; but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps, and chamber-pots, stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles,—and spigots and faucets, in danger still, from the same association?—Chastity, by nature the gentlest of all affections,—give it but its head,—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the Curate d'Estella's argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of *Delicacy*, and the *beginnings* of *Concupiscence*, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree *that* bawdy also.

CHAP. II.

When my father received the letter which brought him themelancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculations to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door, to acquaint him the family was out of yeast,—and to ask, whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.——With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey;)—take the coach-horse, and welcome. ——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah.——Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison.——Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father, hastily.——He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horse; then take Patriot, cried my father, and shut the door.——Patriot is sold, said Obadiah.——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.——Your worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father. I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for,—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room: but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.——He let go his compasses,—or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table: and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wise as he set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey, to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers.——By your leave, Mons. Sanson, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the

table,—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter,—twice in one night is too much for an English gentleman and his son, Mons. Sanson, to be turned back from so lousy a town as Nevers. What think'st thou, Toby? added my father, in a sprightly tone.——Unless it be a garrison-town, said my uncle Toby, for then——I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.——So giving a second nod, and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other,—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

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—— —— —— he's gone!

said my uncle Toby.——Where?—Who?—cried my father.——My nephew, said my uncle Toby.——What,—without leave,—without money,—without governor? cried my father, in amazement. No:——he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby.——Without being ill? cried my father again.——I dare say not, said my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart;—he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him,—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.——My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was a matter of calculation! Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAP. III.

——AND a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too;—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian,—or some one, perhaps, of later date,—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella,—or, possibly, it may be some divine or father of the church,—St Austin, or St Cyprian, or Barnard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion, to weep for the loss of our friends or children;—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel: and accordingly, we find, that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans,—nor slept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor hanged it, as the English,—nor drowned it, as the Germans;—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, nor rhyme it, nor *lillabullero* it.

—He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O, my Tullia! my daughter! my child!—Still, still, still,—it was, O, my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I see my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But, as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was, indeed, his strength,—and his weakness too.—His strength, for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*,—my father gained half in half; and, consequently, was as well again off, as if it had never befallen him.

This clew will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character:—and it is this, that in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps, unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding. He was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah, and that

there would never be an end of the disaster.——See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not I, said Obadiah.——How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee,—the Attic salt brought water into them;—and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For Death, it has an entire set: the misery was, they all at once rushed so into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make anything of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.——

"'Tis an inevitable chance,——the first statute in Magna Charta;—it is an everlasting act of Parliament, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

"If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder; not that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which Wealth and Science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon."——(My father found he got great ease, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."——Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*,——Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father—by Heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby;—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense,—said my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father;—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

"Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, Persepolis and Agrigentum?" continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—"What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizycum and Mitylene? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more; their names only are left; and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and, in length of time, will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night. The world itself, brother Toby, must,—must come to an end.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara," (when can this have been, thought my uncle Toby,) "I began to view the country round about.—Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas, alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence!—Remember, said I to myself again,—remember thou art a man."

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully:—he had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity:—and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had stayed a whole year and an half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyages and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*;—and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.——And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption,—but waiting till he finished the account,—What year of our Lord was this?——'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.——Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the Wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.——"May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him," said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.——

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.—

"There is not such great odds, brother Toby, "betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines." (This way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.)——"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life."——Much good may it do them,—said my uncle Toby to himself.——

"My son is dead!——so much the better;—'tis a shame, in such a tempest, to have but one anchor.

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so.—He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald:—He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited; from a banquet before he had got drunken.

"The Thracians wept when a child was born,"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)——"and feasted and made merry when

a man went out of the world; and with reason —Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it:—it unlooses the chain of the captive,—and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it,—and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."——

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?——not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these,—What is it?——'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.—Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning, its plumes, escutcheons, and other mechanic aids—What is it?——*Better in battle?* continued my father, smiling; for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby—it is terrible no way—for consider, brother Toby,—when we *are*—death is *not*;——and when death *is*—we are *not*.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man;—away it went—and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.——

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made—Vespasian died in a jest upon his closestool—Galba with a sentence;—Septimius Severus in a dispatch;—Tiberius in dissimulation; and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment——I hope 'twas a sincere one,—quoth my uncle Toby—

'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

CHAP. IV.

——And lastly—for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric—crowns all.—

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor,—which, I dare say, brother Toby, you have read—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, said my father, as * * *

wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house: ——my mother at this moment stands profiting by it.——Obadiah did the same thing as soon as he had left the letter upon the table, which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's stock—though, by the bye, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father,—a man of deep reading—prompt memory,—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus at his fingers' ends:——

The Corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll,—or greater names at his fingers' ends than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit, or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart. O Trim! would to heaven thou hadst a better historian!—Would thy historian had a better pair of breeches!——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

——My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

——A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head.——Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. ——Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning.——But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.—The green satin night-gown hung there still.——

——O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Susannah.——My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lutestrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats——Not a rag was left behind.——"*No—she will never look up again!*" said Susannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion;—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.——He is dead! said Obadiah;—he is certainly dead!——So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

——Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen,—master Bobby is dead and *buried*—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim.——You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.——The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's——I hope, said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.——I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor. ——Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.——As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

——He was alive last Whitsuntide! said the coachman.——Whitsuntide!—alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past to this! Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability;)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears. —We are not stocks and stones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state, and, possibly, the preservation of the whole world,—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention:—your worships and your reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, "We are not stocks and stones:"—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were;—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations: —and what a junketting piece of work it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them; for my own part, I own it, I

am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye, (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey,—or sometimes get rid of.

I've gone a little about;—no matter, 'tis for health,—let us only carry it back in our mind, to the mortality of Trim's hat—"Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence;—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head,—he had made nothing at all of it.

——"Are we not here now," continued the Corporal, "and are we not"——dropping his hat plump upon the ground,—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—"gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now, ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under Heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it;—had he dropped it like a goose,—like a puppy,—like an ass;—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence;—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpose:——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass; and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet:—

Ye, lastly, who drive——; and why not? Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout,—meditate,—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.

CHAP. VIII.

Stay,—I have a small account to settle with the reader before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes; which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me, and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.

Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following:—

CHAP. IX.

——To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is;—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(being in my own case, his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it; that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—'tis not long,—'tis like nothing;—but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan!—'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the Corporal, (standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.——Susannah placed it to the right side of the page;—she wept,—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field?——A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation,—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction.——Is not all flesh grass?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.——They all looked directly at the scullion;—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.—

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!——I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah.—What is it!—(Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption!——Susannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this;—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are;—and he who hates you for it——all I can say of the matter is,—That he has either a pumpkin for his head,—or a pippin for his heart;—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

CHAP. X.

Whether Susannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the Corporal's shoulder, (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections,—

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself,

Or whether, - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether,—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may, with pleasure, fill a couple of pages with suppositions,—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious anybody determine,—'tis certain, at least, the Corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers;—but with an air, which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger;—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that,—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right,—see! Jack's down! Well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No;—'tis Dick.—Then Jack's no worse.—Never mind which;—we pass on,—in hot pursuit: the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him;—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've looked him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.——I never minded it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——

——It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.——And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack I would do it there,—said Trim;—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, said Jonathan.——And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my mistress.——She will never get the better of it.——Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him, as I lay beside him.—I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say;—'tis so melancholy an accident,—I cannot get it off my heart.——Your Honour fears not death yourself.——I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.——Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his Honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the Captain, said Susannah.——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.——Ay, and as brave a one too, said the Corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole;—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people:—he would not hurt a chicken.——I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a-year, than some for eight.——Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the Corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me; and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.——Do tell us the story of the poor Lieutenant, said Susannah.——With all my heart, answered the Corporal.

Susannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the Corporal began,—

CHAP. XI.

I am a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if nature had plastered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, madam,—I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer;—but you have left a crack in my back;—and here's a great piece fallen off here before:—and what must I do with this foot?—I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong;—at least, I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him.—But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choke me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.

—But I cannot bear suffocation;—and bad smells worst of all.——For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of Martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

—But to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, madam, "That there could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman prætor's lying with his wife;"—or rather the last word of that opinion,—for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—you shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity;—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive, every word my father said was accommodated either to herself or her family concerns.

—Pray, madam, in what street does the lady live who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irresistible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life* of Socrates himself the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;—so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration which closed with a shorter word than transmigration, or annihilation,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be,—or not to be,*—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance!—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No, there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India. In all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died in Babylon) at least by some of his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France, and from France to England.—So things come round.

By land-carriage; I can conceive no other way.—

By water, the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian sea; and following the course of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope, being then unknown) might be carried, with other drugs and spices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or else to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the Gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the *sentiment* would be landed at the very foot of the great staircase of the Alexandrian library;—and from that storehouse it would be fetched.—Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAP. XIII.

Now my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man)—if not, there's an end of the matter.

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel;—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may,—My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot;—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:—and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won, by working upon the passions of his judges.—"I have friends,—I have relations,—I have three desolate children,"—says Socrates.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr Shandy, than I know of.

——By Heaven! I have one less,—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

* This book my father would never consent to publish; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family; all, or most of which, will be printed in due time.

CHAP. XIV.

They are Socrates's children, said my uncle Toby.——He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer;—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclaircissement himself.

CHAP. XV.

Had this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, sir, had finished the first act of it; and then this chapter must have set off thus:—

Ptr..r..r..ing,—twing,—twang,—prut,—trut; 'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut.—They should be fifths.—'Tis wickedly strung,—tr..a. e.i.o.u. twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down,—else,—trut...prut.—Hark! 'Tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges;—but there's a man there,—no,—not him with a bundle under his arm,—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a capriccio to Calliope herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle,—tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle,—twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle;—prut-trut,—krish,—krash,—krush.—I've undone you, sir,—but you see he's no worse;—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle,—hum,—dum,—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love music,—and God has made you all with good ears,—and some of you play delightfully yourselves;—trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt;—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare,—or you, Messrs Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

The first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and Susannah had got possession of my mother's green satin night-gown,—was to sit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a *Tristra-pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence.—I was my father's last stake,—he had lost my brother Bobby entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me,—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me:—my geniture, nose, and name:—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicholas Tartaglia.—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or had so reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's housewife.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—"Come,—I'll write a *duodecimo*."

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de la Casse, the Lord Archbishop of Benevento, in composing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a Rider's Almanack. How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore, 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write, not so much to be fed,—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casse, the Archbishop

of Benevento, for whose memory, (notwithstanding his Galatea,) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, sir, a slender clerk, of dull wit,—slow parts,—costive head, and so forth,—he and his Galatea might have jogged on together to the age of Methusalem for me;—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.

But the reverse of this was the truth: John de la Casse was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuissance at the same time, of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day. This disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with;—which opinion was this,—*viz.* That whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world,—his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand,—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas term-time with them;—every thought, first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of them levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare;* and his probation in it precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his wit, as his *resistance*.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casse, Archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine,—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casse's parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or mystic record of antiquity. Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the devil*, and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk, *are the devil and all*. We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and, was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing;—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance;—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-pædia;* at which (as I said) he was three years, and something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless;—every day a page or two became of no consequence.—

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or, in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that, if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from my reader,—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under-ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'Twas nothing:—I did not lose two drops of blood by it:—'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us.—Thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion.—Some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires:—and I am this day (August the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O, 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ******* *** under the bed.——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth Susannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to **** **** *** ******?

I was five years old.—Susannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family;—so, slap came the sash down like lightning upon us.——Nothing is left,—cried Susannah,

—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle Toby's house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so Susannah fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

When Susannah told the Corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks:—all accessaries in murder being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah;—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to Heaven as either of 'em;—so that neither reason nor instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum.—It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore;—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

CHAP. XIX.

'Tis a pity, Trim, said my uncle Toby, resting with his hand upon the Corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete.—Get me a couple cast, Trim.——

Your Honour shall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.——

It was the joy of Trim's heart, nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for: had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his master.—The Corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts,—hacking and chiselling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason;—and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for spare ends, &c. he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field. My uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the Corporal at work again; and, no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery-window; and as the sash-pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pullies;—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless;—and so the lead went to pot too.

——A great moral might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time;—'tis enough to say, Wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAP. XX.

The Corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Susannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack as she could: true courage is not content with coming off so.—The Corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in Susannah's hands.*—How would your honours have behaved?—He determined at once not to take shelter behind Susannah,—but to give it; and, with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steinkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's command, and proved the loss of the day.

There are accidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer,—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it;—and the story being told, the dialogue went on as follows:—

CHAP. XXI.

——I would be piquetted to death, cried the Corporal, as he concluded Susannah's story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm:—'twas my fault, an' please your Honour, not hers.

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table, if

any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done, 'tis I certainly who deserve the blame; you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steinkirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the Corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had saved thee ——Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them.—There was Cutts's, continued the Corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's,—Mackay's,—Angus's,—Graham's,—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and so had the English Life-guards, too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket.—They'll go to Heaven for it, added Trim.——Trim is right, said my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick;—he's perfectly right.——What signified his marching the horse, continued the Corporal, where the ground was so strait, that the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and felled trees laid this way and that, to cover them (as they always have).—Count Solmes should have sent us; we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horse:—he had his foot shot off, however, for his pains, continued the Corporal, the very next campaign, at Landen.——Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.——'Twas owing, an' please your Honour, entirely to Count Solmes; had he drubbed them soundly at Steinkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.——Possibly not, Trim, said my uncle Toby; though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to entrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell;——Ding-dong, added Trim;——Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby;——Helter-skelter, said Trim;——Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.——Blood an' ounds! shouted the Corporal:—the battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby, sinking his voice a note, resumed the discourse as follows:—

CHAP. XXII.

King William, said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, was so terribly provoked at Count Solmes for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.——I fear, answered Yorick, the Squire will be as much provoked at the Corporal, as the King at the Count.—But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to Count Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace:—too often, in this world, do things take that train.——I would spring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, rising up, and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——Trim directed a slight, but a grateful bow, towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

—Then, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreast: and do you, Corporal, follow, a few paces behind us.——And Susannah, an' please your Honour, said Trim, shall be put in the rear. 'Twas an excellent disposition; and, in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle Toby's house to Shandy-hall.

——I wish, said Trim, as they entered the door, instead of the sash-weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.——You have cut off spouts enow, replied Yorick.

CHAP XXIV.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, not one or all of them can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life. There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, sir, all calculations. The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled, that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind. In other words, 'twas a different object, and, in course, was differently considered.

This is the true reason that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing. She looks at her outside;—I, at her in.— How is it possible we should agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'Tis a point settled, and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius,* who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story, that, provided he keeps along the line of his story, he may go backwards and forwards as he will, 'tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

CHAP. XXVI.

Fifty thousand pannier loads of devils (not of the Archbishop of Benevento's,—I mean of Rabelais's devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery; so that Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity,—yet Susannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook;—the cook had told it with a commentary, to Jonathan; and Jonathan to Obadiah; so that, by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.——I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining in the whole book,—and that is the *chapter upon sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippic* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids. I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, had the matter been taken into consideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good an' all; which, considering with what difficulty he composed books, he might have done with ten times less trouble than he could have wrote the chapter. This argument, I foresee, holds good against his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots at the time supposed,—and it is this:—

—That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete, I wrote the chapter myself.

CHAP. XXVII.

My father put on his spectacles,—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case,—all in less than a statutable minute; and, without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down stairs. My mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted it was an Herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bed-side, that he might consult upon the ease at his ease.

——If it be but right done, said my father, turning to the section—*de sede vel subjecto circumcisionis*,—for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*,—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether;—

——If it be but right done, quoth he,——Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs?——For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section as follows:—

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * ——Very well,—said my father,
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * —nay, if it has that convenience,——and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.——Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it,—if the Egyptians,—the Syrians,—the Phœnicians,—the Arabians,—the Cappadocians—if the Colchi, and Troglodytes, did it,—if Solon and Pythagoras submitted,—what is Tristram?——Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter!

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* Mr Shandy is supposed to mean * * * * * * * * * *, Esq. member for * * * * * *,—and not the Chinese Legislator.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Dear Yorick, said my father, smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour) this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites. Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.——But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.——There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.——*That*, you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.——Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both: the trine and sextile aspects have jumped away, or the opposite of their ascendants have got hit it, as they should, or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above, or below, with us.

'Tis possible, answered Yorick.——But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?——The Troglodytes say not, replied my father. And your theologists, Yorick, tell us——Theologically? said Yorick;—or speaking after the manner of apothecaries?*—statesmen?†—or washerwomen?‡

——I'm not sure, replied my father;—but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.——Provided, said Yorick, you travel him into Egypt.——Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the Pyramids.

——Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me.—I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so to half the world.

——Ilus,§ continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick,—are greatly divided still, who Ilus was;—some say Saturn;—some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh Neco. Let him be who he will, said my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it;—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines,——I wish there was not a polemic divine, said Yorick, in the kingdom:—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.——Pray, Mr Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The best description, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought, single hands, betwixt Gymnast and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby, earnestly——You shall, said Yorick.——And as the Corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my soul, said my father.——Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:

CHAP. XXIX.

——"Which words being heard by all the soldiers who were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back, and make room for the assailant.—All this did Gymnast very well remark and consider; and, therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby after the inclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft into the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head.—Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then, suddenly, in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to the left hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot.——Ha! said Tripet, I will not do that at this time; and not without cause.——Well, said Gymnast, I have failed,—I will undo this leap; then, with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle,

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* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγή, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν.—PHILO.

† Τὰ τιμώμενα τῶν ἰθνῶν πολυγονωτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαρότητος εἵνεκεν.—BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἴλος, τὰ αἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. Ταυτο ποιῆσαι καὶ τους ἀμ' αυτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.

SANCHUNIATHO.

raised himself up, and sprung into the air, poising and upholding his whole weight upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and foreside back, without *touching any thing*, he brought himself betwixt the horse's two ears; and then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper."—

[This can't be fighting, said my uncle Toby.—The Corporal shook his head at it.——Have patience, said Yorick.]

"Then (Tripet) passed his right leg over his saddle, and placed himself *en croup*.—But, said he, 'twere better for me to get into the saddle. Then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt the bow of the saddle, in a tolerable seat: then springing into the air with a summerset, he turned him about like a windmill, and made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pommadas."——Good God! cried Trim, losing all patience,—one home-thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think so too, replied Yorick.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

——No;—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristrapædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scrutoire.—It has oftentimes been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over, both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago.—Shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole?—My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeisance which was proper; and the Corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.—The company smiled.——Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the entertainment.——He did not seem to relish the play, replied Yorick.——'Twas a Tom-fool battle, an' please your reverence, of Captain Tripet's and that other officer, making so many summersets as they advanced:—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle Toby never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency, than what the Corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair closer to the table,—Trim snuffed the candle,—my father stirred up the fire,—took up the book,—coughed twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

The first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—for the present we will pass them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species,—I was insensibly led into it.——'Twas natural, said Yorick.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied, is, what Politian tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal, and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which, (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant:—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men-servants born,—he lays the foundation of it in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the passage (οἶκον μὲν πρώιστα γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα)—A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reason still, said my father (dipping his pen into his ink;) for the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment,—was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.——And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle Toby's reason.——For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle Toby, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

—I enter upon this speculation, said my father, carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on,—merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways:—

1st, By marriage.
2d, By adoption.
3d, By legitimation.

And, 4th, By procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied

Yorick,—the act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.——You are wrong,—said my father, argutely; and for this plain reason * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.——But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent*, Yorick.——In what? quoth my uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.——Though, by all means, added my father, (not attending to my uncle Toby) "*The son ought to pay her respect;*" as you may read, Yorick, at large, in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.——I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechism.

CHAP. XXXII.

Trim can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle Toby.——Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's saying his Catechism.——He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby.——Ask him, Mr Yorick, any question you please.——

—The Fifth Commandment, Trim,——said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The Corporal stood silent.——You don't ask him right, said my uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly, like the word of command:—The fifth!—cried my uncle Toby,——I must begin with the first, an' please your honour, said the Corporal——

—Yorick could not forbear smiling.—Your reverence does not consider, said the Corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing as doing one's exercise in the field.—

"*Join your right hand to your firelock,*" cried the Corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"*Poise your firelock,*" cried the Corporal; doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

"*Rest your firelock,*"—One motion, an' please your reverence, you see, leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the first——

The First!—cried my uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side,—* * * * * *
* * * * * *

The Second!—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The Corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold-work* of *Instruction;* its true point of folly, without the *building* behind it.

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away.

—*Sciences may be learned by rote, but Wisdom not.*

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the Corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean by "*honouring thy father and thy mother?*"——

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a-day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.——He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.——Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

CHAP. XXXIII.

O Blessed health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:—

"The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture,"——You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said Yorick.——Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—

not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:—not pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly: his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it without the least compressive violence.—

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now, could the man in the moon be told that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*;—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter, or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy,——

"O thou eternal Maker of all beings!"—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand (in case he had one)—"Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection! what have we *Moonites* done?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

With two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *ars longa*,—and *vita brevis*.—Life short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,—and the stage-loads of chemical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it!

—O, my Lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam?—What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium, thy salt-petre,—thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man, upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing. How he dealt with his lordship's opinion,—you shall see; but when—I know not:——we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

"The two great causes which conspire with each other to shorten life, says Lord Verulam, are first,—

"The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death:—and, secondly, The external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life."

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of salt-petre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers,—a course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his salt-petre, and greasy unctions and clysters, you shall read,—but not to-day,—or to-morrow:—time presses upon me,—my reader is impatient,—I must get forwards,—You shall read the chapter at your leisure (if you chuse it) as soon as ever the *Tristra-pædia* is published.—

Suffice it at present to say,—My father levelled the hypothesis with the ground; and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.——

CHAP. XXXVI.

The whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chemist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat or tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the

oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit; which accounts for the observation of Aristotle, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est triste.*"

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture; but whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness,—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies:—so that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.—

CHAP. XXXVII.

The description of the siege of Jericho itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the Corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside:*—************************.——It was at the siege of Limerick, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow.——

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents at the time the siege of Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an Œdipus to bring it in point.——

I believe, an' please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off——And the Geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all,——I verily believe continued the Corporal, we had both, an' please your Honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The noblest grave, Corporal, cried my uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie down in!——But a pitiful death for him! an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.

All this was as much Arabic to my father as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodytes had been before to my uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to smile.

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it,——and so settled the point for my father at once.——

CHAP. XXXVIII.

It was undoubtedly, said my uncle Toby, a great happiness for myself and the Corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise, what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs topful of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the Corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along with hot wine and spices; whereby the Corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing; so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toises.——If there was no firing, said Yorick.——

Well,—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing awhile after the word,—was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy.——

——Yorick, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the Corporal a question.——Prithee, Trim, said Yorick, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly,—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?——

With humble submission to his Honour's better judgment, quoth the Corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby,——Speak thy opinion freely, Corporal, said my uncle Toby.——The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave, added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.——

The Corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus:—

CHAP. XXXIX.

Just as the Corporal was hemming to begin,—in waddled Dr Slop.——'Tis not twopence

matter,—the Corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good Doctor, cried my father, sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden;—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?——

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog,—he could not have done it in a more careless air; the system which Dr Slop had laid down to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of inquiry.—He sat down.——

Pray, sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—in what condition is the boy?——'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr Slop.——

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle Toby, returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the Corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.——The Corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words:—

CHAP. XL.

The city of Limerick, the siege of which was begun under his majesty King William himself, the year after I went into the army,—lies, an' please your Honours, in the middle of a devilish wet swampy country.——'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle Toby, with the Shannon, and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.——'Tis all true, answered Trim.——Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said Yorick.——'Tis all cut through, an' please your reverence, said the Corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle:—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his Honour and myself. Now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the Corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his Honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.——

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all these premises?——

I infer, an' please your worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water;—and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy;—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your Honours, is nothing but ditch-water,—and a dram of Geneva:—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Dr Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.——Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.——

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the Corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.——

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways; but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials, impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now, this poor fellow, continued Dr Slop, pointing to the Corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,—said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.——I am sure of it,—quoth Yorick.

CHAP. XLI.

Doctor Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*.——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll shew you land;—for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAP. XLII.

——Five years with a bib under his chin;
Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to Malachi;
A year and a half in learning to write his own name;
Seven long years and more *rowlo*-ing it, at Greek and Latin:
Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*;—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!——Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when

he was of man's estate;—and Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder, when Eudamidus, the son of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely, —"If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?"

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims; and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them.—Be wary, sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a north-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.—But, alack! All fields have not a river or a spring running beside them;—every child, Yorick, has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's snake, he could not have looked more surprised.—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it;—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republic of letters, that those who have been intrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done;—so that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the last of whom arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.——I should be glad, said Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter.——You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor;—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better:—but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it,—there is an end;—the mind and the idea are at rest, until a second idea enters;—and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and, by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of inquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.——The Danes, an' please your Honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, said my uncle Toby.——And your Honour roul'd with them, —captains with captains,—very well, said the Corporal.——But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.—

——You do? said my father, rising up.

CHAP. XLIII.

My father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am, was, have, had, do, did, make, made, suffer, shall, should, will, would, can, could, owe, ought, used,* or *is wont*;—and these, varied with tenses, *present, past, future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*, —or with these questions added to them:—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?*—and these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively,—*It is, It was, It ought to be;* —or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?*——what would follow?—If the French should beat the English? If the sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.—Didst thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.——No, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——But thou couldst discourse about one, Trim, said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the Corporal never saw one? ——'Tis the fact I want, replied my father;—and the possibility of it is as follows:—

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive,—have I ever seen the skin of

one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers, or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?

—Is there no sin in it?—

—Is it better than a black one?

vol VI

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

WE'LL not stop two moments, my dear sir;—only, as we have got through these five volumes* (do, sir, sit down upon a set,—they are better than nothing) let us just look back upon the country we have passed through.

——What a wilderness has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost, or devoured by wild beasts in it!

Did you think the world itself, sir, had contained such a number of Jack-Asses?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight,—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all those Jack-Asses? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray,—bray,—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder still;—that's nothing;—in good sooth, you are ill used.—Was I a Jack-Ass, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-sol-re-ut from morning even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he closed the book for good and all,—and, in a kind of triumph, re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the scrutoire where he found it.

Tristram, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way:—every word, Yorick, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis;—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions; and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions;—every one of which leads the mind on again, into fresh tracts of inquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.

——'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burst it into a thousand splinters.—

I presume, said Yorick, smiling, it must be owing to this,—(for, let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments),—that the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world so exact a story, should be able to paste up, in the public schools at Rome, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonsus Tostatus, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them?—What shall we say of the great Peireskius?——That's the very man, cried my un-

* Seven, according to the original edition.

cle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling back again, merely to see Stevinus's flying chariot.—He was a very great man! added my uncle Toby (meaning Stevinus.)——He was so, brother Toby, said my father (meaning Peireskius);—and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever,—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old, with the sole management of all his concerns.——Was the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle Toby.——I should think not, said Yorick.——But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinsius, Politian, Pascal, Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordoué and others;—some of whom left off their *substantial forms* at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them;—others went through their classics at seven;—wrote tragedies at eight.—Ferdinand de Cordoué was so wise at nine—'twas thought the Devil was in him;—and at Venice gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was Antichrist, or nothing.——Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten;—finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven;—put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve;—and at thirteen, received their degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity.——But you forget the great Lipsius, quoth Yorick, who composed a work* the day he was born.——They should have wiped it up, said my uncle Toby, and said no more about it.

CHAP. III.

When the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of decorum had unseasonably rose up in Susannah's conscience, about holding the candle whilst Slop tied it on: Slop had not treated Susannah's distemper with anodynes;—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

—Oh! oh!—said Slop, casting a glance of undue freedom in Susannah's face, as she declined the office;—then, I think I know you, madam.——You know me, sir! cried Susannah, fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the Doctor himself;—you know me! cried Susannah again.——Doctor Slop clapped his finger and thumb instantly upon his nostrils;——Susannah's spleen was ready to burst at it;——'Tis false! said Susannah.——Come, come, Mrs Modesty, said Slop, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,—if you wont hold the candle and look—you may hold it and shut your eyes.——That's one of your Popish shifts, cried Susannah.——'Tis better, said Slop, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman.——I defy you, sir, cried Susannah, pulling her shift sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other in a surgical case, with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm:—Susannah snatched up the candle.——A little this way, said Slop.—Susannah, looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig; which, being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is passion but a wild beast?)—you impudent whore! cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm, in his hand.——I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said Susannah;—which is more than you can say,——Is it? cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face,——Yes, it is, cried Susannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

CHAP. IV.

Doctor Slop and Susannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point, as you will read.

CHAP. V.

You see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once, to superintend his son Commodus's education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them. I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's

* Nous aurious quelque interêt, says Baillet, de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que Nicius Erythræus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme Lipse, il a pû composer un ouvrage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que c'ait été à l'âge de neuf ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipse fit un poëme.—Le tour est ingenieux, &c. &c.

mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception; which accounts for a great many of Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night; and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and, perhaps, the inmost sentiments of his heart,—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good sense, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

—There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*; and I am not at all surprised that Gregory of Nazianzen, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretel he would one day become an apostate;—or that St Ambrose should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that Democritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of shall neither* lisp, nor squint, nor wink, nor talk loud, nor look fierce, nor foolish;—nor bite his lips, nor grind his teeth, nor speak through his nose, nor pick it, nor blow it with his fingers.

He shall neither walk fast, nor slow, nor fold his arms,—for that is laziness;—nor hang them down,—for that is folly;—nor hide them in his pocket,—for that is nonsense.

He shall neither strike, nor pinch, nor tickle,—nor bite, nor cut his nails, nor hawk, nor spit, nor snift, nor drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to Erasmus) shall he speak to any one in making water,—nor shall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonsense again, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, *faceté*, jovial; at the same time prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions; he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned.——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? said Yorick.——And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He shall, my dear Toby, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by the hand.——Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you—(a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye, and another, the fellow to it, in the Corporal's, as the proposition was made)—you will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story.——Fool that I was! nor can I recollect (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the Corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost,—I must tell it now in my own.

CHAP. VI.

The Story of Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe——when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say sitting,—for, in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee, (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain) when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect.—This bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together: But this is neither here nor there,—why do I mention it? Ask my pen; it governs me;—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack.——'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his

* Vid. Pellegrina.

head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him.

——Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too. There must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host.——And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby; do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal;—but I can ask his son again.——Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs.——Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby;——the Corporal made his bow——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your Honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your Honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honour your death, and bring on your Honour's torment in your groin.——I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?——Leave it, an' please your Honour, to me, quoth the Corporal. I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *tenaille* a straight line as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy, the whole time he smoked it.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of Le Fevre continued.

It was not until my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

——I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your Honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.——Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby.——He is, said the Corporal.——And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.——I'll tell your Honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.——Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.——The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your Honour is good*:—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honour about the Lieutenant and his son;—for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,——(That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby)——I was answered, an' please your Honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the

morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. ——But, alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of: ——But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.——I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.——I am sure, said I, his Honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. ——Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honour?——Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

——When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your Honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house, or cellar——(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my my uncle Toby)——he was heartily welcome to it.——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honour) but no answer;—for his heart was full;—so he went up stairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr Yorick's Curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

——When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs.——I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

——I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said uncle Toby.——But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; —harassing others to-morrow;—detached here; —countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next; —benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson —though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. ——Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,— and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, —it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—— I hope not, said the Corporal.——But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.——

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;— and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.——If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.——If he was of Levens's,—said the Lieu-

tenant.——I told him your Honour was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your Honour, said I, very well.——Do you so?—said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.——In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice.—Here, Billy, said he;—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.——

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.——

Your Honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned.—Shall I pour your Honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.——'Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer;—so wished his honour a good night.—Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal,—the Lieutenant's last day's march is over! Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

The Story of Le Fevre continued.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—That, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscrap;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.——

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim,—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive; and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your Honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hadst the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim;—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an' please your Honour, in this world, said the Corporal.——He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.——An' please your Honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.——He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he *shall* march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.——He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—Ah, well-a-day!—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.——*He shall not die, by G—*, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he

gave it in;—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. IX.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and, having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

CHAP. X.

The Story of Le Fevre concluded.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter:—and we'll have an apothecary;—and the Corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.——

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebbed again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopped,—went on,—throbbed,—stopped again,—moved,—stopped,—Shall I go on?——No.

CHAP. XI.

I am so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter.—All that is necessary to be added to this chapter, is as follows:

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours;—and that Yorick, not to be behind-hand,—paid him all ecclesiastic,—for he buried him in his chancel.—And it appears, likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him,——I say it appears,—for it was Yorick's custom, which I suppose a general one with those of his profession, on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occasion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some short comment or stricture upon the sermon itself,—seldom, indeed, much to its credit.—For instance, "This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation,—I don't like it at all;—though I own there is a world of water-landish knowledge in it;—but 'tis all tritical, and most tritically put together.—This is but a flimsy kind of composition. What was in my head when I made it?

—*N. B.* "The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon;—and of this sermon,—that it will suit any text.

——"For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Paidagunes found me out. ☞ Set a thief to catch a thief."

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, so*,—and no more:—and upon a couple, *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian Dictionary,—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-lash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So so*, tied fast together in one bundle by themselves,—one may safely suppose he meant pretty nearly the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato's* are five times better than the *so so's*;—shew ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them;—(and, to rise properly in my climax)—disco-

ver a thousand times more genius;—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them:—for which reason, whenever Yorick's *dramatic* sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so so's*, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamentè,—tenutè,—gravè,*—and sometimes *adagio,*—as applied to theological compositions, and with which he has characterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess. I am more puzzled still, upon finding *a l'octavo alta?* upon one;—*Con strepito* upon the back of another;—*Sciciliana* upon a third;—*Alla capella* upon a fourth;—*Con l'arco* upon this;—*Senza l'arco* upon that.—All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning;—and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt but that, by some quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression.—The funeral-sermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition.—It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and cross-ways with a yarn thrumb, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half-sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse-drugs,—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,—I something doubt;—because at the end of the sermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote

Bravo!

—Though not very offensively,—for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill, so faintly, in a small Italian hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not;—so that, from the *manner of it*, it stands half excused; and being wrote, moreover, with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing,—tis more like a *ritratto* of the shadow of Vanity, than of Vanity herself,—of the two; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer, than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that, in publishing this, I do no service to Yorick's character as a modest man—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this,—That the word was struck through sometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across it, in this manner, *Bravo!*—as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one;—as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicsome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though hussar-like they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of Virtue.—Tell me, then, Myn heer Vander Blonederdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind, there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands than an old regimental coat and sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the Corporal.—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor Lieutenant.—And this—said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke,—and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee;—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God hath left thee;—but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou dost it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go

and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre, I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me!—and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.—

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn,—he put the sword into his hand.—If thou art brave, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;—but Fortune, said he (musing a little)—Fortune may;—and if she does,—added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby as the best of sons from the best of fathers:—both dropped tears;—and, as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

CHAP. XIII.

Le Fevre got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after. He had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me; but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending, unexpectedly, in one who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre, and his interest, upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, that he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands,—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you.——I beseech you, do, added Yorick.——He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby.——And a brave one too, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.

——The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby.——And the greatest cowards, an' please your Honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it.—There was Serjeant Kumbur, and Ensign ——.

We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

CHAP. XIV.

What a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

Doctor Slop, like a son of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself,—debased me to death,—and made ten thousand times more of Susannah's accident than there was any ground for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Master Shandy* * * * * * * * * entirely;—and Fame, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had sworn, positively, she saw it;—and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence,—"That the nursery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ;—but that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * 's also."

Could the world have been sued like a *body-corporate*,—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently: but to fall foul of individuals about it,—as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable,—'twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:—and yet to acquiesce under the report in silence, was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a bustle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.

—Was ever poor Devil of a country-gentleman so hampered? said my father.

——I would shew him publicly, said my uncle Toby, at the market-cross.

——'Twill have no effect, said my father.

CHAP. XV.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, said my father,—let the world say what it will.

CHAP. XVI.

There are a thousand resolutions, sir, both

in church and state, as well as in matters, madam, of a more private concern,—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hair-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so) weighed, poised, and perpended,—argued upon,—canvassed through,—entered into,—and examined on all sides with so much coolness, that the Goddess of Coolness herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff and a defiance of all mankind,—had, nevertheless, been *pro'd* and *con'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two several *beds of justice*, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves this affair of the breeches;—from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

CHAP. XVII.

The ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and some other Vandallic clans to 'em,—had, all of them, a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once sober.—Drunk,—that their councils might not want vigour;—and sober,—that they might not want discretion.

Now, my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled, almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;—and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,—he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over in bed, with my mother: by which contrivance, if you consider, sir, with yourself, * *

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These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*;—for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wisdom, as well as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it;—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would always be for his soul's.

My way is this:—

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back,—I write one-half *full*,—and t'other *fasting*;—or write it all full,—and correct it fasting;—or write it fasting,—and correct it full; for they all come to the same thing.—So that, with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothic,—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice—and no way inferior to him in his second.—These different and almost irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of Nature;—of which,—be hers the honour.—All that we can do, is, to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live; that is, I write free from the cares as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes its course; and I write on, as much from the fulness of my heart as my stomach.

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different story.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good——

—And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened

the debate—we should begin to think, Mrs Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We should so,—said my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.——

I think we do, Mr Shandy,—said my mother.——

Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunics.——

He does look very well in them, replied my mother.

——And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

——It would so, said my mother:——But, indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.

——I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.

——I cannot conceive, for my life, said my mother.

——Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am very short myself, continued my father, gravely.

——You are very short, Mr Shandy, said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

——He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

——It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

——I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.

——Exactly, said my mother.

——Though I shall be sorry for that, added my father; and so the debate stopp'd again.

—They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.

——They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

——He cannot, said my mother.

——'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

——Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.

——Except dimity, replied my father.——'Tis best of all, replied my mother.

——One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

——By no means, said my mother;—and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.

——There is no occasion for any, said my mother.

——I mean in his coat and waistcoat, cried my father.

——I mean so too, replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or a top,—Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.

——Order it as you please, Mr Shandy, replied my mother.

——But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

——Perfectly, said my mother; if it pleases you, Mr Shandy.

——There's for you! cried my father, losing temper—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish, Mrs Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night:—and further this chapter sayeth not.

CHAP. XIX.

After my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother, he consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother: for as Rubenius had wrote a quarto *express, De re Vestiaria Veterum*,—it was Rubenius's business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a single word out of Rubenius upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—he gave him a full and satisfactory account of

The Toga, or loose gown;
The Chlamys;
The Ephod;
The Tunica, or Jacket;
The Synthesis;
The Pænula;
The Lacema, with its Cucullus;
The Paludamentum;
The Prætexta;
The Sagum, or soldier's jerkin;
The Trabea; of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.——

But what are all these to the breeches? said my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of shoes which had been in fashion with the Romans:

There was The open shoe;
The close shoe;
The slip shoe;
The wooden shoe;
The sock;
The buskin;
And The military shoe, with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs;
The pattens;
The pantouffles;
The brogues;
The sandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt shoe;
The linen shoe;
The laced shoe;
The braided shoe;
The calceus incisus;
And The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius shewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, straps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.

———But I want to be informed about the breeches, said my father.——

Albertus Rubenius informed my father that the Romans manufactured stuffs of various fabrics:—some plain,—some striped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool with silk and gold:—That linen did not begin to be in common use till towards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians, coming to settle amongst them, brought it into vogue:

—That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great officers) they most affected, and wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings:—That it appeared from the best historians of those times, that they frequently sent their clothes to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened:—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a something coarser texture,—till towards the beginning of Augustus's reign, when the slave dressed like his master, and almost every distinction of habiliment was lost, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And what was the *Latus Clavus*? said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned:—that Egnatius, Sigonius, Bossius Ticinensis, Baysius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Laxius, Isaac Causabon, and Joseph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them:—That some took it to be the button—some the coat itself—others only the colour of it:—That the great Baysius, in his Wardrobe of the Ancients, chap. xii.—honestly said he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a stud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or clasps and keepers.——

My father lost the horse, but not the saddle.——They are *hooks* and *eyes*, said my father;—and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

We are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.

Leave we then the breeches in the tailor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband where he was determined to have it sewed on.

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *Pococurantes* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marseilles as he can:—and last of all,—because the hardest of all,

Let us leave, if possible, *myself*;—but 'tis impossible—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

If the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When *Fate* was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times,—and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined—she gave a nod to *Nature*:—'twas enough,—Nature threw half a spadeful of her kindliest compost upon it, with just so *much* clay in it as to retain the forms of angles and indenting,—and so *little* of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory nasty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flan-

dare; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this:—As soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the design was known)—to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the Corporal to work; and sweetly went it on.—The nature of the soil,—the nature of the work itself,—and, above all, the good nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past-done deeds—left *labour* little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—it was invested;—and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel.—I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, *That the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a single inch for it*;—for my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers: the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's and the Corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing.)—The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodise them, as I once intended, into the body of the work;—surely they had better be printed apart.—We'll consider the affair;—so take the following sketch of them in the meantime:—

CHAP. XXII.

When the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or any how,—but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too:—and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the Corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and so on;—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place,—to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth;—the one with the gazette in his hand,—the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the contents.—What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! what intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow!—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—but what avail apostrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture—but still it was the torture of the happy:—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome drawbridges; of two of which I have given an exact description in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises:—these last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and, during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green,

betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field.——But 'tis not my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

——But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I MUST observe, that, although in the first year's campaign the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Phinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the Corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns, *without one town to shew for it*,—was a very nonsensical way of going to work; and so proposed to my uncle Toby, that they should have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it; but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the style of those of which it was most likely to be the representative;—with grated windows, and the gable-ends of the houses facing the streets, &c. &c.—as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the Corporal proposed, but to have every house independent, to hook on or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased.—This was put directly into hand; and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the Corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

—It answered prodigiously the next summer;—the town was a perfect Proteus.—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau;—and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.

—Surely, never did any *town* act so many parts, since Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.—Trim was for having bells in it.——My uncle Toby said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way, the next campaign, for half-a-dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three and three on each side of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; and, in a short time, these led the way for a train somewhat larger,—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horsical affairs) from pieces of half-an-inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Lisle was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle Toby was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition,—I say proper ammunition,—because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not—for so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers; and so heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

Something therefore was wanting as a *succedaneum*, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination;—and this *something*, the Corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the Corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow,—there was

A Montero-cap and two Turkish tobacco-pipes.

The Montero-cap I shall describe by and by.—The Turkish tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual with flexible tubes of morocco-leather and gold-wire, and mounted at

their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the Corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents more as tokens of his brother's nicety than his affection.—Tom did not care, Trim, he would say, to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe of a Jew.——God bless your Honour, the Corporal would say (giving a strong reason to the contrary)—how can that be?

The Montero-cap was scarlet, of a superfine Spanish cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered;—and seemed to have been the property of a Portuguese quarter-master, not of foot but of horse, as the word denotes.

The Corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own sake, as the sake of the giver, so seldom or never put it on but upon *gala*-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the Corporal was sure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

—'Twas his gift in the present case.

I'll be bound, said the Corporal, speaking to himself, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his Honour's satisfaction.

The completion was no further off than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counter-scarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate of St Andrew;—and on the left, between St Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war,—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides,—and, I must add, the most bloody too (for it cost the allies themselves, that morning, above eleven hundred men)—my uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had lain, inside out, for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bedside, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very first thing he did, in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough side outwards,—put it on.—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches; and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in,—when he considered he should want shaving; and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on,—so took it off.—In essaying to put on his regimental coat and waistcoat, my uncle Toby found the same objection in his wig;—so that went off too.—So that, what with one thing and what with another, as it always falls out when a man is in the most haste,—'twas ten o'clock (which was half-an-hour later than his usual time) before my uncle Toby sallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

My uncle Toby had scarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the Corporal had begun the attack without him.

Let me stop and give you a picture of the Corporal's apparatus, and of the Corporal himself in the height of the attack, just as it struck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the sentry-box, where the Corporal was at work,—for in Nature there is not such another;—nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works produce its equal.

The Corporal——

—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.—Oh, Corporal! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week;—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it.—But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences,—the occasion is lost,—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars, from whence it came—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

But what—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy Master,—the first—the foremost of created beings;—where I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard, with a trembling hand, across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning-horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee:—where all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain,—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum*, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way and that a little in his mind, he soon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the same number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the morocco tube,—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.

—Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man who has read my father's first and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say again, from collision of what kinds of bodies light may or may not be struck out, to carry the Arts and Sciences up to perfection.—Heaven! thou knowest how I love them;—thou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my shirt ——Thou art a fool, Shandy, said Eugenius, for thou hast but a dozen in the world:—and twill break thy set.——

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to satisfy one feverish inquirer, how many sparks, at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it.—Think ye not, that in striking these *in*,—he might, peradventure, strike something *out*? as sure as a gun.

—But this project by the by.

The Corporal sat up the best part of the night, in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the six field-pieces for this end, all close up together in front of my uncle Toby's sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the sake, possibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the Corporal wisely taken his post.—He held the ivory pipe appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand;—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other;—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the Corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross-batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counterscarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two;—but the pleasure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the Corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

CHAP. XXVIII.

My uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the Corporal's hand—looked at it for half-a-minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes, my uncle Toby took the pipe from the Corporal again, and raised it half way to his mouth,—then hastily gave it back a second time.

The Corporal redoubled the attack;—my uncle Toby smiled,—then looked grave,—then smiled for a moment,—then looked serious for a long time.——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——My uncle Toby put it to his lips,—drew it back directly,—gave a peep over the hornbeam-hedge.—Never did my uncle Toby's mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the sentry-box with the pipe in his hand.——

Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the sentry-box with the pipe;—there's no trusting a man's self with such a thing in such a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I BEG the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the scenes;—to remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, if possible, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the rest of his military apparatus out of the way;—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll snuff the candles bright,—sweep the stage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be akin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have seen enough of my uncle Toby in these, to trace these family likenesses betwixt the two passions (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain Science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind,—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, madam, in my uncle Toby, a singleness of heart, which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on, you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;—and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you (when a siege was out of his head) that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my uncle Toby, ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the by, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings, that you might as soon——But where am I going? These reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time which I ought to bestow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate sons of Adam, whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was—(maintaining, first, all misogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off amongst them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish, for their sakes, I had the key of my study out of the draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names;—recollect them I cannot,—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.

There was the great King Aldrovandus, and Bosphorus, and Cappadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Asius,—to say nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of.—There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Persicus, and Prusicus; not one of whom (except Cappadocius and Pontus, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddess.—The truth is, they had all of them something else to do;—and so had my uncle Toby,—till Fate—till Fate, I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with Aldrovandus's and the rest,—she basely patched up the peace of Utrecht.

—Believe me, sirs, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a surfeit of sieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great *motive-monger*, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both much better than you knew it yourself,—would always console my uncle Toby upon these occasions, in a way which shewed plainly he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair so much as the loss of his HOBBY-HORSE.——Never mind, brother Toby, he would say,—by God's blessing, we shall have another war break out again some of these days, and when it does, the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,—or towns without sieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-stroke of my father's at his HOBBY-HORSE kindly.—He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking the horse he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that, upon these occasions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary.—I repeat the observation, and a fact which

contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not easy for my uncle Toby to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the man, and ran so counter to its usual course, that in some parts my uncle Toby, for a time, was at least equal to Tertullus;—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apologetical orations of my uncle Toby, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an insertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is indorsed,

My Brother Toby's Justification of his own Principles and Conduct in wishing to continue the War.

I may safely say, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times; and I think it so fit a model of defence, and shews so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world:—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem;—but if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are. What, I hope, I have been in all these, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to say:—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think: but such as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from the cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it;—such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is that, when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain,—more slaves made,—and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure.—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?——[*The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on these cursed sieges.*]

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it,—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propensity there?—Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Parismus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England, were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money?—Was that selfish, brother Shandy?—When we read over the siege of Troy, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week,—was I not as much concerned for the destruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole school?—Had I not three strokes of a *ferula* given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it?—Did any one of you shed more tears for Hector?—And when King Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

Did that bespeak me cruel?—Or because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.—[*Who told thee, my dear Toby, that Cypress was used by the ancients on mournful occasions?*]

'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life,—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying

about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war:—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for sixpence a-day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?*—But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by *Nature*, that he is so by *necessity?*—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour?*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?—And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and, I hope, in the Corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on we were answering the great end of our creation.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I TOLD the Christian reader;—I say *Christian*,—hoping he is one;—and if he is not, I am sorry for it,—and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book;——

I told him, sir,—for in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy;—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matters starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it,—and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest passages, knowing that the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noon-day can give it,—and now you see I am lost myself!

But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambric, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut out a * * (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt.

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, saith Cardan.—All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out,——I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I TOLD the Christian reader, in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I shall make use of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horse, as it did betwixt the Queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which, as good as says to him,—"I'll go afoot, sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again." Now, my uncle Toby could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner; for, in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all,—his horse rather flung him,—and somewhat *viciously*, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state-jockies as they like;—it created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his Hobby-Horse.—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbours of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The French were so backward all that summer in setting about that affair; and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates of Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the Queen, beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works which might have incurred her displeasure,—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in its naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity:—and the Queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons, * * *

main fortifications of the town.——No; that will never do, Corporal, said my uncle Toby; for, in going that way to work with the town, the English garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because, if the French are treacherous, ——They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal.——It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.——Let them enter it, said the Corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it;—let them enter, an' please your Honour, if they dare.——In cases like this, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise, with his fore-finger extended,—'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare, or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the out-works both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with Fort Louis, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first;—and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;—then we'll demolish the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, Corporal, we'll embark for England.——We *are* there, quoth the Corporal, recollecting himself.——Very true, said my uncle Toby, looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A DELUSIVE, delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of those pleasures which were slipping from under him.—Still—still all went on heavily; the magic left the mind weaker; *Stillness*, with *Silence* at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head; and *Listlessness*, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm-chair.—No longer Amberg and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year; and the prospect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Drusen, and Dendermond, the next,—hurried on the blood:—No longer did saps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and pallisadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repose:—No more could my uncle Toby, after passing the French lines, as he eat his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France, cross over the Oyes, and with all Picardy open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory:—No more was he to dream he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the Bastile, and awake with it streaming in his head.

——Softer visions, gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers; the trumpet of war fell out of his hands; he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate! the most difficult!—How wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXV.

Now, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtship of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the most complete systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addressed to the world,—are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of *what love is*? whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it——

—Or, by a more critical equation, and supposing the whole of love to be as ten, to determine with Ficinus, "*How many parts of it the one, and how many the other?*" or whether it is *all of it one great Devil*, from head to tail? as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of Plato is this; That he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with Doctor Baynyard, who, being a great enemy to blisters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once would draw a man as surely to his grave as a hearse and six,—rashly concluded, that the Devil himself was nothing in the world but one great bouncing *Cantharidis*.

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius:

"Ἐυγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, sir, indeed!*—"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν πάθει"—*and most nobly do you aim at truth, when you philosophize about it in your moods and passions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reason, I should stop to inquire, whether love is a disease,—or embroil myself with Rhasis and Dioscorides, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver;—because this would lead me on to an examination of the two very opposite manners in which patients have been treated,—the one, of Aætius, who always began with a cooling clyster of hemp-seed and bruised cucumbers; and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and purslane, to which he added a pinch of snuff of the herb Hanea; and, where Aætius durst venture it, his topaz ring.

—The other, that of Gordonius, who, in his

cap. 15. *De Amore*, directs they should be thrashed, "*ad satorem usque*,"—till they stink again.

These are disquisitions which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with in the progress of my uncle Toby's affairs. I must anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind almost as much as his amours themselves)—he took a single step into practice; and, by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impose upon the tailor for buckram, whilst he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this:—That whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby, it had a vile effect upon the house; and, if my uncle Toby had not smoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVI.

—'Twill come out of itself, by and by.—All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no further,—and find myself entangled on all sides in this mystic labyrinth,—my opinion will then come in, in course,—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby *fell in love*.

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for, to say a man is *fallen* in love—or that he is *deeply* in love—or *up to the ears* in love—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man.—This is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship,—I hold to be damnable and heretical;—and so much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

—And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation,—so wouldst thou;—for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet, any thing in this world more concupiscible than Widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVII.

To conceive this right,—call for pen and ink;—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, sir, paint her to your own mind;—as like your mistress as you can,—as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you,—'tis all one to me,—please but your own fancy in it.*

Was ever any thing in nature so sweet!—so exquisite!

—Then, dear sir, how could my uncle Toby resist it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which *Malice* will not blacken, and which *Ignorance* cannot misrepresent.

* In the original editions a whole page is left blank here. The meaning of the author, however, is sufficiently indicated by the method now adopted.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

As Susannah was informed, by an express from Mrs Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in love with her mistress fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which express Susannah communicated to my mother the next day,—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr Shandy, quoth my mother, which will surprise you greatly.—

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.

—My brother Toby, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs Wadman!

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again, as long as he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

—That she is not a woman of science, my father would say, is her misfortune;—but she might ask a question.——

My mother never did.—In short, she went out of the world, at last, without knowing whether it *turned round* or *stood still*.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times, which way it was;—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much farther betwixt them than a proposition,—a reply,—and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us, quoth my mother.

——Not a cherry-stone, said my father;—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

——To be sure, said my mother. So here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

——It will be some amusement to him, too, said my father.

——A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.

——Lord have mercy upon me! said my father to himself——* * * * *

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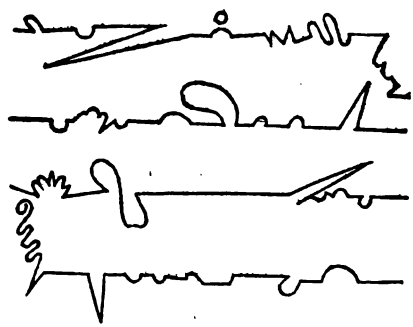
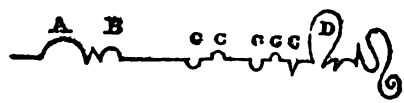
CHAP. XXXIX.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's story, and my own, in a tolerable straight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.*—In the fifth volume I have been very good,—the precise line I have described in it being this:—



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre;—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady Baussiere and her page,—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till John de la Casse's Devils led me the round you see marked D;—for as for *c c c c c*, they are nothing but parentheses, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D,—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume I have done better still,—for from the end of La Fevre's episode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible,—by the good leave of his Grace of Benevento's

* Alluding to the first edition.

Devils,—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:—

---

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it by a writing-master's ruler (borrowed for that purpose) turning neither to the right hand nor the left.

This *right line*,—the pathway for Christians to walk in! say divines,——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! says Cicero,——

——The *best line!* say cabbage-planters,——is the shortest line, says Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart, in your next birth-day suits!

—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines,—by what mistake,—who told them so,—or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of *gravitation*?

Vol VII

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

No;—I think I said, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough, which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the Devil, would but give me leave;—and in another place—(but where I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it,—I swore it should be kept a-going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the Fountain of Life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now, as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge,—nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations)—that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for. Cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green: in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope; and when *Death* himself knocked at my door,—ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.

"—There must certainly be some mistake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse than to be interrupted in a story;—and I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one, in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish; and of a monk damn'd for eating a muscle; and was shewing him the rounds and justice of the procedure.

"——Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death?——Thou hast had a narrow escape, Tristram, said Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story.

But there is no *living*, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings——

——You call him rightly, said Eugenius;—for by sin, we are told, he entered the world.—I care not which way he entered, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him,—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do, which nobody in the world will say and do for me except thyself; and as thou seest he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scattered spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me,—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?——'Tis my advice, my dear Tristram, said Eugenius.——Then, by Heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of;—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne;—and if I hear him clattering at my heels,—I'll scamper away to Mount Vesuvius;—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.——

He runs more risk *there*, said Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished:—'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in: he led me to my chaise.——*Allons!* said I;—the post-boy gave a crack with his whip,—off I went like a cannon, and at half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. II.

Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coast,—a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad;—and I never gave a peep into Rochester church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or visited St Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three lay in my way.

—But mine, indeed, is a particular case.

—So, without arguing the matter further with Thomas o'Becket, or any one else,—I skipped into the boat, and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

Pray, Captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by Death in this passage?——

Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it, replied he.——What a cursed liar! for I am sick as a horse, quoth I, already.—What a brain!—upside down!—hey-day!—the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fixed and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass!—good G—! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools.—I'd give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it.—

Sick! sick! sick! sick!——

When shall we get to land, Captain?—they have hearts like stones.—O, I am deadly sick!—Reach me that thing, boy:—'tis the most discomfiting sickness——I wish I was at the bottom.—Madam, how is it with you?——Undone! undone! un——O! undone, sir.——What! the first time?——No; 'tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, sir.——Hey-day!—what a trampling over head!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?——

The wind chopp'd about.——a'Death!—then I shall meet him full in the face.

——What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, master.——O the Devil chop it!——

Captain, quoth she, for Heaven's sake, let us get ashore.

CHAP. III.

It is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris; in behalf of which, there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, The road by Lisle and Arras, which is the most about,—but most interesting and instructing:—

The Second, That by Amiens, which you may go, if you would see Chantilly.—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go if you will.

For this reason, a great many chuse to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

"Now, before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would say, "it would not be amiss to give some account of it."—Now I think it very much amiss,—that a man cannot go quietly through a town and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o' my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have *wrote and galloped*,—or who have *galloped and wrote*, which is a different way still; or who, for more expedition than the rest, have *wrote galloping*,—which is the way I do at present,—from the great Addison, who did it with his satchell of school-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke, there is not a galloper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly on his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-shod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal,—I know no more of Calais (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out; and yet, by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another,—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town,—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itself;—and where, sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I,—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of Ephesus?—It should be penned, moreover, sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision——

—Nay,—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

Calais, Calatium, Calusium, Calesium.

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place,—was *once* no more than a small village, belonging to one of the first Counts de Guignes; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants,

exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs,—it must have grown up, by little and little, I suppose, to its present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town. I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em;—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it must be considerably large;—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another.—It is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but sufficiently strong at the same time.—It is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a masterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near sixty feet high:—had it been much higher, it had been as high as Mount Calvary itself;—therefore I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the great square; though I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it. Could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square;—not that it is properly a square,—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west than from north to south; so that the French in general have more reason on their side in calling them places than squares, which, strictly speaking, to be sure, they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place: it answers, however, its destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain: 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen: it consists of a number of small streets, neatly built, and mostly of brick. 'Tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may see it, to satisfy himself:—he must not omit, however, taking notice of La Tour de Guet, upon any account; 'tis so called from its particular destination, because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land;—but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it if you would.

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world; and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were set about by Philip of France, Count of Bologne, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost (as I learnt afterwards from an engineer in Gascony)—above a hundred millions of livres.—It is very remarkable, that at the Tête de Gravelenes, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the outworks stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large track of ground. However, after all that is *said* and *done*, it must be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from its situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors, upon all occasions, into France. It was not without its inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the English in those times, than Dunkirk has been to us, in ours; so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms; which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these, the siege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea) was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last, but by famine and extreme misery; the gallantry of Eustace de St Pierre, who first offered himself a victim for his fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes.—As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic transaction, as well as of the siege itself, in Rapin's own words:—

CHAP. VI.

——But, courage, gentle reader!—I scorn it:—'tis enough to have thee in my power; but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much.—No!—by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages, which I have no right to sell thee,—naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north wind brought me neither my tent nor my supper.

So put on, my brave boy! and make the best of my way to Boulogne.

CHAP. VII.

Boulogne!—hah!—so we are all got together,—debtors and sinners before Heaven, a jolly set of us;—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you,—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses:—for Heaven's sake, make haste.——'Tis for high-treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood next him.——Or else for murder, quoth the tall man.—Well thrown, Size-ace! quoth I.——No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing——

Ah! ma chere fille! said I, as she tripped by from her matins,—you look as rosy as the morning (for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious) ——No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(she made a court'sy to me,—I kissed my hand) 'tis debt, continued he.——'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth.——I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth Ace, for a thousand pounds.——Nor would I, quoth Size, for six times the sum.——Well thrown, Size-ace again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of *Nature;* and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.—How can you be so hard-hearted, madam, to arrest a poor traveller going along, without molestation to any one, upon his lawful occasions? Do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner, who is posting after me.—He never would have followed me but for you,—if it be but for a stage or two, just to give me start of him, I beseech you, madam——Do, dear lady.

Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Irish host, that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.

Simpleton! quoth I.

So you have nothing *else* in Boulogne worth seeing?——

By Jasus! there is the finest *Seminary* for the *Humanities.*

There cannot be a finer, quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

When the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in,—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "the most haste the "worst speed," was all the reflection I made upon the affair the first time it happened:—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:—

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise, upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:—

A French postilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!—a rope's broke!—a knot has slipt!—a staple's drawn!—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, wants altering.

Now, true as all this is, I never think myself empowered to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise or its driver; nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go on foot ten thousand times,—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another;—but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be be a-wanting, or wants altering, travel where I will;—so I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.—Do so, my lad, said I—he had lost five minutes already in alighting, in order to get a luncheon of black bread, which he had crammed into the chaise-pocket, and was remounted, and going leisurely on, to relish it the better.—Get on, my lad, said I, briskly—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable; for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him as he looked back. The dog grinned intelligence from his right ear to his left; and behind his sooty muzzle discovered such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.

Just Heaven! { What masticators! / What bread!

and so, as he finished the last mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

There is not a town in all France which, in my opinion, looks better in the map than Montreuil,—I own, it does not look so well in the book of post-roads:—but when you come to see it,—to be sure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at present very handsome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter.—She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and six at Paris, in going through her classes: so knits, and sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.

A slut! in running them over within these

five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking.—Yes, yes,—I see, you cunning gipsy!—'tis long and taper,—you need not pin it to your knee:—and that 'tis your own,—and fits you exactly.

That Nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue's thumb!*

But as this sample is worth all their thumbs,—besides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing,—may I never draw more; or rather, may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength, all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil as if I had her in the wettest drapery.

But your worships chuse rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish-church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of St Austreberte, which has been transported from Artois hither:—every thing is just I suppose as the masons and carpenters left them;—and if the belief in Christ continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come;—so your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisures;—but he who measures thee, Janatone, must do it now;—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame: and, considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment: ere twice twelve months are past and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes;—or thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty;—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy, and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my aunt Dinah, was she alive;—'faith, scarce for her picture, were it but painted by Reynolds.—

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of Apollo, I'll be shot.

So you must e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in passing through Montreuil, you will see at your chaise-door, as you change horses; but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have,—you had better stop.—She has a little of the *devote:* but that, sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.—

L— help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued and repiqued, and capotted to the Devil.

CHAP. X.

All which being considered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined,—I wish I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to see how they card and spin:—so off we set.

* *de Montreuil a Nampont-poste et demi*
de Nampont a Berney - - poste
de Bernay a Nouvion - - poste
de Nouvion a Abbeville - - poste

—but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

What a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

Was I in a condition to stipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyster,—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself,—but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, That the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house,—but rather in some decent inn——At home I know it; the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale Affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of; but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention;—but mark:—This inn should not be the inn at Abbeville;—if there was not another in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning——Yes, by four, sir,—or, by Genevieve! I'll raise a clatter in the house shall wake the dead.

CHAP. XIII.

"*Make them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days;

* Vide Book of French Post-Roads, page 36, edition of 1762.

and, therefore, as thinketh the great Bishop Hall, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which David ever uttered against the enemies of the Lord,—and, as if he had said, "I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about."—So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of Heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that so much of motion, is so much of life, and so much of joy;—and that to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil.

—Hollo! Ho!—the whole world's asleep!—bring out the horses,—grease the wheels,—tie on the mail,—and drive a nail into that moulding;—I'll not lose a moment.

Now, the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in Palestine at that time or not;—and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel, groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their "χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος, ἵνα τὸ καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"—[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*" No man thinks right whilst he is in it; blinded as he must be with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre—*Reason* is, half of it, *Sense;* and the measure of Heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.——

——But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be mostly in the wrong?

——You, certainly, quoth she, to disturb a whole family so early.

CHAP. XIV.

——But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to Paris;—yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing;—'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which Lessius (*lib.* 13. *de Moribus Divinis, cap.* 24.) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damned to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate,—unless from the parental goodness of God,—I don't know:—I am much more at a loss what could be in Franciscus Ribbera's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number;—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius's time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them less *now;*

——And next winter we shall find them less again; so that, if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we shall have no souls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewise of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill be one advantage, that both of 'em will be exactly worn out together.

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails.—What jovial times!—but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination?——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

——"So hating, I say, to make mysteries of *nothing*,"—I intrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones: he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse trotting, and a sort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly-au-Clochers, famed in days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without music,—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France.)

And so making all possible speed, from Ailly-au-Clochers, I got to Hixcourt; from Hixcourt, I got to Perquignay; and from Perquignay, I got to Amiens; concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before,—and that was, that Janatone went there to school.

CHAP. XVI.

In the whole catalogue of those whiffling vexations which come puffing across a man's canvas, there is not one of a more teasing or tormenting nature than this particular one which I am going to describe,—and for which, (unless

you travel with an *avance-courier*, which numbers do, in order to prevent it) there is no help; and it is this:—

That be you in ever so kindly a propensity to sleep,—though you are passing perhaps through the finest country, upon the best roads, and in the easiest carriage for doing it in the world;—nay, was you sure you could sleep fifty miles straight forwards, without once opening your eyes;—nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively satisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you should upon all accounts be full as well asleep as awake,—nay, perhaps, better;—yet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage,—with the necessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen sous (sous by sous) puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above six miles of it (or, supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)—were it to save your soul from destruction.

——I'll be even with 'em, quoth I; for I'll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I shall have nothing to do," said I (composing myself to rest) "but to drop this gently into the post-boy's hat, and not say a word."—Then there wants two sous more to drink,—or there is a twelve sous piece of Louis XIV., which will not pass,—or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouse him: still is sweet sleep retrievable; and still might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows;—but then, by Heaven! you have paid but for a single post,—whereas 'tis a post and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of post-roads, the print of which is so very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: Then Monsieur le Curé offers you a pinch of snuff,—or a poor soldier shews you his leg,—or a shaveling his box,—or the priestesse of the cistern will water your wheels;—they do not want it;—but she swears by her *priesthood* (throwing it back) that they do:—then you have all these points to argue, or consider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakened,—you may get them to sleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or I had passed clean by the stables of Chantilly.

——But the postilion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two sous piece, I opened my eyes to be convinced;—and seeing the mark upon it as plain as my nose,—I leaped out of the chaise in a passion, and so saw every thing at Chantilly in spite.—I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood,—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St Dennis, without turning my head so much as on the side towards the Abbey——

Richness of their treasury!—stuff and nonsense!—Bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but Jaidas's lantern;—nor for that neither, only, as it grows dark, it might be of use.

CHAP. XVII.

Crack, crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack;—so this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the same mood)—and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris! cried I, repeating the name the third time,——

The first, the finest, the most brilliant!

The streets, however, are nasty.

But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells.—Crack, crack,—crack, crack;—what a fuss thou makest!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a postilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco!——Crack, crack,—crack, crack,—crack, crack.——I wish thy whip——

——But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the School of Urbanity herself, if the walls are besh-t,—how can you do otherwise?

And, prithee, when do they light the lamps? What!—never in the summer months!—Ho! 'tis the time of sallads.—O rare! sallad and soup,—soup and sallad,—sallad and soup, *encore*—

—'Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it. How can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? don't you see, friend, the streets are so villainously narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheelbarrow? In the grandest city of the whole world it would not have been amiss if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) on which side of it he was walking.

One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—Ten cooks' shops! and twice the number of barbers'! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint consent, had said,—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating;—they are all *gourmands*;—we shall rank high; if their god is their belly,—their cooks must be gentlemen: and, forasmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*,

and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig,—*ergo*, would the barbers say, we shall rank higher still,—we shall be above you all,—we shall be *Capitouls** at least,—*pardi!* we shall all wear swords:

—And so, one would swear (that is by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

The French are certainly misunderstood:—but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves; or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us;—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know "what they would be at,"—I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen Paris, have seen every thing,*" they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As for candle-light,—I give it up;—I have said before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again;—but not because the lights and shades are too sharp,—or the tints confounded,—or that there is neither beauty nor keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth;—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, that in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris;—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are best to be *seen, felt, heard,* and *understood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the Devil a one of us, out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis simply this:—

That by the last survey taken in the year 1716, since which time there have been considerable augmentations,—Paris doth contain nine hundred streets, (*viz.*)

In the quarter called the City, there are fifty-three streets;
In St James of the Shambles, fifty-five streets;
In St Oportune, thirty-four streets;
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five streets;
In the Palace Royal, or St Honorius, forty-nine streets;
In Mont Martyr, forty-one streets;
In St Eustace, twenty-nine streets;
In the Halles, twenty-seven streets;
In St Dennis, fifty-five streets;
In St Martin, fifty-four streets;
In St Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-seven streets;
The Greve, thirty-eight streets;
In St Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen streets;
In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two streets;
In St Anthony, sixty-eight streets;
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one streets;
In St Bennet, sixty streets;
In St Andrew de Arcs, fifty-one streets;
In the quarter of the Luxembourgh, sixty-two streets;
And in that of St Germain, fifty-five streets;

into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light,—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues - - - and have crusaded it, moreover, through all their parish-churches, by no means omitting St Roche and Sulplice; - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see, either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you chuse,

—Then you will have seen——

—but 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourself, upon the portico of the Louvre, in these words:—

Earth no such folks!—no folks e'er such a town
As Paris is!—sing Derry, derry, down.†

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

In mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *spleen*;—especially if he has any thing to say upon it. Not that by any analysis,—or that from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature;—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men,—not knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other;—which point being now gained, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here,

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I still continue in the same sentiments;—only I had not then experience enough

* Chief Magistrate at Toulouse, &c.

† Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla parem.

of its working to add this, That though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason, I here quit it entirely, and for ever; and 'tis heartily at one's service:—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out;—and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.

—No;—I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people,—their genius,—their manners,—their customs,—their laws,—their religion,—their government,—their manufactures,—their commerce,—their finances, with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them; qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my inquiries and reflections.—

—Still,—still I must away,—the roads are paved,—the posts are short,—the days are long,—'tis no more than noon,—I shall be at Fontainbleau before the King.

—Was he going there? Not that I know.

CHAP. XX.

Now I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis considerandis;* thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them,—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them,—'tis a wonder they get on at all. Their suffering is most unchristian; and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words * * * * * * and * * * * * *, in which there is as much sustenance as if you gave them a peck of corn. Now as these words cost nothing, I long, from my soul, to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question,—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct articulation, or it will answer no end;—and yet to do it in that plain way,—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber,—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour; for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device, or *facette* contrivance, I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chuses to *lend* me,—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

—My ink burns my finger to try; and when I have,—'twill have a worse consequence,—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No;—I dare not.

But if you wish to know how the Abbess of Andoüillets and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

CHAP. XXI.

The Abbess of Andoüillets, which, if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at Paris, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *anchylosis*, or stiff joint (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy:—First, Prayers and thanksgivings;—then invocations to all the saints in Heaven, promiscuously;—then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her;—then touching it with all the relics of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lystra, who had been impotent from his youth; then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed;—then cross-wise her rosary;—then bringing into her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals;—then treating it with emollient and resolving fomentations;—then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fenugreek;—then taking the woods, I mean the smoke of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap;—then decoctions of wild chicory, water-cresses, chervil, sweet cecily, and cochlearia; and nothing all this while answering, was prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of Bourbon:—so having first obtained leave of the visitor-general to take care of her existence,—she ordered all to be got ready for her journey. A novice of the convent, of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the Abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gained such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calash, belonging to the Abbess, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun. The gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails; whilst a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled;—the under-gardener dressed the muleteer's hat in hot winelees;—and a tailor sat musically at it, in a shed over against the convent, in assorting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.

——The carpenter and the smith of Andoü-

illets held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all looked spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon.—Two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

The Abbess of Andoüillets, supported by Margarita the novice, advanced slowly to the calash, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts.

—There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calash; the nuns in the same uniform, sweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the Abbess and Margarita looked up,—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each streamed out the end of her veil in the air,—then kissed the lily hand which let it go. The good Abbess and Margarita laid their hands saint-wise upon their breasts,—looked up to heaven,—then to them,—and looked "God bless you, dear sisters."

I declare I am interested in this story, and wish I had been there.

The gardener, whom I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; so had mortgaged a month of his conventicle wages in a borrachio, or leathern-cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calash, with a large russet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the sun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode,—he found more occasions than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till, by frequent coming and going, it had so happened, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finished.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry,—the evening was delicious,—the wine was generous,—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep,—a little tempting bush, over the door of a cool cottage, at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions,—a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves,—"Come,—come,—thirsty muleteer,—come in."

—The muleteer was a son of Adam: I need not say one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a sound lash, and looking in the Abbess's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to say, "here I am,"—he gave a second good crack,—as much as to say to his mules, "get on;"—so slinking behind, he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of tomorrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his scantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; so entering into a long conversation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c. and out of friendship for the Abbess and Mademoiselle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c. &c.—and as how she had got a white swelling by her devotions;—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg,—she might as well be lame of both, &c. &c. &c.—He so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it,—and with her the little novice; and, what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both,—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them,—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men, and women, and beasts are)—they do it side-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways,—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—Philosophers, with all their ethics, have never considered this rightly:—how should the poor muleteer then, in his cups, consider it at all? He did not in the least;—'tis time we do. Let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men,—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the Abbess, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquered about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side-glance, and no muleteer behind them,——

By my fig! said she, swearing, I'll go no further.——And if I do, replied the other, they shall make a drum of my hide.

—And so, with one consent, they stopped thus——

CHAP. XXII.

——Get on with you, said the Abbess.

——Wh - - - - - ysh, —ysh, —ysh, —cried Margarita.

——Sh - - - a, —shu - u, —shu - u, —sh - - aw, —shaw'd the Abbess.

——Whu—v—w, —whew—w—w——— whuv'd Margarita, pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

Thump,—thump,—thump,—obstreperated the Abbess of Andoüillets, with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the calash.

——The old mule let a f—

CHAP. XXIII.

We are ruined and undone, my child, said the Abbess to Margarita;—we shall be here all

night:—we shall be plundered—we shall be ravished!

——We shall be ravished, said Margarita, as sure as a gun.

——*Sancta Maria!* cried the Abbess (forgetting the *O!*)—why was I governed by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?——

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*,—why was I not content to put it here, or there, or any where, rather than be in this strait?

——Strait! said the Abbess.

——Strait!—said the novice; for terror had struck their understandings,—the one knew not what she said,—the other what she answered.

——O my virginity! virginity! cried the Abbess.

——inity!—inity! said the novice, sobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

My dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herself,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or not: be he ever so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them uttered, he obeys.——They are words magic! cried the Abbess, in the utmost horror.——No, replied Margarita, calmly,—but they are words sinful——What are they? quoth the Abbess, interrupting her.——They are sinful in the first degree, answered Margarita;—they are mortal;—and if we are ravished and die unabsolved of them, we shall both—— But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the Abbess of Andoüillets.——They cannot, my dear mother, said the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face.——But you may whisper them in my ear, quoth the Abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? Was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed?—no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the muleteer from his banquet?—no sweet minstrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the Abbess and Margarita, with their black rosaries?

Rouse! rouse!—but 'tis too late;—the horrid words are pronounced this moment,——and how to tell them,——Ye, who can speak of every thing existing with unpolluted lips,—instruct me,—guide me!——

CHAP. XXV.

All sins whatever, quoth the Abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further division.—Now, a venial sin being the slightest and least of all sins,—being halved,—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the rest,—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person,—in course becomes diluted into no sin at all.

Now I see no sin in saying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger*, were it from our matins to our vespers.—Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the Abbess of Andoüillets,—I will say *bou*, and thou shalt say *ger*; and then alternately as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*:—thou shalt say *fou*,—and I will come in (like fa, sol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter*:—and accordingly the Abbess, giving the pitch-note, set off thus:

Abbess, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbess, } ——ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no further.——'Twill answer by and by, said the novice.——

Abbess, } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita, } ——ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker still.—God preserve me! said the Abbess.——They do not understand us, cried Margarita.——But the devil does, said the Abbess of Andoüillets.

CHAP. XXVI.

What a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm sun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I seen, during the time you have been reading and reflecting, madam, upon this story!—There's Fontainbleau, and Sens, and Joigny, and Auxerre, and Dijon the capital of Burgundy, and Challon, and Mâcon the capital of the Mâconese, and a score more upon the road to Lyons;—and now I have run them over,—I might as well talk to you of so many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next entirely lost, do what I will.——

Why, 'tis a strange story! Tristram.

——Alas! madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross,—the peace of meekness, or the contentment of resignation,—I had not been incommoded; or had I thought of writing it

upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom, and holiness, and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever, —you would have come with a better appetite from it.——

I wish I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out,—let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

Pray reach me my fool's cap:—I fear you sit upon it, madam;—'tis under the cushion:—I'll put it on.——

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.—There then let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum,—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dum - c.

And now, madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XXVII.

All you need say of Fountainbleau (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south *something*) from Paris, in the middle of a large forest:—that there is something great in it:—that the King goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chace; and that, during that carnival of sporting, any English gentleman of fashion (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to outgallop the King——

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

First, Because 'twill make the said nags the harder to be got; and,

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for Sens, you may dispatch it in a word;—" 'Tis an archiepiscopal see."

For Joigny,—the less, I think, one says of it, the better.

But for Auxerre, I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense)—and she not caring to be put out of her way, she staid at home, at Shandy Hall, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I say, my father stopping us two days at Auxerre, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a desert,—he has left me enough to say upon Auxerre. In short, wherever my father went;—but 'twas more remarkably so in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other stages of his life;—his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other travellers have gone before him,—he saw kings, and courts, and silks of all colours, in such strange lights;—and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners, and customs of the countries we passed over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my uncle Toby and Trim —(to say nothing of myself;)—and to crown all,—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatry,—they were of so odd, so mixed and tragi-comical a contexture,—that the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of Europe which was ever executed,—that I will venture to pronounce,—the fault must be mine, and mine only,—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more, —or,—which comes to the same point,—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to stand still.

But this rich bale is not to be opened now, except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at Auxerre.

As I have mentioned it—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there is an end of it.——

We'll go, brother Toby, said my father, whilst dinner is codling,—to the abbey of Saint Germain, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given such a recommendation.——I'll go see any body, quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey.——Defend me! said my father,—they are all mummies.——Then one need not shave, quoth my uncle Toby.——Shave! no,—cried my father,—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on.——So out we sallied, the Corporal lending his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of St Germain.——

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent, said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a younger brother of the order of Benedictines;—but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given the world so exact a description.——The sacristan made a bow, and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose, he led us into the tomb of St Heribald. ——This, said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the house of Bavaria, who, under the successive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonnair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline.——

Then he has been as great, said my uncle, in

the field as in the cabinet——I dare say he has been a gallant soldier.——He was a monk,—said the sacristan.——

My uncle Toby and Trim sought comfort in each other's faces,—but found it not.—My father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him: for though he hated a monk, and the very smell of a monk, worse than all the Devils in hell,—yet, the shot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim so much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayest humour in the world.——

And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather sportingly.——This tomb, said the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of St Maxima, who came from Ravenna on purpose to touch the body——

Of St Maximus, said my father, popping in with his saints before him,—they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology, added my father.——Excuse me, said the sacristan,—'twas to touch the bones of St Germain, the builder of the abbey.——And what did she get by it? said my uncle Toby.——What does any woman get by it? said my father.——*Martyrdom*, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with so humble but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment.—'Tis supposed, continued the Benedictine, that St Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.——'Tis but a slow rise, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this self-same army of martyrs.——A desperate slow one, an please your Honour, said Trim, unless one could purchase.——I should rather sell out entirely, quoth my uncle Toby.——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby, said my father.——

Poor St Maxima! said my uncle Toby, low to himself, as we turned from her tomb.——She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the sacristan.——But who the deuce has got lain down here, beside her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on.——It is Saint Optat, sir, answered the sacristan.——And properly is Saint Optat placed! said my father: And what is Saint Optat's story? continued he.——Saint Optat, replied the sacristan, was a bishop.—

——I thought so, by Heaven! cried my father, interrupting him;—Saint Optat!—how should Saint Optat fail?—So snatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names; and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that, had he found a treasure in Saint Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half so rich: 'twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleased with all that had passed in it,—that he determined at once to stay another day in Auxerre.

——I'll see the rest of these good gentry tomorrow, said my father, as we crossed over the square.——And while you are paying that visit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, the Corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——Now this is the most puzzled skein of all;—for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has help'd me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen;—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter.—There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and, by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-place of Auxerre, with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner;—and I am this moment also entering Lyons, with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces;—and I am, moreover, this moment in a handsome pavilion, built by Pringello,* upon the banks of the Garonne, which Mons. Slignac has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodizing all these affairs.

——Let me collect myself, and pursue my journey.

CHAP. XXIX.

I AM glad of it, said I, settling the account with myself, as I walked into Lyons,—my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me.—I am heartily glad, said I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres;—and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules,—or asses, if I like (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of Languedoc for almost nothing:—I shall gain

* The same Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanish architect, of whom my cousin Anthony has made such honourable mention, in a scholium to the Tale inscribed to his name.—Vid. p. 129, small edit.

four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purse; and pleasure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, shall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the Vivares on my right hand, and Dauphiny on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of Vienne, Valence, and Vivieres! What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the Hermitage and Cotê Roti, as I shoot by the foot of them! and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilom rescued the distressed;—and see, vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her!

As I went on thus, methought my chaise, the wreck of which looked stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in its size; the freshness of the painting was no more,—the gilding lost its lustre,—and the whole affair appeared so poor in my eyes!—so sorry!—so contemptible!—and, in a word, so much worse than the Abbess of Andoüillet's itself,—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the Devil,—when a pert, vamping chaise-undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted. ——No, no, said I, shaking my head side-ways. ——Would Monsieur choose to sell it? rejoined the undertaker.——With all my soul, said I;—the iron-work is worth forty livres,—and the glasses worth forty more,—and the leather you may take to live on.

——What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this post-chaise brought me in! And this is my usual method of book-keeping, at least with the disasters of life,—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me.

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the most oppressive of its kind, which could befal me as a man, proud as he ought to be of his manhood.

'Tis enough, saidst thou, coming close up to me, as I stood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* passed——'Tis enough, Tristram, and I am satisfied, saidst thou, whispering these words in my ear, * * * * * * *;— * * * * ——any other man would have sunk down to the centre.

——Every thing is good for something, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for six weeks, and drink goat's whey,—and I'll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable for blaming Fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchess, as I called her, with so many small evils. Surely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not sent me great ones:—a score of good cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

—One of a hundred a-year, or so, is all I wish:—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

To those who call vexations, *vexations*, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day in Lyons, the most opulent and flourishing city in France, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity,—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon *any* account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation,—must certainly be what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two dishes of milk-coffee (which, by the by, is excellently good for a consumption; but you must boil the milk and coffee together,—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, said I, looking at my list, and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of Lippius of Basil, in the first place.

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism;—I have neither genius, nor taste, nor fancy,—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel,—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one,—and stood by with as much patience as any Christian ever could do at the other.

I'll go see the surprising movements of this great clock, said I, the very first thing I do: and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian, but) in the Chinese language, and in the Chinese character too.

Now, I almost know as little of the Chinese language, as I do of the mechanism of Lippius's clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list,—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own, it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my valet de place, who

stood behind me,—'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St Irenæus, and see the pillar to which Christ was tied;—and, after that, the house where Pontius Pilate lived.——'Twas at the next town, said the valet de place, at Vienne. ——I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace;—"for so much the sooner shall I be at the *Tomb of the Two Lovers.*"

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this,—I might leave to the curious too; but, as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it,—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! THERE is a sweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else)—a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny—

Amandus—He,
Amanda—She,——

each ignorant of the other's course;

He—east,
She—west:

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princess of Morocco, falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison for the love of his Amanda.

She (Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with dishevelled hair, o'er rocks and mountains, inquiring for Amandus!—Amandus! Amandus!—making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city, sitting down forlorn at the gate:——Has Amandus!—Has my Amandus entered?——till,—going round, and round, and round the whole world,—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well-known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus } still alive?
Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a soft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain than all the Frusts, and Crusts, and Rusts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that stuck on the right side of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *strained* into it; and finding, moreover, in some Itinerary, but in what, God knows,—that sacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers called upon them to attest their truths,—I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, somehow or other, come in at the close; nay, such a kind of empire had it established over me, that I could seldom think or speak of Lyons;—and sometimes, not so much as see even a Lyons-waistcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have often said, in my wild way of running on,—though I fear with some irreverence,—"I thought this shrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and so little short, except in wealth, of the *Santa Casa* itself, that, sometime or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other business at Lyons) on purpose to pay it a visit."

In my list, therefore, of Videnda at Lyons, this, though *last*,—was not, you see, *least*; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just whilst it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Basse Cour*, in order to sally forth; and having called for my bill,—as it was uncertain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it,—had, moreover, given the maid ten sous, and was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône, —when I was stopped at the gate.

CHAP. XXXII.

'TWAS by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike;—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, —whether in town or country,—in cart, or under panniers,—whether in liberty or bondage,—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance,—and where those carry me not deep enough,—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think,—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this; for parrots, jackdaws, &c. I never exchange a word with them,—nor with apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by wrote, as the others speak by it, and

equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and, for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation;—I can make nothing of a discourse with them beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations in his beds of justice;—and those uttered,—there's an end of the dialogue.

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

—Come, Honesty! said I,—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate,—art thou for coming in or going out?

——The ass twisted his head round, to look up the street.

——Well, replied I, we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

I understand thee perfectly, answered I;—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death.—Well, a minute is but a minute, and, if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again.—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't,—and many a bitter day's labour,—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages!—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others!—And now, thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of *'em*, which I had just purchased, and gave him one,—and, at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon,—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in;—the poor beast was heavy loaded,—his legs seemed to tremble under him,—he hung rather backwards; and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand.—He looked up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it;—but, if you will, you may."——"If I do," said I, "I'll be d——d."

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the Abbess of Andoüillets—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I;—but the interjection was equivocal, and, I think, wrong placed too,—for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches-pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine;—so that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here;—but this I leave to be settled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

CHAP. XXXIII.

When all was set to rights, I came down stairs again into the *Basse Cour* with my valet de place, in order to sally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopped at the gate;—not by the ass,—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand, for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

Upon what account? said I.——'Tis upon the part of the King, replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders.

——My good friend, quoth I,—as sure as I am I,—and you are you,——

——And who are you? said he.

——Don't puzzle me, said I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

—But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration,—that I owe the King of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world.

Pardonnez moi,—replied the commissary; you are indebted to him six livres four sous for the next post from hence to St Fons, in your route to Avignon;—which being a post-royal, you pay double for the horses and postillion,—otherwise 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two sous.

——But I don't go by land, said I.

——You may, if you please, replied the commissary.

——Your most obedient servant,—said I, making him a low bow.

The commissary, with all the sincerity of grave good-breeding,—made me one as low again.—I never was more disconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The devil take the serious character of these people! quoth I—(aside)—they understand no more of *irony* than this——

The comparison was standing close by with his panniers, but something sealed up my lips; —I could not pronounce the name.

—Sir, said I, collecting myself,—it is not my intention to take post.

——But you may,—said he, persisting in his first reply;—you may take post, if you chuse.

——And I may take salt to my pickled herring, said I, if I chuse——

——But I do not chuse.

——But you must pay for it whether you do or no.

——Ay! for the salt, said I (I know)

——And for the post too, added he.——Defend me! cried I——

——I travel by water;—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon;—my baggage is in the boat,—and I have actually paid nine livres for my passage.

——*C'est tout egal*,—'tis all one, said he.

——*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'est tout egal*, replied the commissary.

——The devil it is! said I;—but I will go to ten thousand Bastiles first.

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good sense! thou tenderest of mothers, and gentlest of nurses! cried I, kneeling upon one knee as I was beginning my apostrophe,—

When the director of Madame Le Blanc's conscience coming in at that instant, and seeing a person in black, with a face as pale as ashes, at his devotions,—looking still paler by the contrast and distress of his drapery,—asked if I stood in want of the aids of the church—

——I go by *water*, said I;—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by *oil!*

CHAP. XXXV.

As I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have his six livres four sous, I had nothing else for it, but to say some smart thing upon the occasion, worth the money:

And so I set off thus:—

And pray, Mr Commissary, by what law of courtesy is a defenceless stranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a Frenchman in this matter?

——By no means, said he.

——Excuse me, said I;—for you have begun, sir, with first tearing off my breeches,—and now want my pocket.

Whereas,—had you first taken my pocket, as you do with your own people,—and then left me bare-a—'d after,—I had been a beast to have complained.

As it is,—

—'Tis contrary to the *law of nature*,

—'Tis contrary to *reason*,

—'Tis contrary to the *Gospel*.

——But not to this,—said he—putting a printed paper into my hand:—

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I;—and so read on — — — —

— — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — —

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— — — — — — — —

—By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from Paris,—he must go on travelling in one all the days of his life,—or pay for it.——Excuse me, said the commissary, the spirit of the ordinance is this:—That if you set out with an intention of running post from Paris to Avignon, &c. you shall not change that intention, or mode of travelling, without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts further than the place you repent at;—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, That the *Revenues* are not to fall short through your *fickleness*.

——O, by Heavens! cried I,—if fickleness is taxable in France,—we have nothing to do but to make the best peace with you we can.

And so the Peace was made;

—And if it is a bad one,—as Tristram Shandy laid the corner-stone of it,—nobody but Tristram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Though I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat pocket for my remarks—(which, by the by, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) —"my remarks were *stolen*."—Never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

Heaven! earth! sea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I should,—my remarks are stolen!—What shall I do?—Mr Commissary! pray did I drop any remarks as I stood beside you?——

You dropp'd a good many very singular ones, replied he.——Pugh! said I, those were but a few, not worth above six livres two sous;—but these are a large parcel.——He shook his head. ——Monsieur Le Blanc! Madame Le Blanc! did you see any papers of mine?—You, maid of the house, run up stairs—François, run up after her!

— I must have my remarks;—they were the best remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wisest,—the wittiest.—What shall I do?—Which way shall I turn myself?

Sancho Pança, when he lost his ass's *furniture*, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

When the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them,—it then presently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaise;—and that in selling my chaise, I had sold my remarks along with it, to the chaise-vamper.

I leave this void space, that the reader may swear into it any oath he is most accustomed to.—For my own part, if ever I swore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—*********, said I; and so my remarks through France, which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat,—and as well worth four hundred guineas as the said egg is worth a penny—have I been selling here to a chaise-vamper,—for four Louis-d'ors;—and giving him a post-chaise (by Heaven!) worth six into the bargain; had it been to Dodsley, or Becket, or any creditable bookseller, who was either leaving off business, and wanted a post-chaise,—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them,—I could have borne it; but to a chaise-vamper!—Shew me to him this moment, François, said I.——The valet de place put on his hat, and led the way;—and I pull'd off mine as I pass'd the commissary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

When we arrived at the chaise-vamper's house, both the house and the shop were shut up; it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God.

—Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi,—the whole world was going out a May-poling,—frisking here, capering there,—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophizing upon my condition. By a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half-an-hour, when the mistress came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles.

The French women, by the by, love May-poles, *à la folie*;—that is, as much as their matins.—Give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September,—they never count the times,—down it goes, 'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em;—and had we but the policy, an' please your worships (as wood is a little scarce in France) to send them but plenty of May-poles,——

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper stepped in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair,—the toilet stands still for no man,—so she jerked off her cap, to begin with them, as she opened the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground:—I instantly saw it was my own writing.

O Seigneur! cried I,—you have got all my remarks upon your head, madam!——*J'en suis bien mortifiée*, said she.——'Tis well, thinks I, they have stuck there,—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a Frenchwoman's noddle,—she had better have gone with it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.

Tenez, said she:—so without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat;—one was twisted this way,—another twisted that.——Ay! by my faith, and when they are published, quoth I,—

They will be worse twisted still.

CHAP. XXXIX.

And now for Lippius's clock! said I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties;—nothing can prevent us seeing that, and the Chinese history, &c.——Except the time, said François—for 'tis almost eleven.——Then we must speed the faster, said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years.—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruse the Chinese history; and besides, I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flourishing condition.

—And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the History of China, in Chinese characters,—as with many others I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point,—my blood cool'd,—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-stone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the Tomb of Lovers.—I wish to God, said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but lost. It fell out as well,—

For all the Jesuits had got the cholic;—and

to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

As I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons; namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, just without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaise,—I dispatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long owed it, without a witness of my weakness;—I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place.—When I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

—Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing myself to Amandus and Amanda,—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb.—I come, I come——

When I came,—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whistled *Lillabullero!*

CHAP. XLI.

No matter how or in what mood,—but I flew from the Tomb of the Lovers,—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage;—and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the Rhône before I made it.

—So now I am at Avignon; and as there is nothing to see but the old house in which the Duke of Ormond resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, striding the way before us, with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering Avignon,—though you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted,—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this:—That I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head, by chance, the first night he comes to Avignon,—that he should therefore say, "Avignon is more subject to high winds than any town in all France:" for which reason, I laid no stress upon the accident till I had inquired of the master of the inn about it; who telling me seriously it was so;—and hearing, moreover, the windiness of Avignon spoken of in the country about as a proverb,—I set it down merely to ask the learned what can be the cause——The consequence I saw,—for they are all Dukes, Marquises, and Counts there,—the deuce a Baron in all Avignon;—so that there is scarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment;—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel:—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn; and as I had taken it into my head he was some-way concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand,—so begun with my boot.—When I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him,—

But Monsieur le Marquis had walked in.

CHAP. XLII.

I HAD now the whole south of France, from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule *at my own leisure*,—for I had left Death, the Lord knows,—and he only,—how far behind me——"I have followed many a man through France," quoth he;—"but never at this mettlesome rate."——Still he followed, and still I fled him,—but I fled him cheerfully;—still he pursued,—but, like one who pursued his prey without hope,—as he lagged, every step he lost softened his looks. Why should I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller,—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain, especially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and presents nothing to the eye but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious, or (delightful, as the case happens);—that the soil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with,—and which is of little or no use to them, but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps of little more,

but a new place to start from to the next plain, —and so on.

This is most terrible work;—judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loitered *terribly* behind; half a mile at least every time: once in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Baucaire and Tarascone:—I did not understand the principles.——

The second time, I cannot so properly say I stopped,—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about,—I had turned back with them.

The third, was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence figs for four sous. This would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs covered over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket:—as I had no intention of buying eggs,—I made no sort of claim of them:—as for the space they had occupied, what signified it! I had figs enow for my money.——

But it was my intention to have the basket; —it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do nothing with her eggs; —and unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals what we should both do.——

How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you or the devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was) to form the least probable conjecture.—You will read the whole of it,—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my uncle Toby's amours;—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain; —and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a tract,—the world must judge; but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time,—by stopping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot,—joining all parties before me,—waiting for every soul behind,—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads, arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars,—not passing by a woman in a mulbery-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff:—In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey,—I turned my *plain* into a *city*.—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met,—I am confident we could have passed through Pall-mall or St James's Street, for a month together, with fewer adventures,—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness, which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress,—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sung of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France, and which, by the by, belongs to the honest canons of Montpellier;—and foul befal the man who has drunk it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

The sun was set;—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh,—and the swains were preparing for a carousal:—my mule made a dead point.—'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I.——I'm frightened to death, quoth he.——They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick.——By Saint Boogar, and all the saints at the backside of the door of purgatory, said he—(making the same resolution with the Abbess of Andoüillet's) I'll not go a step further.——'Tis very well, sir, said I—I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that,—I'll take a dance, said I;—so stay you here.

A sun-burnt daughter of Labour rose up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chesnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them.——And a cavalier ye shall have, said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, Nannette, been arrayed like a *duchesse!*

But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the

prelude, as he sat upon the bank.——Tie me up this tress instantly, said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand.——It taught me to forget I was a stranger.——The whole knot fell down.—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin, his pipe followed, and off we bounded. "The deuce take that slit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from Heaven, sung alternately with her brother;—'twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have had it sewed up.—Nannette would not have given a sous,—*Viva la joia* was in her lips:—*Viva la joia* was in her eyes.—A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us.—She looked amiable!—Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here,—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to Heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious.—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier;—from thence to Pesçnas, Beziers.—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavilion; where, pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my uncle Toby's amours,—I begun thus:—

Vol VIII

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

—BUT softly,—for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines*,* in sundry pages of my book, —I defy the best cabbage-planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsewed up,—without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression.—In Freeze-land, Fog-land, and some other lands I wot of,—it may be done——

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent,—in this land, my dear Eugenius,—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my inkhorn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of Julia's track in quest of her Diego, in full view of my study-window,—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand,——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom :——but now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the *comparison* may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this :—

That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best.—I'm sure it is the most religious,—for I begin with writing the first sentence,—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening his street-door, and calling in his neighbours, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the Devil and all his imps, with their hammers, and engines, &c. only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair; with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up,—catching the idea even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!

—I believe, in my consciecne, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait† are fools to me:—no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire,—I wish I could say of good works too;—but I have no

Zeal or Anger,—or
Anger or Zeal;—

and, till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name,—the arrantest *Tartuff* in science—in politics—or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

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* *Vide* p. 11.

† *Vide* Pope's Portrait.

CHAP. III.

——Bon jour!—good-morrow!—so you have got your cloak on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly;—'tis better to be well mounted than go o'foot;—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous.—And how goes it with thy concubine,—thy wife,—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady,—your sister, aunt, uncle, and cousins?—I hope they have got the better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooch-aches, fevers, stranguaries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood,—give such a vile purge,—puke,—poultice,—plaister,—night-draught,—clyster, blister!——And why so many grains of calomel? *Santa Maria!* and such a dose of opium! perielitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail!——By my great aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* she was got with child by the coachman,—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the *mask* afresh, was more than the mask was worth;—and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all.

——This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a Welsh judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank.

In the sixteenth century, we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

CHAP. IV.

"It is with Love as with Cuckoldom;"—the suffering party is at least the *third*, but, generally, the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long as what in this vessel of the human frame is *Love*,—may be *Hatred* in that,—*Sentiment* half a yard higher,—and *Nonsense*——No, madam,—not there; I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger,—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, who ever soliloquized upon this mystic subject, my uncle Toby was the worst fitted to have pushed his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out,—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestos thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

Why weavers, gardeners, and gladiators,—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for, by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a professed one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or shew of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my inward parts, should light up a torch in my Jenny's—"

——The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects;—

——But it shews the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

——"The most perfect, madam, that Friendship herself could wish me."—

——"And drink nothing!—nothing but water?"

——Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pressest against the flood-gates of the brain,—see how they give way!

——In swims *Curiosity*, beckoning to her damsels to follow;—they dive into the centre of the current.

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits.—And *Desire*, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other.

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turned this world about like a mill-wheel,—grinding the faces of the impotent,—bepowdering their ribs,—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature!

——If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius.——And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

Which shews they had both read Longinus.

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I wish my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been account-

ed for, That the first moment Widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour;—something!—something.

—Something, perhaps, more than friendship, —less than love:—something,—no matter what, —no matter where;—I would not give a single hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed, the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worships into the secret.

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, nor anyhow, nor anywhere, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had,—or during the time he was under cure; when, the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact,—my uncle Toby drank it for quietness' sake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause, and as it is as well known that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver, a gardener, nor a gladiator,—unless, as a captain, you will needs have him one, but then he was only a captain of foot,—and besides, the whole is an equivocation.—There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle Toby's leg,—but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment *in the foot*,—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot, —for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and, in all other respects, as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case; one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments of getting out of 'em. —Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every side of thee——are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes still—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile asthma that thou gattest in skating against the wind in Flanders? and it is but two months ago, that, in a fit of laughter on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee,—it would have amounted to a gallon?——

CHAP. VII.

——But, for Heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons,—let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and, somehow or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it.

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies, that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-axe, nor a shovel—

It was a bed to lie on: so that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurnished; and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built,—my uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs Wadman's, for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of tailors, constructed one in my uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve, for such was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her,—"*That she was a perfect woman,*"—had better be fifty leagues off,—or in her warm bed, or playing with a case-knife,—or any thing you please,—than make a man the object of her attention, when the house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one;—but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him,—till by reiterated acts of such combinations, he gets foisted into her inventory,——

And then, good night.

But this is not matter of *System*; for I have delivered that above:—nor is it matter of *Breviary*;—for I make no man's creed but my own: —nor matter of *Fact*,—at least that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them,—or the strength of their gussets;—but pray, Do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world, That they so far exceed the others in length, that, when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet as the day shifts fall short of them?

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode, I suppose in King William's and Queen Anne's reign) were cut, however, after this fashion; and if the fashion is changed (for in Italy they are come to nothing)—so much the worse for the public; they were two Flemish ells and a half in length; so that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a seven years' widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and, for the two last years, had got established into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber,—That as soon as Mrs Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave Bridget notice,—Bridget, with all suitable decorum, having first opened the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and, with the point directed towards her, pinned the plaits all fast together, a little above the hem; which done, she tucked all in tight at the feet, and wished her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that, on shivering and tempestuous nights, when Bridget untucked the feet of the bed, &c. to do this, she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions; and so performed it standing,—kneeling,—or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the etiquette was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the Corporal had conducted my uncle Toby up stairs, which was about ten,—Mrs Wadman threw herself into her arm-chair, and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and, leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and, having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles and and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle Toby's stay) when Bridget had pulled down the night shift, and was assaying to stick in the corking-pin,—

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kicked in her situation;—for supposing * * * * * * * to be the sun in its meridian, it was a north-east kick; she kicked the pin out of her fingers,—the etiquette which hung upon it, down—down it fell to the ground, and was shivered into a thousand atoms.

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

CHAP. X.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters, so that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my uncle Toby,—but, with respect to Mrs Wadman, a vacancy)—of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray,—I choose, for that reason, to call these the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cocked*,—and *a cocked old hat*, about which your reverences have so often been at odds with one another;—but there is a difference here in the nature of things;—

And, let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

Now, as Widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby,—and my uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby,—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other.

——Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myself: for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does, about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her,—and that she careth not three-half-pence whether I eat my breakfast or no——

——Curse on her! and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and so on to the devil. In short, there is not an infernal niche, where I do not take her divinity-ship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again;—and, as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky way.—Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one.

——The deuce take her and her influence too;—for, at that word, I lose all patience;—much good may it do him!—By all that is hirsute and gashly! I cry, taking off my furred cap, and twisting it round my finger,—I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and pressing it close to my ears)—and warm,—and soft; especially if you stroke it the right way;—but, alas! that will never be my luck:—so here my philosophy is shipwrecked again.

——No; I shall never have a finger in the pye (so here I break my metaphor.)

Crust and crumb,
Inside and out,
Top and bottom:—I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it;—I am sick at the sight of it—
'Tis all pepper,
garlic,
staragen,
salt, and
Devil's dung.—By the great arch-cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but sit down by the fire-side and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the world.

——O Tristram! Tristram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

——"Not touch it for the world," did I say? Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

Which shews, let your reverences and worships say what you will of it (for, as for *thinking*,—all who do think,—think pretty much alike both upon it and other matters)—Love is certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of the most

A gitating,
B ewitching,
C onfounded,
D evilish affairs of life;——the most
E xtravagant,
F utilitous,
G alligaskinish,
H andy-dandyish,
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human passions: at the same time, the most
M isgiving,
N innyhammering,
O bstipating,
P ragmatical,
S tridulous,
R idiculous,—though, by the by, the R should have gone first:—but, in short, 'tis of such a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby, upon the close of a long dissertation upon the subject:—"You can scarce," said he, "combine two ideas together upon it, brother Toby, without an hypallage"——What's that? cried my uncle Toby.

——The cart before the horse, replied my father.

——And what is he to do there? cried my uncle Toby.

——Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in,—or let it alone.

Now Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one nor the other.

She stood, however, ready harnessed and caparisoned at all points, to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

The Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of Widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind) established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which joined and lay parallel to Mrs Wadman's. This, with the advantage of a thicket arbour in Mrs Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occasions into her hands which love-militancy wanted: she could observe my uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the Corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes, out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

CHAP. XV.

It is a great pity;—but 'tis certain, from

every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire, like a candle, at either end,—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is,—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself,—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself,—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast,—I would oblige a house-wife constantly to light me at the top; for then I would burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the mesenteric veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles to the blind gut,—

I beseech you, Doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a discourse with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me,—I beseech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

——The *blind gut*, answered Doctor Slop, lies betwixt the *Ilion* and *Colon*.

——In a man? said my father.

——'Tis precisely the same, cried Doctor Slop, in a woman.

——That's more than I know, quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

——And so, to make sure of both systems, Mrs Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London (exclusive,) if Mrs Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fixed up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you,—but I don't know,—possibly I have;—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things which a man had better do over again than dispute about it,—That whatever town or fortress the Corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fastened up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map and plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-stretched neck meeting it half-way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire,—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point,—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs Wadman's next stroke of generalship;—which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could: which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well marched above half a dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make use of his fore-finger.

The difference it made in the attack was this:—That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her fore-finger against the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment,—it could neither give fire by pulsation,—nor receive it by sympathy;—'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in the following my uncle Toby's forefinger with hers, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works,—pressing sometimes against the side of it,—then treading upon its nail,—then tripping it up,—then touching it here,—then there, and so on,—it set something at least in motion.

This, though slight skirmishing, at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers close beside it. This at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skilled in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion for.—

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action:—and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle

Toby! was never now in its right place,—Mrs Wadman had it ever to take up, or with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving,—to get it pressed a hair-breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly pressed against the calf of his!—So that my uncle Toby being thus attacked, and sore pushed on both his wings,—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder?

—The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.

CHAP XVII.

These attacks of Mrs Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all;—or if he did, would confound them altogether;—but I write not to them. It will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so—whilst I have power to preserve any thing); upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there are still remaining the marks of a smuffy finger and thumb; which, there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean. This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are *vestigia* of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are, unquestionably, the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box.—

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relics of the Romish church;—always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St Radagunda in the Desert; which, in your road from *Fesse* to *Cluny*, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

I think, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite destroyed;—and the basin is upon a level with the mole.——I think so too,—replied my uncle Toby, with a sigh half suppressed;—but step into the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation;—it lies upon the table.

——It has lain there these six weeks, replied the Corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.

——Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no further occasion for our services.——The more, an' please your Honour, the pity, said the Corporal; in uttering which, he cast his spade into the wheel-barrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-axe, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field,—when a heigh ho! from the sentry-box, which, being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

—No, said the Corporal to himself, I'll do it before his Honour rises to-morrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis,—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him,—he loosened a sod or two,—pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he set himself down close by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows:—

CHAP. XIX.

It was a thousand pities;—though I believe, an' please your Honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier——

A soldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the Corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.——But not so often, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal.——My uncle Toby gave a nod.

——It was a thousand pities, then, said the Corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk and the Mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia, (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyræus,—

"It was a thousand pities, an' please your Honour, to destroy these works—and a thousand pities to have let them stand."

——Thou art right, Trim, in both cases, said my uncle Toby.——This, continued the Corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end,—I have never once whistled, or sung, or laughed, or cried, or talked of past-done deeds, or told your Honour one story, good or bad.

——Thou hast many excellencies, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in

my grave ones,—thou hast seldom told me a bad one.

——Because, an' please your Honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*,—they are all true; for they are about myself.

——I do not like the subject the worse, Trim, said my uncle Toby, on that score. But, prithee, what is this story? Thou hast excited my curiosity.

——I'll tell it your Honour, quoth the Corporal, directly.——Provided, said my uncle Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the Mole again,—provided it is not a merry one: to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one-half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present, would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story.——It is not a merry one by any means, replied the Corporal. ——Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby.——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the Corporal; but will suit your Honour exactly.——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby; so prithee begin it, Trim.

The Corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace,—or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the Corporal was wont; yet, by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backwards upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep,—and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so that it might be said rather to be insensibly squeezed,—than pulled off with a flatus,—the Corporal acquitted himself of both in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having *hemmed* twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour,—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus:—

The Story of the King of Bohemia, and his Seven Castles.

There was a certain King of Bo——he——

As the Corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment. He had set out bare-headed; having, since he pulled off his Montero-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

—The eye of Goodness espieth all things; so that before the Corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my uncle Toby twice touched his Montero cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively;—as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, Trim?——Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnished and frayed, moreover, in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again between his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to observe:—"*Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever.*

——But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said Trim, what shall we say?

——There is no occasion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doomsday, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.

The Corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without further attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and doctrine between them had engendered, he returned, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, continued.

There was a certain King of Bohemia; but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your Honour.——

I do not desire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

——It was a little before the time, an' please your Honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was,——

——I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle Toby.

——Only, an' please your Honour, it makes a story look the better in the face.

——'Tis thy own, Trim, so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleasantly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou choosest, and put it to,—thou art heartily welcome.——

The Corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt;—and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ; and from thence to the very

moment in which the Corporal was telling his story,—had my uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time and all its abysses at his feet; but as *Modesty* scarce touches with a finger what *Liberality* offers her with both hands open, —the Corporal contented himself with the very *worst year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your Honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, 'Whether that year is not always the last-cast year of the last-cast almanack,'—I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reason than you wot of.

—It was the year next him;—which being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders,—the Corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to Bohemia.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, continued.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your Honour,——

——To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleased me much better, not only on account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with such incredible vigour,—but likewise on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are,—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact,—if there are giants in it——

——There is but one, an' please your Honour.

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby; thou should'st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore, I would advise thee, if ever thou tell-est it again,——

——If I live, an' please your Honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child. ——Poo—poo! said my uncle Toby;—but with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the Corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, continued.

There was, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal, raising his voice, and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began, a certain King of Bohemia,——

——Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the Corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption,—leave it out entirely, Trim; a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em.—— Sure of 'em! said the Corporal, shaking his head.

——Right, answered my uncle Toby; it is not easy, Trim, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who seldom looks further forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter.——God bless your Honour! said the Corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself, he has something else to do; if not in action, or on a march, or upon duty in his garrison,—he has his firelock, an' please your Honour, to furbish,—his accoutrements to take care of,—his regimentals to mend,—himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what business, added the Corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your Honour, to know any thing at all of *geography*?

——Thou would'st have said *chronology*, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways, which lead up to them. There is not a river or a rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able, at first sight, to tell thee what is its name,—in what mountains it takes its rise,—what is its course,—how far it is navigable,—where fordable,—where not;—he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, through and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and colds, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, Corporal, continued my uncle Toby, rising up in his sentry-box as he began to warm in this part of his discourse, —how Marlborough could have marched his army from the Banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the Corporal could sit no longer)—from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalsaken; from Kalsaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skel-

lenburg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works, forced his passage over the Danube, crossed the Lech,—pushed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Fribourg, Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochstet?——Great as he was, Corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march, without the aids of geography.—As for chronology, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that, of all others, it seems a science which the soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renversing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new era to us of military improvements, changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences, both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what historians agree in, that, in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wencelaus, son of Charles the Fourth,—a certain priest, whose name was Schwartz, shewed the use of powder to the Venetians, in their wars against the Genoese; but 'tis certain he was not the first; because, if we are to believe Don Pedro, the bishop of Leon——How came priests and bishops, an' please your Honour, to trouble their heads so much about gun-powder?——God knows, said my uncle Toby,——his providence brings good out of every thing——and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonsus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea-combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in Spain and Barbary;—and all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born:—and that the Chinese, added my uncle Toby, embarrass us, and all accounts of it still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him.——

They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim.——

They are somehow or other deceived, said my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the present miserable state of military architecture amongst them: which consists of nothing more than a *fossé* with a brick wall without flanks;—and for what they gave us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so barbarously constructed, that it looks, for all the world——Like one of my seven castles, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim.——

My uncle Toby, though in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer,—till Trim, telling him he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands,—my uncle Toby was so touched with the pleasantry of heart of the Corporal,—that he discontinued his dissertation upon gun-powder,—and begged the Corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, continued.

THIS *unfortunate* King of Bohemia, said Trim,——Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle Toby, for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gunpowder, and other military affairs, that though he had desired the Corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not so strong upon his fancy as to account for the epithet——Was he *unfortunate*, then, Trim? said my uncle Toby, pathetically.——The Corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonymas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that ever existed in the world,—it put the Corporal to a stand; for not caring to retract his epithet,—and less to explain it,—and least of all to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system,—he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for assistance;—but seeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby sat in expectation of himself,—after a *hum* and a *haw*, he went on——

The King of Bohemia, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus:—That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sort of sea-affairs;—and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no sea-port town whatever——

—How the deuce should there, Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise.

—It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God.——

My uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation.——

I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after some pause;—for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south,—Bohemia could not have been propelled to the sea without ceasing to be Bohemia;—nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohe-

mia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it——Scandalous! cried Trim——Which would bespeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in him who is the father of it,—that, I think, Trim—the thing could have happened no way.——

The Corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.——

Now the King of Bohemia, with his Queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out——Ay, there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his Queen might have walked out or let it alone:—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen or not, just as chance ordered it.——

King William was of an opinion, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, that every thing was predestined for us in this world; insomuch, that he would often say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet."——He was a great man, said my uncle Toby.——And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose but to take me out of his service, and place me in your Honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age.——It shall never, Trim, be construed otherwise, said my uncle Toby.——

The heart, both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden overflowings;—a short silence ensued.——

Besides, said the Corporal, resuming the discourse,—but in a gayer accent,—if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your Honour, been in love.——

So thou wast once in love, Trim? said my uncle Toby, smiling.——

Souse! replied the Corporal,—over head and ears! an' please your Honour.——Prithee, when? where?—and how came it to pass?——I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby.——I dare say, answered Trim, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it.——'Tis high time I should,—said my uncle Toby.——

Your Honour remembers with concern, said the Corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen; every one was left to shift for himself: and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeeken, the King himself could scarce have gained it;—he was pressed hard, as your Honour knows, on every side of him.——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm,—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, Corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him, to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible:—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment,—riding along the line;—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it——Brave! brave, by Heaven! cried my uncle Toby; he deserves a crown——As richly, as a thief a halter, shouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the Corporal's loyalty—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind;—it did not altogether strike the Corporal's fancy when he had made it;—but it could not be recalled; so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own safety,——Though Talmash, said my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence.——But I was left upon the field, said the Corporal.——Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby.——So that it was noon the next day, continued the Corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.——

There is no part of the body, an' please your Honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee.——

Except the groin, said my uncle Toby.——An' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.——

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more sensible;—there being not only as many tendons and what-'dye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou dost)—about it,—but moreover, * * *——

Mrs Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour,—instantly stopped her breath, unpinned her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg.

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for some time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own,—was for giving up the point; which my uncle Toby would not allow.——'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, said he, but the generosity of thy temper——

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*cæteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee,—or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin,—are points which to this day remain unsettled.

CHAP. XX.

The anguish of my knee, continued the Cor-

poral, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up,—making bad still worse,—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of caretaking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides——(Poor soul! said my uncle Toby.)—All together, an' please your Honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar; and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time.—So I was telling her, an' please your Honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room,—and die,—than go on,—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms.—She was a good soul! as your Honour, said the Corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.——

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.——

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your Honour (sometimes) that is in the world.——

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the Corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me; she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself,—I found myself in a still quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipped in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn);—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wiped his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.

I never told your Honour that piteous story yet,—(Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.)

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital.——Come then, said she, tying up the little purse,—I'll be your banker;—but as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too.——

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively,—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead; she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your Honour, of which your Honour knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose.——By thy description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found anywhere but in the Spanish Netherlands,—except at Amsterdam:—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession. I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.——

She often told me, quoth Trim, she did it for the love of Christ,—I did not like it——I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, said my uncle Toby:—we'll ask Mr Yorick about it to-night, at my brother Shandy's—so put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.——

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me, "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me;—and in a short time,—though I thought it a long one,—she came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made a bason of thin gruel for my supper,—she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.——She wished me, an' please your Honour, what was not to be had.—My fever ran very high that night:—her figure made sad disturbance within me;—I was every moment cutting the world in two,—to give her half of it;—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her.—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bed-side, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials;—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality.—In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room; and yet, continued the Corporal, (making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—

"It was not love;"—for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day,—I can honestly say, an' please your Honour,—that * once.——

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.——

I think so too,—said Mrs Wadman.——

It never did, said the Corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the Corporal,—seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it,—for love, an' please your Honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night,—may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened so here*, an' please your Honour, with this difference only,—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a *sisserara*.—It burst upon me, an' please your Honour, like a bomb,—scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me."

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your Honour, if he is in the way of it,—replied Trim.——

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.——

With all pleasure, said the Corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

I had escaped, continued the Corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—There is no resisting our fate.—It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your Honour——

The old man and his wife had walked out——

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house——

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well,—the inflammation had been gone off for some time; but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.——

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it.—It only wants rubbing a little, said the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger,—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I should fall in love:—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had.—I shall never, an' please your Honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live.——

Not in that place, said my uncle Toby.——

Though it was the most serious despair in nature to the Corporal,—he could not forbear smiling.——

The young Beguine, continued the Corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me,—from rubbing for some time with two fingers,—proceeded to rub at length with three,—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand. I will never say another word, an' please your Honour, upon hands again;—but it was softer than satin.——

——Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle Toby; I shall hear thy story with the more delight.——The Corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but, having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand but the same over again,—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, said the Corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee,—till I feared her zeal would weary her.——"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ."——In saying which, she passed her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubbed it also.

I perceived then, I was beginning to be in love.—

As she continued rub-rub-rubbing, I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your Honour, to every part of my frame.

The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took, the more the fire kindled in my veins,—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest, my passion rose to the highest pitch.—I seized her hand,——

And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and madest a speech.

Whether the Corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle Toby decried it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XXIII.

As soon as the Corporal had finished the story of his amour,—or rather my uncle Toby for him,—Mrs Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, passed the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a crisis to be let slipped.

—The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the Corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scattered

upon the ground where Dunkirk stood.—The Corporal had marched;—the field was clear.

Now, consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it or not) which a man has occasion to do,—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the Plan of Mrs Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, *by Plan*.—Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk,—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and, besides, could she have gone upon it,—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story, that just then, that particular attack, however successful before,—became the most heartless attack that could be made.

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs Wadman had scarce opened the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

——I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote,—or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it—it is not in the white.—

In saying which, Mrs Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.——Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian * Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes,—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Gallileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ,—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

——It is not in the white, said Mrs Wadman.——My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking;—it was not, madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious,—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse—but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,—" How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructa, tam exactè oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.—I know not who.

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

CHAP. XXVI.

There is nothing shews the characters of my father and my uncle Toby in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the same accident;—for I call not love a misfortune; from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it.—Great God! what must my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!——

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion before he married;—but, from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never submit to it like a Christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippics against the eye that ever man wrote:—there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of resentment, he begins thus:—

"A devil 'tis—and mischief such doth work,
As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk." *

In short, during the whole paroxysm, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction;—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus,—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy;—for though my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love,—yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb,—sat still, and let the poison work in his veins without resistance; in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word,—he blamed neither heaven nor earth,—nor thought, nor spoke an injurious thing of any body, nor any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive, with his pipe,—looking at his lame leg,—then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which, mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb, I say.

In truth, he had mistook it at first; for, having taken a ride with my father that very morning, to save, if possible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor;† which said wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynnendale,—by trotting on too hastily to save it, upon an uneasy saddle, worse horse, &c. &c. it had so happened, that the serous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my uncle Toby,—the first shootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion, till the blister breaking in the one case, and the other remaining, my uncle Toby was presently convinced that his wound was not a skin-deep wound, but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

The world is ashamed of being virtuous.—My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise,—yet, as he ever looked upon Trim as a humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such,—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, Corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

In love!—said the Corporal,—your Honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honour the story of the King of Bohemia.——Bohemia! said my uncle Toby, - - - - musing a long time - - - What became of that story, Trim?

——We lost it, an' please your Honour, somehow betwixt us;—but your Honour was as free from love then, as I am.——'Twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow,—with Mrs Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby.—She has left a ball here, added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

——She can no more, an' please your Honour, stand a seige, than she can fly, cried the Corporal.

But as we are neighbours, Trim, the best way,

* This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c. &c.

† Mr Shandy must mean the poor in spirit; inasmuch as they divided the money amongst themselves.

I think, is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now, if I might presume, said the Corporal, to differ from your Honour,——

Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.

——Then I would begin, an' please your Honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return,—and telling her civilly afterwards;—for if she knows any thing of your Honour's being in love beforehand——L—d help her!—she knows no more of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—than the child unborn.

Precious souls!—

Mrs Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was, at that very moment, sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head,—before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, said Widow Wadman, in case I should marry him, Bridget,—that the poor Captain will not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound upon his groin.

——It may not, madam, be so very large, replied Bridget, as you think;—and I believe, besides, added she,—that 'tis dried up.

——I could like to know,—merely for his sake, said Mrs Wadman.

——We'll know the long and the broad of it in ten days, answered Mrs Bridget; for whilst the Captain is paying his addresses to you,—I'm confident Mr Trim will be for making love to me;—and I'll let him as much as he will, added Bridget, to get it all out of him.

The measures were taken at once;—and my uncle Toby and the Corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the Corporal, setting his left hand a-kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just promised success,—and no more,—if your Honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack——

Thou wilt please me by it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, exceedingly;—and as I foresee thou must act in it as my *aid-de-camp*, here's a crown, Corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission.

——Then, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal (making a bow first for his commission)—we will begin with getting your Honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves;—and I'll put your white ramallie-wig fresh into pipes;—and send for a tailor to have your Honour's thin scarlet breeches turned.——

I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my uncle Toby.——They will be too clumsy, said the Corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

——Thou wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword.——'Twill be only in your Honour's way, replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

—But your Honour's two razors shall be new set—and I will get my Montero-cap furbished up, and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your Honour gave me to wear for his sake;—and as soon as your Honour is clean shaved,—and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine scarlet,—sometimes one, and sometimes t'other,—and every thing is ready for the attack,—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your Honour engages Mrs Wadman in the parlour, to the right,—I'll attack Mrs Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having seized that pass, I'll answer for it, said the Corporal, snapping his fingers over his head,—that the day is our own.

——I wish I may but manage it right, said my uncle Toby;—but I declare, Corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench.

——A woman is quite a different thing, said the Corporal.

——I suppose so, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

If any thing in this world which my father said, could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverse use my father was always making of an expression of Hilarion the hermit, who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion,—would say,—though with more facetiousness than became a hermit, "That they were the means he used to make his *ass* (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expressing,—but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of us; so that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his constant mode of expression;—he never used the word *passions* once,—but *ass* always, instead of them;—so that he might be said truly to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father's Ass and
My Hobby-Horse,—in order to

keep characters as separate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my Hobby-Horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him.—'Tis the sporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the present hour,—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick,—an uncle Toby's siege, or an *any-thing* which a man makes a shift to get astride on, to canter it away from the cares and solicitudes of life.—'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation;—nor do I really see how the world could do without it.

—But for my father's ass.—Oh! mount him,—mount him,—mount him,—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beast concupiscent;—and foul befal the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. XXXII.

Well, dear brother Toby, said my father, upon his first seeing him after he fell in love,—and how goes it with your Ass?

Now, my uncle Toby thinking more of the *part* where he had had the blister, than of Hilarion's metaphor,—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the sounds of words as the shapes of things, he had imagined that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had inquired after the part by its proper name: so, notwithstanding my mother, Dr Slop, and Mr Yorick, were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not. When a man is hemmed in by two indecorums, and must commit one of 'em, I always observe,—let him choose which he will, the world will blame him;—so I should not be astonished if it blames my uncle Toby.

My A—, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better, brother Shandy.—My father had formed great expectations from his Ass in this onset; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop setting up an intemperate laugh,—and my mother crying out L— bless us!—it drove my father's Ass off the field;—and the laugh then becoming general,—there was no bringing him back to the charge for some time:—

And so the discourse went on without him.

Every body, said my mother, says you are in love, brother Toby;—and we hope it is true.

——I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man usually is.

——Humph! said my father.——And when did you know it? quoth my mother.

——When the blister broke, replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper,—so he charged o' foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

As the ancients agree, brother Toby, said my father, that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it,—the brain or liver,—I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he is fallen into.

——What signifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

——A few children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt hers and Doctor Slop's—A few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro.

Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair,—not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score:—on the contrary, I should rejoice,—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father.——

My uncle Toby stole his hand, unperceived, behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.——

Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand,—so much dost thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities,—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee! and was I an Asiatic monarch, added my father, heating himself with his new project,—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength,—or draw up thy radical moisture too fast,—or weaken thy memory, or fancy, brother Toby, which these gymnics, inordinately taken, are apt to do,—else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful women in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me one subject every *month*.

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence,—my mother took a pinch of snuff.—

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child, *nolens volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to please the greatest prince upon earth.—

And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, said my father;—but 'tis a case put to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child,—in case thou should'st be able,—but the system of Love and Marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in.——

There is, at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life, which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and

rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much.——

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two *loves*.——I know there were two *religions*, replied Yorick, amongst the ancients:—one for the vulgar,—and another for the learned;—but I think *one love* might have served both of them very well——

It could not, replied my father,—and for the same reasons; for, of these loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is rational,—

—the other is *natural*;—

the first ancient,—without mother,—where Venus had nothing to do; the second begotten of Jupiter and Dione.——

Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this?——My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse.

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The first, which is the golden chain let down from Heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to, the desire of philosophy and truth;—the second excites to *desire*, simply——

I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, said Yorick, as the finding out the longitude.

To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world.——

In the *house*,—my dear, I own.——

It replenishes the earth, said my mother.——

But it keeps Heaven empty,—my dear, replied my father.——

'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphantly, which fills paradise.——

Well pushed, nun! quoth my father.——

CHAP. XXXIV.

My father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn,—that if there were twenty people in company,—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of 'em against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him,—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's *Virginity*, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs Wadman, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found that they had been turned before.——Then turn them again, brother, said my father, rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair.——They are as rotten as dirt, said the Corporal.——Then by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother;—for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him,—her fever will be past its height.

She has gained her point.

In this case, continued my father, which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of—Love, you see, is not so much a *sentiment* as a *situation*, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a *corps*,—no matter whether he loves the service or no;—being once in it,—he acts as if he did, and takes every step to shew himself a man of prowess.——

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it,—in which Trim stood ready to second him;—but my father had not drawn his conclusion.——

For this reason, continued my father, (stating the case over again)—notwithstanding all the world knows that Mrs Wadman *affects* my brother Toby;—and my brother Toby, contrariwise, *affects* Mrs Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this selfsame tune will not be played this twelve month.——

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.——

I would lay my Montero-cap, said Trim.——Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager; and having furbished it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack,—it made the odds look more considerable—I would lay, an' please your Honour, my Montero-cap to a shilling,—was it proper, continued Trim, (making a bow) to offer a wager before your Honours.——

There is nothing improper in it, said my father,—'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling,—all thou meanest is this,—that thou believest,—

Now, What do'st thou believe?——

That Widow Wadman, an' please your Worship, cannot hold it out ten days.——

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?——

By falling in love with a popish clergy-woman, said Trim.——

'Twas a Beguine, said my uncle Toby.——

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a set of silly, fusty baggages,—Slop could not stand it;—and my uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breeches,—and Yorick about his fourth general division,—in order for their several attacks next day,—the company broke up; and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of instructions:

My dear brother Toby,

What I am going so say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee,—though not so well for me,—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of Him who disposes of our lots, and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou shouldest have dipped the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case,——Mrs Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed,—I have thrown together, without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee, intending in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair,—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest,—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest, in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time—how much by Trim.

'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a sure maxim, Toby——

"That women are timid;' and 'tis well they are,—else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice;—silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain: for this cause, if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power, at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over—it will be well; but suffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote—

They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sofa with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it;—thou canst not lay thy hand on hers, but she will find the temper of thine.—Leave that, and as many other things as thou canst, quite undetermined: by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy *ass* continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose,—thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges;—and I believe rightly.—But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer;—nor even foal's flesh by any means;—and carefully abstain,—that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens.

As for thy drink, I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of *Vervain* and the herb *Hanea*, of which Ælian relates such effects;—but if thy stomach palls with it,—discontinue it from time to time,—taking cucumbers, melons, purslain, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee which occurs to me at present,——

Unless the breaking out of a fresh war.—So wishing every thing, dear Toby, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my uncle Toby and the Corporal were busy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present) there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so, accordingly, it was resolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother, 'twill be but like a brother and sister, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's,—to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the Corporal had both been accoutred some time, when my father and mother entered, and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to sally forth;—but the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth* volume of such a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket, and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole, out of *curiosity*.——Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father,—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

---

* Alluding to the first edition.

A

DEDICATION

TO

A GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, intended to dedicate The Amours of my Uncle Toby to Mr * * *,—I see more reasons, *a posteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I should lament from my soul, if this exposed me to the jealousy of their Reverences; because, *a posteriori*, in Court Latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment—or any thing else—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worse than it was of Mr ***. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over, without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The same good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr *** when out of place,—operates more forcibly at present, as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly *amusement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those of Ministers and innocent Lovers: for which reason, when I come to talk of Statesmen and Patriots, and set such marks upon them as will prevent confusion and mistakes concerning them for the future,—I propose to dedicate that Volume to some gentle Shepherd,

> Whose thoughts proud Science never taught to stray,
> Far as the Statesman's walk or Patriot-way;
> Yet *simple Nature* to his hopes had given,
> Out of a cloud-capp'd head, a humbler heaven;
> Some *untam'd* World in depth of woods embraced—
> Some happier Island in the wat'ry waste—
> And where, admitted to that equal sky,
> His *faithful Dog* should bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set of objects to his imagination, I shall unavoidably give a *Diversion* to his passionate and lovesick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

Vol IX

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair,—or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it,—wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name," quoth my father, "and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation;—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his;—she raised her fingers, and let them fall,—it could scarce be called a tap; or, if it was a tap,—'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether 'twas a tap of remonstrance or a tap of confession; my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, classed it right;—Conscience redoubled her blow,—he turned his face suddenly the other way, and my mother, supposing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a cross-movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye:—Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself:—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid crystal, with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it, had it existed;—it did not:—and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes,—Heaven above knows;—my mother, madam, was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescences of devotional tracts, which, having little or no meaning in them, nature is oftentimes obliged to find one; and, as for my father's example! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head;—Nature had done her part to have spared him this trouble; and, what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it.—And here am I sitting, this 12th day of August, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragi-comical completion of his prediction, "That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

The mistake of my father was, in attacking my mother's motive instead of the act itself; for, certainly, key-holes were made for other purposes; and considering the act as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was,—it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your reverences, that key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness than all the other holes in this world put together:

——Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

Though the Corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramallie wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The Corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air:—had *Spleen* given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile;—it curled every where but where the Corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was,—or rather, such would it have seemed upon any other brow;—but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle Toby's assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had, moreover, wrote *gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnished gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffety became him; and, though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and, altogether, seemed to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold,—*had not Quantity, in some measure, been necessary to Grace.* In a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life (for he seldom went further than the bowling-green)—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the Corporal was able to get him into them; the taking them up at the sleeves was of no advantage: they were laced, however, down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallic and doughty an air with them, that, had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripped by the tailor between the legs, and left at *sixes and sevens.*

——Yes, madam; but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before; and, as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The Corporal had arrayed himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tucked up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbished up for the occasion, marched three paces distant from his master; a whiff of military pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipped into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the Corporal's stick.—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well, at least, quoth my father to himself.

CHAP. III.

My uncle Toby turned his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the Corporal; and the Corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick,—but not vapouringly; and with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his Honour "never fear."

Now my uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too; he knew not (as my father had reproached him) so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and, therefore, was never altogether at his ease near any one of them,—unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone further, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs Wadman, he had never looked stedfastly into one; and would often tell my father, in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not all-out) as bad as talking bawdy.

——And suppose it is, my father would say.

CHAP. IV.

She cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had marched up to within twenty paces of Mrs Wadman's door,—she cannot, Corporal, take it amiss.

——She will take it, an' please your Honour, said the Corporal, just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom.

——And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the Corporal.

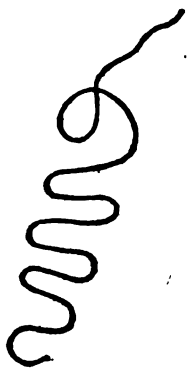
——Your Honour, replied the Corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if Tom had not married the widow,—or had it pleased God, after their marriage that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragged to the Inquisition:—'tis a cursed place, added the Corporal, shaking his head; when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your Honour, for ever.

——'Tis very true, said my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs Wadman's house as he spoke.

——Nothing, continued the Corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life,—or so sweet, an' please your Honour, as liberty.

——Nothing, Trim, said my uncle Toby, musing.

——Whilst a man is free, cried the Corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus:——



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby looked earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The Corporal had unweariedly conjured up the spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do but to conjure him down again with his story; and in this form of exorcism, most unecclesiastically did the Corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

As Tom's place, an' please your Honour, was easy, and the weather warm, it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade,—Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself,) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on; so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop,—Tom set out,—counting the matter thus within himself as he walked along:—That, let the worst come of it that could, he should, at least, get a pound of sausages for their worth;—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages,—but a wife and a sausage-shop, an' please your Honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wished Tom success; and I can fancy, an' please your Honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and a hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met.—But, alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the Corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

——Poor fellow! said my uncle Toby, feelingly.

——He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your Honour, as ever blood warmed.

——Then he resembled thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The Corporal blushed down to his fingers' ends,—a tear of sentimental bashfulness,—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby,—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together.—My uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling,—he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the Corporal, making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. VI.

When Tom, an' please your Honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies,—not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby;—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.

——She was good, an' please your Honour, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your Honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it.

——Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

——A negro has a soul! an' please your Honour, said the Corporal (doubtingly).

——I am not much versed, Corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

——It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the Corporal.

——It would so, said my uncle Toby.——Why then, an' please your Honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

——I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby.

——Only, cried the Corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her.

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby,—which recommends her to protection,—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*;—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

——God forbid! said the Corporal.

——Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The Corporal returned to his story, and went on,—but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout *hem!* to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time, with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other,—the Corporal got as near the note as he could;—and in that attitude continued his story:—

CHAP. VII.

As Tom, an' please your Honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love—and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your Honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman, an' please your Honour, whilst she is making sausages.—So Tom began a discourse upon them: First, gravely,—"As how they were made; with what meats, herbs, and spices:"—then, a little gayly,—as, "With what skins,—and if they never burst?—Whether the largest were not the best?" and so on,—taking care only, as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under than over,—that he might have room to act in.——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, said my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's shoulder, that Count de la Motte lost the battle of Wynendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood: which if he had not done, Lisle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges; which both followed her example.—It was so late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perished in the open field.

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your Honour, as well as marriages, be made in Heaven?——My uncle Toby mused.——Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high idea of military skill tempted him to say another; so, not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind,—my uncle Toby said nothing at all; and the Corporal finished his story.

As Tom perceived, an' please your Honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of sausages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.—First, by taking hold of the ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced meat down with her hand;—then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilst she took them out, one by one;—then by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them,—and so on from little to more, till at last he adventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.

——Now a widow, an' please your Honour, always chuses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was more than half settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint, however, of defending herself, by snatching up a sausage.——Tom instantly laid hold of another.—

But seeing Tom's had more gristle in it,—

She signed the capitulation,—and Tom sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

All womankind, continued Trim (commenting upon his story) from the highest to the lowest, an' please your Honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuse to have them cut; and there is no knowing that but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.

——I like the comparison, said my uncle Toby, better than the thing itself.

——Because your honour, quoth the Corporal, loves glory more than pleasure.

——I hope, Trim, answered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world,—and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of *Ambition*, and entrench the lives and fortunes of the *few* from the plunderings of the *many*;—whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, Corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company;—and the faithful Corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt as he took his first step,—marched close behind him down the avenue.

——Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother. By all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs Wadman in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation!

——I dare say, quoth my mother——But stop, dear sir,—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion,—and what my father did say upon it,—with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon,—or to say it all in a word, shall be thumbed over by Posterity in a chapter apart; I say, by Posterity,—and care not, if I repeat the word again,—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more;—every thing passes on,—whilst thou art twisting that lock;—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.—

Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

Now, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation,—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

My mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden-wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horse. As this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle Toby and the Corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about—"Let us just stop a moment," quoth my father, "and see with what ceremonies my brother Toby and his man Trim make their first entry;—it will not detain us," added my father, "a single minute."

——No matter if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

——It will not detain us half a one, said my father.

The Corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on,—and on;—it had episodes in it,—it came back and went on,—and on again; there was no end of it:—the reader found it very long.

G—help my father! he pished fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the Corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and danglings, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events, like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment;* and the second moment is all economy to justify the expense of the first;—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment,—'tis a point of *Honour*.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that *Virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which *Honour* has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyric upon arms, in the chapter following it; when seeing that, instead of marching up to Mrs Wadman's door, they both faced about, and marched down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation,—he broke out at once with that little subacid soreness of humour, which, in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XI.

"Now what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father, - - &c. - - - -

——I dare say, said my mother, they are making fortifications.

——Not on Mrs Wadman's premises! cried my father, stepping back.

——I suppose not, quoth my mother.

——I wish, said my father, raising his voice, the whole science of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, fausse-brays, and cuvettes.

——They are foolish things, said my mother.

Now she had a way, which, by the by, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the bargain, if some of your reverences would imitate,—and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers

and godmothers promised for her,—but no more; and so would go on using a hard word for twenty years together,—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction;—the few that survived were the better for the *cuvettes*.

"They are foolish things," said my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvettes*, replied my father.

'Twas enough;—he tasted the sweet of triumph,—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs Wadman's premises, said my father, partly correcting himself,—because she is but tenant for life.

——That makes a great difference—said my mother.

——In a fool's head, replied my father.

——Unless she should happen to have a child, said my mother.

——But she must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one.

——To be sure, Mr Shandy, quoth my mother.

——Though if it comes to persuasion,—said my father,—Lord have mercy upon them!

——Amen, said my mother, *piano*.

——Amen, cried my father, *fortissimè*.

——Amen, said my mother again,—but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father:—he instantly took out his almanack;—but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one-half of his business with it,—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day,—left him as little in doubt as to the other part.—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The first Lord of the Treasury, thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarrassed look.

CHAP. XII.

Upon looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which, a book would not hold together a single year; nor is it a poor creeping digression (which, but for the name of a man, might continue as well going on in the King's highway) which will do the business.—No; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse nor his rider are to be caught but by rebound.

The only difficulty is, raising powers suitable to the nature of the service: *Fancy* is capricious;—*Wit* must not be searched for,—and *Pleasantry* (good-natured slut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The best way for a man is, to say his prayers.

Only, if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily,—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before;—for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under Heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case: sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties.

—I never could make them an inch the wider.

—Then by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness, and chastity. These are good, quoth I, in themselves,—they are good, absolutely;—they are good, relatively;—they are good for health,—they are good for happiness in this world,—they are good for happiness in the next.

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as Heaven made it. As for the theological virtues of Faith and Hope, they give it courage; but then, that snivelling virtue of Meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again; so you are exactly where you started.

Now, in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this.

Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, That I do not know what Envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself:

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

Now, in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummous through my pen,——

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my soul*; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch

commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done——

I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or two across the room, will not do the business for me,—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one; this done, I change my shirt, put on a better coat,—send for my last wig,—put my topaz-ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the Devil in Hell must be in it, if this does not do: for, consider, sir, as every man chooses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably sits over-against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it,—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity. How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know;—and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care:—but let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξωλες των πραξις) as he calls it,—but he is deceived: the soul and body are joint-sharers in every thing they get: a man cannot dress, but his ideas get clothed at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him;—so that he has nothing to do but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I write clean, and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundress's bill, as my book; there was one single month, in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one-and-thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abused, cursed, criticised, and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of the year put together.

But your honours and reverences had not seen my bills.

CHAP. XIV.

As I never had any intention of beginning the Digression I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter,—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper.—I have twenty this moment ready for it.—I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it,—

Or my chapter of *Pishes*, which should follow them,—

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their reverences have done with them:—they might lead me into mischief. The safest way is, to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, though I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *Thersitical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the by, whoever says so is indebted to the Muster-master General of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouthed a man as Thersites to continue upon his roll,—for it has furnished him with an epithet)—In these productions he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubbings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good,—but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this I have no other answer,—at least ready,—but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his *nasty* Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd so by the other, upon the single account of that *Investment*.

Another objection to all this remedy is, its want of universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the species entirely from its use,—all I can say is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it.

As for the Spanish ladies,—I am in no sort of distress.

CHAP. XV.

The fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of "How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my digression—I declare before Heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

——'Tis very true, said I;—but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

When my uncle Toby and the Corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they

recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about, and marched up straight to Mrs Wadman's door.

I warrant your Honour, said the Corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door.

——My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshalled his ideas; he wished for another conference, and, as the Corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door, he *hem'd* twice; a portion of my uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the Corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

——Trim! said my uncle Toby;—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knocked on the head by it, whistled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

As Mrs Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the Corporal did not knock as often as perchance your Honour's tailor.—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine some five-and-twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience.

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no economy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small, upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am,—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea,—nor walk with boots,—nor cheapen tooth-picks, nor lay out a shilling upon a band-box, the year round; and, for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rousseau a bar length!—for I keep neither man nor boy, nor horse nor cow, nor dog nor cat, nor any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a vestal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself:—but if you think this makes a philosopher of me,—I would not, my good people, give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy——but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the house.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

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——You shall see the very place, madam, said my uncle Toby.

Mrs Wadman blushed,—looked towards the door,—turned pale,—blushed slightly again,—recovered her natural colour,—blushed worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus:—

" L—d, I cannot look at it!
" What would the world say if I looked at it?
" I should drop down if I looked at it!
" I wish I could look at it.
" There can be no sin in looking at it.
——*" I will look at it."*

Whilst all this was running through Mrs Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour-door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage——

* * * * * * * *
* * *——I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle Toby.——I saw it there, an' please your Honour, this morning, answered Trim.——Then prithee step directly for it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The Corporal did not approve of the orders; but most cheerfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will—the second was; so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

——You shall lay your finger upon the place, said my uncle Toby.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words;—we must go up to the first springs.

Now, in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages,* I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads,—blow your noses,—cleanse your emunctories,—sneeze, my good people;—God bless you.

Now, give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in,—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes, in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers; then, by discourse, inquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one;—and, if she has,—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decade, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it,—otherwise, it is not destitute of humour.

" She first, saith Slawkenbergius, stops the ass; and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier, to search for it.——For what?——You'll not know the sooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me.

" I have nothing, good lady, but empty bottles," says the ass.

——" I'm loaded with tripes," says the second.

——And thou art little better, quoth she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantofles;—and so to the fourth and fifth, going on, one by one, through the whole string, till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it,—considers it,—samples it,—measures it,—stretches it,—wets it,—dries it,—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it.

——Of what? for the love of Christ!

——I am determined, answered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.

CHAP. XXII.

We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles,—and so 'tis no matter;—else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes every thing so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that, whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart,—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet, at the same time, should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay,—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking (by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty, you know, on one hand,—or not enough

* Original Edition.

so, through defect of heat, on the other);—or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*;—or that her ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, nor the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose,—but rather against it; since, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay, had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit;—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane;—she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it for the communication of the tenderest offices;—she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained——

And, accordingly, * * * *
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* * * * * * * *
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The *Donation* was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now, this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs Wadman's brain about it; and, like a true Devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles, tripes, trunk-hose*, and *pantofles*.

CHAP. XXIII.

Mrs Bridget had pawned all the little stock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulata* in nature; namely, that, whilst my uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the Corporal could find nothing better to do than to make love to her:—"*And I'll let him as much as he will*," said Bridget, "*to get it out of him*."

Friendship has two garments, an outer and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interests in the one,—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himself.—Mrs Wadman had but one,—and, as it possibly might be her last, (without discouraging Mrs Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement; a child might have looked into his hand;—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had,—with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten-ace*,—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

——And the story too, if you please; for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen and go on with the story for me that will,—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I am going to give,—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort, at least, to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week, in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtle *aura* of the brain:—be it which it will,—an Invocation can do no hurt;—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

Gentle Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glided'st daily through his lattice, and turned'st the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence,—tinged'st his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and, all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his withered stump,* and wide extended it to all the evils of his life,—

—Turn in hither, I beseech thee!—behold these breeches!—they are all I have in the world;—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons.

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happened amongst 'em;—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here.—I never had but six, and a cunning gipsy of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore*-laps of five.—To do her justice, she did it with some consideration,—for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box, which was, moreover, filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicofini, and a second time at Capua,—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe; there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get

* He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

into vallies where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment?—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and, unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much,—and, for the livre or two above par for your suppers and bed,—at the most they are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny,—who would embroil their philosophy for it? for Heaven's and for your own sake, pay it,—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave Disappointment sitting drooping upon the eyes of your fair hostess and her damsels in the gateway, at your departure;—and besides, my dear sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound:—at least I did;—

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own.—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will, and felt the kindliest harmony vibrating within me; with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that, whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw or had to do with, touched upon some secret spring, either of sentiment or rapture.

——They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.——'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening. Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins.——

——And who is *poor Maria*? said I.

——The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion: it is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again;—they were the same notes,—yet were ten times sweeter.—It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man;—but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for, ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation; she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost day and night.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side;—she was beautiful; and, if ever I felt the full force of an honest heartache, it was the moment I saw her.

——God help her, poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said, in the several parish-churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect: we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me,—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately.

——Well, Maria, said I softly, what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered,—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days;—and never,—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them,—I believe there was a reserve;—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips,—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

—What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

When we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters; on the account of which my Honour has lain bleeding this half hour.—I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it, with all my violence, to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it,—

That whatever resemblance it may bear to half

the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it,—that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse; besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world,—That it is no way a proper subject for satire.

—Why then was it left so? And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many blockheads, numskulls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninny-hammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and sh—t-a-beds,—and other unsavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerné cast in the teeth of King Garagantua's shepherds:—and I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please; for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the 25th chapter of my book before the 18th? &c.

—So I don't take it amiss.—All I wish is, That it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people tell their stories their own way.*"

The Eighteenth Chapter.

As Mrs Bridget opened the door before the Corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour was so short, that Mrs Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain,—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby saluted Mrs Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirteen;—then facing about, he marched up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words, though not before he was sat down,—nor after he was sat down,—but as he was sitting down, told her, "*he was in love;*" so that my uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs Wadman naturally looked down upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love, moreover, of all others, being a subject of which he was the least a master,—when he had told Mrs Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, That could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco,—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under;—but the French, every one of them to a man, who believe in it almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*That talking of love is making it.*"

—I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on:—Mrs Wadman sat in expectation my uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other generally becomes indecent; so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing as she did it,—she took up the gauntlet,—or the discourse, (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle Toby thus—

The cares and disquietudes of the marriage-state, quoth Mrs Wadman, are very great.——I suppose so, said my uncle Toby.——And therefore when a person, continued Mrs Wadman, is so much at his ease as you are,—so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amusements,—I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state!

——They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs Wadman to sail upon the gulph as she pleased.

——As for children, said Mrs Wadman, though a principal end, perhaps, of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent,—yet do not we all find, that they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts?—and what is there, dear sir, to pay one for the heart-aches,—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life?——I declare, said my uncle Toby, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God——

——A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

Now there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents, with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such cases as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanliness*,—that casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs Wadman hit upon the *fiddlestick* which summoned up all my uncle Toby's modest blood into his cheeks;—so, feeling within himself tha he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering further either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him,—which was the siege of Jericho,—he set himself to read it over,—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent nor a loosener; nor like opium, nor bark, nor mercury, nor buckthorn, nor any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world;—in short, it worked not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before.—Babbler that I am:—I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject. *Allons!*

CHAP. XXVI.

It is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from London to Edinburgh, to inquire, before he sets out, how many miles to York? which is about the half-way:—nor does anybody wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c.—

It was just as natural for Mrs Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's Anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the Brain, and borrowed * Graaf upon the Bones and Muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reasoned likewise from her own powers,—laid down theorems,—drawn consequences, and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, "If poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound——?"

——He is recovered, Doctor Slop would say.——

What, quite?

——Quite, madam.

——But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs Wadman would say.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs Wadman could get no knowledge. In short, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind, which lulls Suspicion to rest;—and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it, in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the Devil without it.—But there is an accent of humanity—how shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body-surgeon.

"—Was it without remission?

"—Was it more tolerable in bed?

"—Could he lie on both sides alike with it?

"—Was he able to mount a horse?

"—Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves;—but when Mrs Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterscarp, and *pêle mêle* with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St Roch sword-in-hand,—and then, with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him, all bleeding, by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye as he was carried to his tent,—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up,—the springs of nature rose above their levels,—an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa,—his heart glowed with fire;—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs Wadman.

—And whereabouts, dear sir, quoth Mrs Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow?——In asking this question, Mrs Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place.—It fell out otherwise,—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St Nicholas, in one of the traverses of the trench opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St Roch,—he could, at any time, stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him. This struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium;—and with it, struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur, and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board, by the Corporal's aid, during his long illness:—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since; and accordingly the Corporal was detached to the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs Wadman's scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St Nicholas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being,—if not, 'twas her shade,—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes,—forbade her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs Wadman!

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee;—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise; and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress, let the chapter

* This must be a mistake in Mr Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatic juice, and the parts of generation.

go to the Devil; provided any damped critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

My uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——And here is the Maes,—and this is the Sambre, said the Corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs Bridget's shoulder,—but not the shoulder next him;—and this, said he, is the town of Namur,—and this the citadel,—and there lay the French, and here lay his Honour and myself;—and in this cursed trench, Mrs Bridget, quoth the Corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crushed him so miserably *here*.—In pronouncing which, he slightly pressed the back of her hand towards the part he felt for,—and let it fall.

——We thought, Mr Trim, it had been more in the middle, said Mrs Bridget.

——That would have undone us for ever, said the Corporal.

——And left my poor mistress undone too, said Bridget.

The Corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs Bridget a kiss.

——Come, come, said Bridget, holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance.——'Tis every syllable of it false, cried the Corporal, before she had half finished the sentence.

——I know it to be fact, said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

——Upon my honour, said the Corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke, with honest resentment,—'tis a story, Mrs Bridget, as false as hell!——Not, said Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether it is so or no; only that when one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least.——

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs Bridget, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the Corporal instantly * * *

say, with good company,)—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

Now my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself, upon his fingers' ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs Wadman's perfections, one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger,——Prithee, Trim, said he, taking up his pipe again, bring me a pen and ink.——Trim brought paper also.

—Take a full sheet, Trim! said my uncle Toby, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The Corporal obeyed,—placed the paper directly before him,—took a pen, and dipped it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, Trim! said my uncle Toby.

——Am I to set them down, an' please your Honour? quoth the Corporal.

——But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character,—I protest, added my uncle Toby, looking up as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling,—That was I her brother, Trim, a thousand-fold, she could not make more constant or more tender inquiries after my sufferings,—though now no more.

The Corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough:—he dipped the pen a second time into the ink-horn; and my uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left hand corner of it as he could get it,——the Corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - - thus.

—Prithee, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it,—how often does Mrs Bridget inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedst at the battle of Landen?

——She never, an' please your Honour, enquires after it at all.

——That, Corporal, said my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit,—that shews the difference in the character of the mistress and maid.—Had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs Wadman would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times.——She would have enquired, an' please your Honour, ten times as often about your Honour's groin.——The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and Compassion has as much to do with the one as the other.

——God bless your Honour, cried the Corporal,—what has a woman's compasssion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your Honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because, added the Corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason,—

"The knee is such a distance from the main body,—whereas the groin, your Honour knows, is upon the very *curtain* of the *place*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whistle;—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The Corporal had advanced too far to retire;—in three words he told the rest.

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider's web.

——Let us go to my brother Shandy's, said he.

CHAP. XXXII.

There will be just time, whilst my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidante of my mother; and that Mrs Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah, behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about;—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have, in exporting a family-secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan;—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen-fat to the postillion for a groat; who trucked it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value;—and though whispered in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified Truth at the rate he did,—had but just heard of the report as my uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by,—not only, "That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the

affair was lust;" but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's, (inclusive) was owing, one way or other, to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room, with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion;—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth,—as soon as my uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner:—

CHAP. XXXIII.

—THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted, and godlike a being as man,—I am far from denying;—but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion, which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards;—a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father, (availing himself of the *Prolepsis*) that, in itself, and simply taken,—like hunger, or thirst, or sleep,—'tis an affair neither good nor bad,—nor shameful, nor otherwise. Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof,—the congredients,—the preparations,—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?

—The act of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice,—and turning to my uncle Toby,—you see, is glorious,—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable;—we march with them upon our shoulders;—we strut with them by our sides;—we gild them;—we carve them;—we inlay them;—we enrich them;—nay, if it be but a *scoundrel* cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breech of it.

—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet;—and Yorick was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces,——

When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this:—

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a bull for the service of the parish; and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-visit* to him one day or other the preceding summer;—I say, one day or other,—because, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's house-maid;—so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed,—Obadiah thanked God.——

Now, said Obadiah, I shall have a calf; so Obadiah went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday,—or Tuesday,—or Wednesday at the farthest.

The cow did not calve;—no,—she'll not calve till next week;—the cow put it off terribly,—till, at the end of the sixth week, Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment,—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Most of the townsmen, an' please your worship, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the bull's fault.

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

It never happens, said Dr Slop; but the man's wife may have come before her time, naturally enough.—Prithee, has the child hair upon his head? added Doctor Slop.

——It is as hairy as I am, said Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been shaved for three weeks.

——Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - -, cried my father, beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle;—and so, brother Toby, this poor bull of mine, who is as good a bull as ever p—ss'd, and might have done for Europa herself in purer times,—had he but two legs less, might have been driven into Doctors' Commons, and lost his character;—which, to a Town-Bull, brother Toby, is the very same thing as his life.

——L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?

——A COCK and a BULL, said Yorick;—and one of the best of its kind I ever heard.

END OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

——They order, said I, this matter better in France.

——You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.——Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights;—I'll look into them. So, giving up the argument,—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches;—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do,"—took a place in the Dover stage; and, the packet sailing at nine the next morning,—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken, so incontestibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d' aubaine;**—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches,—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the King of France;—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck!—Ungenerous! to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast!—by Heaven! Sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with!——

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions.—

CALAIS.

When I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper,—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No, said I, the Bourbon is by no means cruel race: they may be misled, like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to man than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

——Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scots excepted) dying in France, are seized, by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot;—the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate,—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go;—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself.

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I, what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor Monk, of the order of St Francis, came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies,—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant,—*sed non quoad hanc*:—or be it as it may,—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours, they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves;—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world—"I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may,—the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous: and, accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty:—truth might lie between,—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth;—it looked forwards, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin, and, had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure,—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with so simple a grace,—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure,—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

——'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address;—'tis very true,—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world! the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic:—I felt the full force of the appeal;—I acknowledge it, said I:—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet,—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm!—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have

been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.——The monk made me a bow.——But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head,—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry:—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none:—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his grey hairs:—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise,—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *desobligeant,** in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel,—but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn,—I drew the taffeta-curtain betwixt us, and, being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *desobligeant.*

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

It must have been observed, by many a peripatetic philosopher, That Nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man; she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligation to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and, from the difference in educations, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy, what he has little occasion for, at their own price;—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount,—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers, for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party.

This brings me to my point, and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final causes of travelling.

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes:—

* A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The two first include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents, travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate;—or young gentlemen, transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small, that they would not deserve a distinction, were it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character: and these men I speak of are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons, and upon various pretences; but, as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home,—and, as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads:—

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers;

then follow

The Travellers of Necessity,
The Delinquent and Felonious Traveller,
The Unfortunate and Innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller;

And last of all (if you please) The Sentimental Traveller, (meaning thereby myself,) who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account,—as much out of *Necessity*, and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my forerunners, that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself;—but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*. It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a Traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue;—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape that the same grape produced upon the French mountains,—he was too phlegmatic for that;—but, undoubtedly, he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent,—he knew enough of this world to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and, by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery;—and, even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit:—but, as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either;—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the Inquisitive Traveller has measured, to see sights and look into discoveries, all which, as Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others.—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing.—But there is no nation under Heaven,—and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not speak it vauntingly,—But there is no nation under Heaven abounding with more variety of learning,—where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here,—where Art is encouraged, and will soon rise high,—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for,—and, to close all, where there is

more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with:—Where, then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

——We are only looking at this chaise, said they.——Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat.——We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *Inquisitive Traveller*,—what could occasion its motion.—'Twas the agitation, said I, coolly, of writing a preface.——I never heard, said the other, who was a *Simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *desobligeant*.——It would have been better, said I, in a *vis-a-vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darkened the passage more than myself, as I stepped along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant;* and Mons. Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *Innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard: and having sallied out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures,—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it,—but something might,—and, when a few words will rescue Misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *desobligeant;* it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it.

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein,—I have no interest——Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations.—I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits. You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine.

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself whether to take it or let it alone; a Frenchman never is; Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he.—But, in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss. Figure to yourself, my dear sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris,—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it,—and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walked together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street, to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-Park Corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Mons. Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident;—I looked at Monsieur Dessein through and through,—eyed him as he walked along in profile,—then *en face;*—thought he looked like a Jew,—then a Turk,—disliked his wig,—cursed him by my gods,—wished him at the Devil!

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four Louis d'ors, which is the most I can be overreached in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment,—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee.——Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk:—she had followed us unperceived.——Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own;—she had a black pair of silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve,—and I led her up to the door of the remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *diabled* the key above fifty times, before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand. We were as impatient as himself to have it opened; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it: so that Mons. Dessein left us together, with her hand

in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street. In the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without;—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank,—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment, upon Mons. Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation,—she had infallibly turned about; so I began the conversation instantly.

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them) —shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

When I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with the lady just arrived at the inn, I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed: something jarred upon it within me,—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains. —I was certain she was of a better order of beings:—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and, as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits.

——Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face,—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and, long before we had got to the door of the remise, Fancy had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it; —but thou art seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a-day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original:—it was a face of about six-and-twenty,—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder; —it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it,—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widowed look, and in that state of its declension which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss;—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wished to know what they had been,—and was ready to inquire (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted as in the days of Esdras)—"*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her, and resolved, some way or other, to throw in my mite of courtesy, —if not of service.

Such were my temptations;—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

This certainly, fair lady, said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands,—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.—

——And your reflection upon it shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so.——You thank Fortune, continued she;—you had reason,—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loss of her hand; and the manner in which I had lost it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a peevish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so, some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but, upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled,—the muscles relaxed, and I saw the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest:—melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow,—I pitied her from my soul; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me. She looked down:—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own,—not as if she was going to withdraw hers,—but as if she thought about it;—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers,—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself: so she let it continue till Mons. Dessein returned with the key; and, in the meantime, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

The good old monk was within six paces of us as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness, and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me.——You shall taste mine, said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one), and putting it into his hand.——'Tis most excellent, said the monk.—Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet, *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together,—you never used me unkindly.——I should think, said the lady, he is not likely.——I blushed in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel, to analyse.—Excuse me, madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations.——'Tis impossible, said the lady.——My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him,—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.——The lady opposed it; and I joined with her,—in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said, 'Twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest;—but, be it as it would,—he begged we might exchange boxes.—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it,—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom,—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears;—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife* at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them, who was the Inquisitive Traveller, asked us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?——I could only answer for myself, I said; —and the lady added, she was for Amiens.—— We dined there yesterday, said the Simple Traveller.——You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris.—I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover.—They left us alone.

—Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition:—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said *Avarice*, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not what she is, said *Caution;* or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whispered *Cowardice*.

—Depend upon it, Yorick, said *Discretion*, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress; and came, by assignation, to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried *Hypocrisy*, aloud, shew your face in the world;—nor rise, quoth *Meanness*, in the church;—nor be any thing in it, said *Pride*, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I;—and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant,—I turned instantly about to the lady,——

But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walked with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand,—with the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me she was trying the same cause herself.—God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the remise, whilst she walked musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings;"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, That she was a widow, and wore a character of distress,—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me;—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under the general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry; it brought on the idea of a further separation:—I might possibly never see her more:—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself. In a word, I wished to know her name,—her family,—her condition;—and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came; but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I formed a score different plans.—There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly;—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me it was the easiest thing in the world;—for, popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begged I would do him the honour to present him to the lady.—I had not been presented myself;—so turning about to her, he did it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris?——No; she was going that route, she said.——*Vous n'etes pas de Londres?* ——She was not, she replied.——Then madame must have come through Flanders.—*Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* said the French captain.—The lady answered, she was.—— *Peut-être de Lisle?* added he.——She answer-

el, she was not of Lisle,——Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Brussels?——She answered, she was of Brussels.

——He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war;—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*,—and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight curtsey);—so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it,—he begged the honour to know her name,—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son Mari?* said he, looking back when he had made two steps,—and without staying for an answer,—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein opened the door of the remise, was another old tattered *desobligeant;* and, notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before,—the very sight of it stirred up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris; so were, in all respects, as good as new. They were too good;—so I passed on to the third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price.——But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in.——Have the goodness, madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in.——The lady hesitated half a second, and stepped in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady, smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies,—*c'est bien comique*, said she.

——There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to,—to make love the first moment,—and an offer of his person the second.

——'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

——It is supposed so at least;—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth; but, for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers; and, in truth, the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments!*

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants;—and to do it,—pop,—at first sight by declaration,—is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

—Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers,——

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake,——

That selfish people hate it for their own,——

Hypocrites for Heaven's,——

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*,——

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood,—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

—Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing,—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR DESSEIN came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady that Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event,—and could not help telling her so;—for it is fatal to a proposal, madam, said I, that I was going to make you.

——You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me.—A man, my good sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.

——Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation.——But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend;—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopped a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice; and, with a look of sensibility mixed with concern, she got out of the chaise,—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life. My time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady; and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion,—I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais,—

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out something,—another will;—no matter,—'tis an essay upon human nature;—I get my labour for my pains,—'tis enough;—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren;—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections:—if I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to;—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection;—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn:—and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome,—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted.—He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon:—he was just coming out of it.—'*T'is nothing but a huge cock-pit*,* said he.——I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of "moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals who each other eat: the Anthropophagi."—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and used worse than St Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at.——

I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.——You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples,—from Naples to Venice,—from Venice to Vienna,—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them, if it is to be found; but Heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it;—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival.—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, fresh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in Heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTREUIL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain,

* Vide S——'s Travels.

and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postilion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting.——Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that *that* was the very thing.

A servant! that I do, most sadly, quoth I. ——Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman. ——But why an English one more than any other?——They are so generous, said the landlord.——I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night. ——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he.——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I.——It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu à la fille de chambre.——Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone,* said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*—but *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur,* said he, when there is any thing to be got;—*tant pis,* when there is nothing.——It comes to the same thing, said I. —*Pardonnez moi,* said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis at our ambassador's table, demanded of Mr H——, if he was H—— the poet.——No, said Mr H——, mildly.——*Tant pis,* replied the marquis.

——It is H—— the historian, said another. ——*Tant mieux,* said the marquis.——And Mr H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of,—saying only first, That as for his talents he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon;—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of Nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTREUIL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so than when a poor Devil comes to offer his service to so poor a Devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account,—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case;—and, I may add, the gender too of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first, —and then began to inquire what he could do. —But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them;—besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no further track of glory to him,—he retired *à ses terres,* and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu;*—that is to say, upon nothing.

——And so, quoth Wisdom, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!——Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the Devil and all to pay besides? When man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match,—he is not ill off.——But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I.——*O qu'oui!* he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle. ——Bravo! said Wisdom——Why I play a bass myself, said I;—we shall do very well. You can shave and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world.——It is enough for Heaven, said I, interrupting him,—and ought to be enough for me.—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever Nature painted in one, on the other,—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTREUIL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fel-

low;—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper;—it supplied all defects:—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—(I was going to have added, of his too); but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by,—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am,—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb;—but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him,—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTREUIL.

The next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and a silk pair of breeches: and bid him fasten all upon the chaise,—get the horses put to,—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

——*C'est un garçon de bonne fortune*, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postilion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

—The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town; and there is scarce a corner in Montreuil where the want of him will not be felt. He has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."

——I am heartily glad of it, said I; 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge as my own, having been in love with one princess or other almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up,—I can scarce find in it to give misery a sixpence: and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again, and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this,—surely I am commending the passion,—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

——The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations,—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day;—'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it; but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and men*, &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address,—"O Cupid, prince of Gods and men!" in every street of Abdera, in every house,—"O Cupid! Cupid!"—In every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drop from it, whether it will or no,—nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of Gods and men!"—The fire caught,—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore,—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death;—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street;—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera;—every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down, and listened to the song.

—'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTREUIL.

When all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for at the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is, with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the Devil!"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few mi-

serables; and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few, that I know, have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

——A well-a-way! said I;—I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just Heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined.—The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcomeness——*Prenez-en,—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch.——Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it,—taking a small pinch out of his box to enhance their value, as I did it.——He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first,—'twas doing him an honour,—the other was only doing him a charity;—and he made me a bow to the ground for it.

——Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and worn out to death in the service,—here's a couple of sous for thee.——*Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged.——The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher en tres-charitable Monsieur——There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois;—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous for it*.—But, in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believe, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself; he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days.——Good God! said I, and I have not one single sous left to give him.——But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of Nature, stirring within me;—so I gave him——no matter what,—I am ashamed to say *how much* now,—and was ashamed to think how little then; so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse.*——*Et le bon vous Dieu benisse encore*, said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing,—he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

Having settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs) he cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life!—A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career;—his bidet would not pass by it,—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more nor less upon it than *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again, then this way—then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass:—La Fleur insisted upon the thing,—and the bidet threw him.

——What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine?——*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde.*——Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I.——So La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montriul.——*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here, that

* Post-horse.

though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are, nevertheless, three in the French language, like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used in ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations,—such as—the throwing one's doublets,—La Fleur's being kicked off his horse, and so forth.—Cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable!*

But, in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots,—'tis the second degree;

'Tis then *Peste!*

And for the third—

——But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted to have forced them upon the use of it.

—Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress!—whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight,—and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frightened horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour, we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

——And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.——I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time,—then laid them down,—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand,—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle,—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made,—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

——He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

——It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey;—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money.——The mourner said he did not want it;—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him;—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either eat or drank till they met.

——Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast,—I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.——Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive;—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together, have been too much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.——Shame on the world! said I to myself——Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass,—'twould be something.——

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILION.

The concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention; the postilion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postilion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand Devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for Heaven's sake to go slower:—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.——The deuce take him and his galloping too, said I, he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postilion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill, about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him,—and then with myself for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me.

——Then, prithee, get on,—get on, my good lad, said I.

——The postilion pointed to the hill——I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass;—but I had broke the clue,—and could no more get into it again than the postilion could into a trot.

——The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I, sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which Nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep, and the first word which roused me was Amiens.

——Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes,—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

The words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition,—and of that particular kind of it which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story,—that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***,—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

——Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels;—'tis only returning from Italy, through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home;—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer! To see her weep, and, though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her!

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one: and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before,—swearing, as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity;—she had a right to my whole heart;—to divide my affections was to lessen them;—to expose them, was to risk them; where there is risk, there may be loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick, to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence,—so good, so gentle, and unreproaching?

——I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself;—but my imagination went on,—I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say Adieu! I looked at the picture she had tied in a black riband about my neck,—and blushed as I looked at it.—I would have given the world to have kissed it,—but was ashamed. And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands,—shall it be smitten to its very root, and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal Fountain of Happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground,—be thou my witness,—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, that I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards Heaven!

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry,—and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four-and-twenty hours. The poor soul burned with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and, in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back-parlour in the *auberge*, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Piccardy; and the Count de L***'s servant, in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and, leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing! I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaded himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master,—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health, told her that Monsieur his master was *au desespoire* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey,—and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour——And he he has done me the honour, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return?

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations;—he trembled for my honour,—and, possibly, might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme;* so that, when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter,——*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur; so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side-pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right;—then contrariwise;—*Diable!*—then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob;—*Peste!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor,—pulled out a dirty cravat,—a handkerchief,—a comb,—a whip-lash,—a night-cap,—then gave a peep into his hat,—*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge;*—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas;*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had,—a devil himself could not have been angry; 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road, or embarrassed me in so doing,—his heart was in no fault,—I was under no necessity to write;—and, what weighed more than all,—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

——'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I.——'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I began, and began again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepped out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink,—then fetched sand and seal-wax.—It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again.—*Le Diable l'emporte*, said I half to myself,—I cannot write this self-same letter, throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down my pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour——Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book, crammed full of small letters and billets-doux in a sad condition, and laying it

upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over, one by one, till he came to the letter in question, —*La voila!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

Madame,

Je suis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au desespoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais sa desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte le garde Mercredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun à son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, Madame,
Avec toutes les sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus tendres, tout à vous,
JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday,—and the letter was neither right nor wrong;—so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it,—and, whipping it up in my own way,—sealed it up, and sent it to Madame de L——; and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

When a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks,—'tis very well in such a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince, who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it,—I say *up into it*,—for there is no descending perpendicularly amongst 'em with a "*Me voici, mes enfans*,"—here I am,—whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure. —The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards;—the young, in armour bright, which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east,—all—all tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.

——Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom; —seek—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled, nor flambeau shot its rays;—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!—

——May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out a letter which I had to present to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly,—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle won't stand.——You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand——

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I.—The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity!

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of Nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this: —That the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment: —the Parisian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech;—but 'twill be said,—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid re-

vision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and talk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuse among them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but, when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth, without any determination where to go;—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

——Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera Comique.*——Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

——*Tres volontiers;* most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty Louis-d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take,—you must turn first to your left hand,—*mais prenez garde,*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second,—then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf,* which you must cross—and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out,—she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette,* I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said:—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not,—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.——Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight curtsey.

——*Attendez,* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment.——And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and, certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.——

Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-daysical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said "there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's*

pulse."—But a *grisette's!* thou wouldst have said,—and in an open shop, Yorick!—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back-parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score.—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out, —and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different; for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there:—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people, where nothing but the monarchy is salique, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot——

—Surely,—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. ——With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.——She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—*Apropos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.—She held it open;—my hand slipped into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety,—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them:—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it,—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves,—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence;—I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack:—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins.—It may seem strange; but I could actually feel she did.

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked a single livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse, but that I once knew one,—for he is no more,—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death, but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera) with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world, the sense is this:—

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box; he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose:—'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud: and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina de F*** was coming out, in a sort of hurry;—she was almost upon me before I saw her: so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass. She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again. We both flew together to the other side, and then back,—and so on:—it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first;—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage. She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her.—No, said I, that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in:—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered she was guided by the same intention towards me;—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *cicisbeo* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach; so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure.—Upon my word, madam, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out.—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter.—I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh, said I.—With all my heart, said she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it;—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her.——And what became of the concert, St Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was, the unaccountable sport of Nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs. No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it.—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the nose long,—the teeth white,—the jaw promi-

nent,—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down:—every third man a pigmy!—some by ricketty heads and hump-backs;—others by bandy-legs;—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth;—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A Medical Traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages;—a Splenetic one, to want of air;—and an Inquisitive Traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses,—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together. But I remember, Mr Shandy the Elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, That children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so cooped up, that they had not actually room enough to get them.—I do not call it getting any thing, said he—'tis getting nothing——Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and bye-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.——Never mind, said I, some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust, some how or other, into this luckless place;—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side, then on the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined:—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliah did upon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box.—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so tempered to *bear and forbear!*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter——I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.——The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress,—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket,—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.——This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together.——And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon mot;*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something in Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of *grisettes*, in order to see the opera, and that the *parterre* espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.——And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the *grisettes'* pockets?—The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

——Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment,—is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves.—*Quelle grossierté!* added I.

——The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere:—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining.—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossiertés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns;—that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le pour et le contre se trouvant en chaque nation;* there is a balance, said he, of good and bad everywhere; and nothing but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other:—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *sçavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character:—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object:—'twas my own way of thinking,—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast,—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before.—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blushed at many a word the first month,—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town.—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct:—and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart.—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord.——I asked her if she wanted anything——*Rien que pour pisser*, said Madame de Rambouilet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on.—And, ye fair mystic nymphs, go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path,—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more.—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste *Castalia*, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

END OF VOL. I.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son, upon the same subject, into my head, —and that bringing in Hamlet,—and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's Works, I stopt at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world.——*Comment!* said I, taking one up out of a set which lay on the counter betwixt us. ——He said, they were sent him only to be got bound; and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

——And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespeare?——*C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookseller.—He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too.——You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop.——The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl, about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit*. The bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse, run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

——And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, 'till Love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.—— With reason, said I; for it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen; 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satin purse by its ribband in her hand all the time.——'Tis a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—(she held it towards me)—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art handsome, and Heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble curtsey than a low one:—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down,—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it;—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

——Upon my word, sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable;—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand:—*En verité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks; so, notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second curtsey in setting off; and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again—she thanked me.

—It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world; but I see innocence, my dear, in your face,—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected, some way or other, with what I said;—she gave a low sigh:—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it,—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

——But, is this the way, my dear, said I, to the Hotel de Modene?——She told me it was; —or that I might go by the Rue de Guenegualt, which was the next turn.——Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegualt, said I, for two reasons: first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.——The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said, She wished the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St Pierre.——You live there? said I.——She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.——Good God! said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.——The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him.——So I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed.—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand:—they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together!

We set off afresh; and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm.——I was just bidding her,—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness.—Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guenegualt, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness.—She bid me adieu twice;—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men,—I did what amounted to the same thing, —I bid God bless her!

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

When I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police.——The deuce take it, said I, —I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it; for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head, but, that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now;—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty, —only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself.——Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said I,— and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been inquiring after me,—the thing instantly recurred;—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the hotel concluded with saying he hoped I had one.——Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this;—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one: the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single trait, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel;—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it —If Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. ——Then certes, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastile, or the Chatelet, *au moins*.——Poo! said I, the King of France is a good-natured soul,—he'll hurt nobody.——*Cela n'empeche pas*, said he,—you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning.——But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answered I; and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the Kings of France in the world.——La Fleur whispered in my ear,—That nobody could oppose the King of France.

Pardi, said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires*;—and having both said and sworn it,—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly; and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step further,—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut,—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out:—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for. Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said, it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine.——I've enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I.——Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius;—I know France and Italy better than you.——But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expence.——I beg pardon, said Eugenius, dryly: really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily, came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity;—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile,—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a-year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.——Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly,—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. ——'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, —the Bastile is not an evil to be despised.—But strip it of its towers,—fill up the foss,—unbarricade the doors,—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper,—and not of a man, which holds you in it,—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a

little cage.—"I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity, —"I can't get out," said the starling.——God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.——"No," said the starling; "I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my sytematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *Liberty*, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice!—His children!——

But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there:—he had one of these little sticks in his hands, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul!—I burst into tears.——I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—I started up from my chair, and, calling La Fleur, —I bid him bespeak me a remise, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ach, I told him I would go to bed by myself,—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I got into my remise the hour I proposed. La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr **** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet;—and, by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris, the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy, the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him:—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A—, Lord A. begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B—; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C—; and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling:—Lord D. gave him to Lord E. and so on, half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners.—But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him,—I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird,—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms.——And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur le Duc de C——, was an act of compulsion;—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to writhe myself into Monsieur le Duc de C——'s good graces.—This will do, said I.—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous tailor, without taking his measure.—Fool! continued I,—see Monsieur le Duc's face first;—observe what character is written in it;—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you;—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs;—and for the tone,—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke;—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over.—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field, why not face to face in the cabinet too? and trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C—— with the Bastile in thy looks;—my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I.—Then I'll go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.

—And there you are wrong again, replied I.——A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes,—'tis ever on its centre.—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmast,—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C—— was busy.—I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and, what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.——He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow, and told him, I had something of importance to say to Monsieur le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one.—But I must not mislead you, said I,—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur le Duc de C——, but of great importance to myself.——*C'est une autre affaire*, replied he.——Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. But pray, good sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse?*——In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch.——The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed

to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect;—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my remise, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it;—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

Before I had got half way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets.—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb; and that numbers of the first dukes and marquisses and counts had hotels.—The Count de B***, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind.—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B***, who has so high an idea of English books and English men,—and tell him my story? So I changed my mind a second time. In truth, it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R***, in the Rue St Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her;—but I am governed by circumstances;—I cannot govern them: so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St Louis selling *patés*.—It is impossible, La Fleur, said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phænomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole; and had looked into the basket, and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the remise. The more I looked at him, his croix, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain.—I got out of the remise, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half way up his breast. Upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin: another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was such a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *patés* of him as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight;—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.——I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand,—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service; in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre;—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this:—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix.)——The poor Chevalier won my pity; and he finished the scene by winning my esteem too.

The King, he said, was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one; and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way,—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done.—He had told the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears;—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity,—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a-year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself;—the two stories reflect light upon each other,—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is,—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been; their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity.—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light;—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword,—it could not open the way,—the mounting was too expensive,—and simple economy was not a match for it:—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Britanny, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see reblossom.—But in Britanny, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side;—Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword;—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn visitation. I call it solemn;—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his [illegible] son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother;—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family,—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him: and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard:—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up:—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same,—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it,—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place. I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to "get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it,—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I found no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Count de B* * *. The set of Shakespeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were,—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me;—It is my countryman, the great Shakespeare, said I, pointing to his works; *et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.*—

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair; so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France.——And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count.——So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader.

——And the master of my hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Count, that I should be sent to the Bastile;—but I have no apprehensions, continued I,—for in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I lay at their mercy. It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur le Count, said I, to shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B* * *'s cheeks as I spoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't fear, said he.—Indeed I don't, replied I again.—Besides, continued I a little sportingly, I have come laughing all the way from Lon-

don to Paris; and I do not think Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monsieur le Count de B* * * (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not said half so much,—and once or twice said,—*C'est bien dit.* So I rested my cause there,—and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things,—of books, and politics, and men; and then of women.——God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them,—there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do. After all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily;—you are not come to spy the nakedness of the land;—I believe you are *au fond*, I dare say, *that* of our women: [illegible] permit me to conjecture,—if, *par hazard*, they fell [illegible] say, that the prospect would not aff[illegible] you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand [illegible] to a dozen of the sex together,—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur le Count, said I:—as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them;—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on;—but I could wish, continued I, to say the *nakedness* of their hearts, and, through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by;—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Count, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais Royal,—nor the Luxembourg,—nor the Façade of the Louvre,—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches.—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in and see the original drawings, and loose sketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France,—and from France will lead me through Italy;—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of Nature, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other,—and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare for making me known to him.——But, *à-propos*, said he;—Shakespeare is full of great things;—he forgot the small punctilio of announcing your name:—it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

There is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am,—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word,—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose;—for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers' scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon Yorick; and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name,—*Me voici!* said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account; 'tis certain, the French conceive better than they combine;—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case:—"He could not bear," he said, "to look into sermons wrote by the King of Denmark's jester."—Good, my lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago: he flourished in Horwendillus's court;—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court.——He shook his head.——Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, my lord!——[illegible] all one, he replied.——[illegible] King of Macedon, could have [illegible] lordship, said I, I'm sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same error.

—*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count.——*Je le suis*, said I.——*Vous?*——*Moi*——*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte.*——*Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me,—*Vous êtes Yorick?*

The Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket.—*Mysteries which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 'twas better to read Shakespeare; so taking up "*Much Ado about Nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments! —Long,—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delight; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed.—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course; —I leave it,—and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian Fields than I have of Heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them;—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it;—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours;—I lose the feelings for myself in hers, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely, this is not walking in a vain shadow,—nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it:*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. Mons. le Duc de C——, said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman.——*Un homme qui rit,* said the Duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.*——Had it been for any one but the King's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours. ——*Pardonnez moi,* Mons. le Count, said I, I am not the King's jester.——But you are Yorick?——Yes.——*Et vous plaisantez?*——I answered, Indeed I did jest,—but was not paid for it;—'twas entirely at my own expence.

We have no jester at court, Mons. le Count, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.;—since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of our country;—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout,—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of.

Voila un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr Yorick the King's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along,—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it. —But there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh,—and that the greatest they knew of, terminated, *in a general way,* in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the outedge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote; and, at last, had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——'Tis strange! writes Bevoriskius, but the facts are certain; for I have had the curiosity to mark them down, one by one, with my pen; —but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is Heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson to copy, even in thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels;—so I twice, —twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? said the

Count de B****, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that, after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

——*Mais passe pour cela.*——Speak frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?——I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it.——*Vraiment*, said the Count, *les François sont polis.*——To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse:* and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could against it:——he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Mons. le Compte, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion, by turns, for every key in him: so that, if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.——The Count de B**** did not understand music; so desired me to explain it some other way.——A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at; if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of;—but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones,—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of King William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket, and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far:——

See, Mons. le Compte, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table,—by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpness which the fine hand of Nature has given them;—they are not so pleasant to feel,—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, Mons. le Compte, added I, (wishing to soften what I had said) have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this;—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and a good-tempered people, as is under Heaven;—if they have a fault, they are too *serious.*

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation.——I laid my hand upon my breast, and, with earnest gravity, assured him it was my most settled opinion.

——The Count said he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C——.

But, if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion,—or in what manner you support it.—But if you do support it, *Mons. Anglois*, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.——I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy;—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

When I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or not.—I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and, when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commission to a *marchande des modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and, as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and, if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May,—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour as those of the bed) were drawn close,—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face,—I thought she blushed;—the idea of it made me blush myself;—we were quite alone, and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man;—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it,—not to call it back, but to make

the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves. It is associated——

But I'll not describe it;—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before:—I sought five minutes for a card; I knew I had not one. I took up a pen,—I laid it down again,—my hand trembled:—the Devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary, whom, if we resist, he will fly from us; but I seldom resist him at all, from a terror that, though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat; so I give up the triumph for security; and, instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau, where I was looking for a card,—took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink; she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it, but I durst not;——I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon.——Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.

——I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl, upon thy lips!

——If I do, said I, I shall perish; so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her.——She said, indeed, she would not, and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine;—it was impossible not to compress them in that situation;—I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it,—and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again;—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing.—I had still hold of her hands—(and how it happened, I can give no account); but I neither asked her, nor drew her, nor did I think of the bed;—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time;—then into the left.——"She had lost it."——I never bore expectation more quietly;—it was in her right pocket at last; she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown:—she put it into my hand: it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap, looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock; the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little housewife, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up. I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and, as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off.——See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot,——I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return; and, putting in the strap,—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right, in doing it so suddenly, it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre,—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

Yes,—and then——Ye, whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece,—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great Governor of Nature! said I to myself;—wherever thy Providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue; whatever is my danger;—whatever is my situation,—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man,—and, if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice; for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room:—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket,—*and then*,—the victory being quite decisive,—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber;—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music, which had called forth my affections; therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which passed and repassed sedate-

ly along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel.—The man was about fifty-two, had a small cane under his arm, was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waist-coat, and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years' service;—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He passed by me without asking any thing,—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman.—I was much more likely to have given of the two. He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly, and, after him, a young smart one. He let them both pass, and asked nothing: I stood observing him half an hour; in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose;—the first was, Why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex;—and secondly, What kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery:—the one was, He told every woman what he had to say, in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition:—the other was, It was always successful;—he never stopped a woman but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phænomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening; so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere.——How so, friend? said I.——He answered, I had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bedchamber, and 'twas against the rules of his house.——Very well, said I, we'll all part friends then,—for the girl is no worse,—and I am no worse,—and you will be just as I found you.—It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon.——I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

——I should not have minded, Monsieur, said he, if you had had twenty girls,——'Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon.——Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning.——And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the sin?——It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.——I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.——I own it necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*;—and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.——O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never looked into it.——Then, Monsieur, said he, has bought nothing.——Not one earthly thing, replied I.——Because, said he, I could recommend you to one who would use you *en conscience*.——But I must see her this night, said I.——He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I;—and what then? Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!—I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left;—there was more of spleen than of principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the *grisette* came in with her box of lace.——I'll buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The *grisette* would shew me every thing.—I was hard to please; she would not seem to see it. She opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces, one after another, before me;—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness.—I might buy,—or not;—she would let me have every thing at my own price;—the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse;—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first.—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four louis d'ors

in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The master of the hotel will share the profit with her;—no matter,—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

When La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was, for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it.—So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him;—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'est deroger à noblèsse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it.—*Et encore, Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments;—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself,——I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him.

——*Mon Dieu!* said La Fleur,—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious:—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel.—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that not out of curiosity,—'tis so low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece;—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone; had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirits as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the King of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same.——They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing.—I wished him hanged for telling me.——They looked so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Friperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered;—This was, indeed, something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scoured,—the gold had been touched up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise;—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well; he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *solitaire*; and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees.—He had purchased muslin ruffles *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money;—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more;—and, to top all, Nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast.—In a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire la gallant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****.—I had retained the remise on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have

got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue, in these embarrassments;—the sons and daughters of Service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters;—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price,—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am thy servant,—disarms me at once of the powers of a master.

——Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

—And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris?

——La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, 'Twas a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur le Count de B****'s.—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master,—so that, somehow, or other,—but how,—Heaven knows,—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the staircase, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *Boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a-week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

La Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant-leaf; and, as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant-leaf and his hand.—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper;—but, stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third,—I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time; and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him: it was, moreover, in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it.—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius,—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh:—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it, increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again;—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then;—so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence,—then taking a turn or two,—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it.—I then began, and read it as follows:—

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now as the Notary's wife disputed the point with the Notary with too much heat,——I wish, said the Notary, (throwing down the parchment), that there was another Notary here, only to set down and attest all this.

——And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she, rising hastily up.—The Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply,——I would go, answered he, to bed.—You may go to the Devil, answered the Notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the Devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the Pont Neuf.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have passed over the Pont Neuf must own, that it is the noblest,—the finest,—the grandest,—the lightest,—the longest,—the broadest, that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.—

By this it seems as if the author of the Fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which Divines and the Doctors of the Sorbonne can allege against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city,—and with reason good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it; but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine.

——*'Tis an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his arquebuss.

Arquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it; —it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage.—*'Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the Notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor Notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:—

Luckless man that I am! said the Notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days!—to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go! —to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman!—to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontific ones!—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy-night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents! —Where am I to lay my head?—Miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points in the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next Notary.—Now the Notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, dismantled of every thing but a long military pike, —a breast-plate,—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equidistant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair. The Notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

——Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me. It is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind;—it will make the fortunes of your house.——The Notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn.——Almighty Director of every event in my life!—said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards Heaven,—Thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man!—Direct my tongue by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that *Book*, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!——The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.

——It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature;—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity.——

The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn; and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words:——

——And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I,—as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET.

PARIS.

When La Fleur came close up to the table,

and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapped round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *Boulevards*. ——Then prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her, to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *see if thou canst get it*.——There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur;—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back, quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks, than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment. *Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her,—his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the count's footmen,—the footman to a young sempstress,—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it.—Our misfortunes were involved together;—I gave a sigh,—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear.

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur.——How unlucky! said I.

——I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it.——Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

The man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good Sentimental Traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets.—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of hers, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together,—and yet they are *absolutely* fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em;—and for the text,—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia,"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the *Opera Comique* into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half way down, but near the door;—'tis more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns,—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing, arm-in-arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*:—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand.—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other, of the same size and make, of about forty: there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them;—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations. I could have wished to have made them happy;—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms,—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself.——Twelve sous! said one.——A twelve-sous piece! said the other,—and made no reply.

——The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

——Poo! said they,—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

——Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me.——Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change.——Then God bless you! said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others, without change!——I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket.——I'll see, said she, if I have a sous!——A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you; be bountiful to a poor man.

——I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

——My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder,—What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that they outshine the morning, even in this dark passage! and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more,—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity;—and, to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me;—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it:—'twas flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to Nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it,—I vex not my spirit with the inquiry;—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces,—and they can best tell the rest who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it into the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Mons. le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round; and then, by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had got hold of the *couvert** of some more entertaining guest; and, in course, should have resigned all my places, one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****. In days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'Amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since.—The Marquis de B**** wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England:" and asked much of the English ladies.——Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquis, said I.——*Les Messieurs Anglois* can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.——The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons. P****, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard.——If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Mons. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q*** as an *esprit*.—Madame de Q*** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in to be convinced she had.—I call Heaven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de Q*** vowed to every creature she met,—"She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman:—She is coquette,—then deist,—then *devoté*: the empire during these is never lost;—she only changes her subjects; when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she repeoples it with the slaves of infidelity, and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was fading fast away;—she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely.—In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.—I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended;—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist;—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her;—that I had not been five

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

minutes sat upon the sofa beside her, but I had began to form designs;—and what is it but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

——We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand;—and there is need of all restraints, till Age in his own time steals in and lays them on us.—But, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand,—'tis too—too soon.—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.——She affirmed to Mons. D*** and the Abbé M*** that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their Encyclopedia had said against it,—I was lifted directly into Madame de V***'s *coterie*;—and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too strait about my neck.——It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own;—but a word, Mons. Yorick, *to the wise*.

—And *from the wise*, Mons. le Count, replied I, making him a bow,—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.——*Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres.*——*Il raisonne bien*, said another.——*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest *reckoning*;—I grew ashamed of it.—It was the gain of a slave:—every sentiment of honour revolted against it;—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*;—the better the *coterie*,—the more children of Art,—I languished for those of Nature; and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick,—went to bed;—ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning, to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now,—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France, in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up,—a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters;—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me,—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.—

Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes;—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into,—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures;—I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth.—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's sense, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left; but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself;—still she could not rest.—Her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road, leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar. She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand:—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines;—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper;—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted with a silken net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.——"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking

more of her father, than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own,—and then in hers,—and then in mine,—and then I wiped hers again;—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before?——She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts:—That, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, That her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft;—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again; which, she added, he had half-promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On opening it, I saw an *S.* marked in one of the corners.

—She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peters once,—and returned back:—that she found her way alone across the Apennines,—had travelled over all Lombardy without money,—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes:—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell;—but *God tempers the winds*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb.*

——Shorn indeed; and to the quick, said I:—and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup;—I would be kind to thy Sylvio;—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back;—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening-song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart!

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.——And where will you dry it, Maria? said I.—I'll dry it in my bosom, said she;—'twill do me good.

——And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows;—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face;—and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate; in a moment or two Maria returned to herself,—let her pipe fall,—and rose up.

——And where are you going, Maria? said I.——She said, to Moulines.——Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow,—in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet, when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms:—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly;—still she was feminine;—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds;—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

There was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me. In every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar: and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

—Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!—thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw,—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to Heaven!—Eternal fountain of our feeling!—'tis here I trace thee,—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me;*"—not that,

in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction!*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself;—all comes from thee, great,—great *Sensorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish,—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock;—this moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I gone one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it!

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish,—but thy joys shall balance it;—for happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the sharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn;—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house;—and on the other side, was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house,—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast:—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room: so I sat down at once, like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this? or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet,—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance; the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back apartment to tie up their hair,—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*; and, in three minutes, every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin;—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*,—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune,—then intermitted,—and joined her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance;—but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of

thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

——Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

When you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons;—adieu then to all rapid movements!—'tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin, through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created: with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered!

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices; the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable,—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St Michael and Madane; and, by the time my *vioturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a passage could any how be gained. There was nothing but to wait with patience;—'twas a wet and tempestuous night; so that by the delay and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to put up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bedchamber, got a good fire, ordered supper, and was thanking Heaven it was no worse,—when a *voiturin* arrived with a lady in it, and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bedchamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman;—that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another. The accent in which she spoke of this third bed, did not say much for it;—however, she said there were three beds, and but three people,—and she durst say the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.——I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it, so instantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it;—so I desired the lady to sit down, pressed her into the warmest seat, called for more wood, desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back and to give a look at the beds: and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed.—I felt for her—and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this;—but the position of them (for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow a space for a small wicker-chair betwixt them) rendered the affair still more oppressive to us;—they were fixed up, moreover, near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side; and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations:—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which, in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us: 'twas a damp, cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass nor oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative,—That the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid,—or, that the girl should take the closet, &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way,—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and, had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up till Necessity herself had set them at liberty;—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kinds of lights in the course of a two hours' negociation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace,—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follows:—

First, As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur,—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted on the part of Madame; with a proviso, That, as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking-pins or needle and thread, in such a manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly, It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: in as much as Monsieur is not worth a *robe de chambre*; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article,—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly, It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted, provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed;—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise, protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in nature,—'tis the fault of his own imagination,—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not, but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight, when Nature and Patience both wearing out,—O my God! said I.

——You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more slept than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons; but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation.——She maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty.——I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for, in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

——Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I, stretching my arm out of bed by way of asseveration,—

(I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet; and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me;—

So that, when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

END OF THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

A TALE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth;—he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey—as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, how can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side; such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

A TALE.

CHAP. I.

The description of the Family of Wakefield, in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world, or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsey. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had

but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who, during her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country." —"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them—handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAP. II.

Family misfortunes—the loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a-year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield—a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained, with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it a subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles. As he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who

was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awakened in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters; in fact, my attention was fixed on another object—the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid shewing it to my old friend, Mr Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but, not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How!" cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."—"Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure."—"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform the company of my circumstances; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence—too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAP. III.

A Migration—the fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

The only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled, without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempt-

ed to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a-year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of the family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us to conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humble circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel—this staff; and take this book too, it will be your comfort on the way; these two lines in it are worth a million—*I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy. Whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a-year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn, in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that there was scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well-formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart,

sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me, that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.' In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name, and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow, will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that, though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." —"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord, then, the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities, are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical, men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence."—"Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr Burchell: "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who shewed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that they were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit. His profusion began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay; he grew improvident, as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made of him, instead of *money* he gave *promises;* they were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now, therefore, found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that—that—I forgot what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his fallen fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but he still preserves the character of a humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too

violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described; she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP. IV.

A Proof that even the humblest Fortune may grant Happiness, which depends not on Circumstances, but Constitution.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine-morning, eat pancakes on Shrovetide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling rivulet before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want rich furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant; after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, (for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which, freedom ever destroys friendship,) we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and my daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday, to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still lo-

ved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plaistered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now." —"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."—"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."—"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAP. V.

A new and great Acquaintance introduced—what we place most hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshaded by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparation for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with bluebells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned ac-

quaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother, so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently. However, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsey. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding; an age could not have made them better acquainted; while the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and taking a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him; my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mrs Simpkins got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me, when we are in spirits. Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she; "I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children; but I think there are some from his character." I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarcely worth the sentinel.

CHAP. VI.

The Happiness of a Country Fire-side.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."—"Bless me!" cried my wife, "here comes our good friend Mr Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument."—"Confute me in argument, child!" cried I; "you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that. I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me." As I spoke, poor Mr Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ba-

lads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a-year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grizzel, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger; all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creatures. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it; he never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.—Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early, I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind; I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task.—When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man, of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command? Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander; their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly. He is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."—"You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses; "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another; besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you." This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him that she scarcely took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison-pasty. Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones; my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by slow degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAP. VII.

A town wit described.—The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

When the morning arrived on which we were

to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the by, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr Burchell had hinted to us, the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception; but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr Thornhill observed, with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty; "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast—the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the Church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain.—"Right, Frank," cried the squire: "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport; "if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute.—"Good again," cried the squire: "and, firstly, of the first. I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is; if you don't grant me that, I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."—"I hope too," returned the other, "you will grant that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that too," cried Moses, "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round him with his usual importance.—"Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold," cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—"What!" replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says, that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"O, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there I protest, you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly

own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that indeed?" answered I, with a groan; "for my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman, with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses:—"And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly over-rate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye."

CHAP. VIII.

An Amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

The next morning we were again visited by Mr Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fireside. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought amongst us with vigour, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbons, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast; our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges; the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it a hundred times with new rapture."—"In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better; and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends."—"It is remarkable," cried Mr Burchell, "that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection—a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned."

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire,
To revels, or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unrequited love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize such paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies;
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A Maid, in all her charms!

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside:

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove. *

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died!

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."—

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast.
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign!"
"And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?"

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us; and, immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight on the grass-plot before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour. "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements." Mr Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions, but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgment of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAP. IX.

Two Ladies of great distinction introduced—Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

Mr Burchell had scarcely taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us,

* This stanza was communicated by Richard Archdal, Esq., who received it from the author himself.

that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under-gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and, as we were in want of ladies to make up a set of country-dancers, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to; though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation, at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss, was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both, adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing.—To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. "And what pleasures," cried Mr Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," continued he, "my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers, and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that, may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful." I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a *coup de main*."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue; in this, my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time, to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this

manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

The Family endeavour to cope with their betters. —The miseries of the poor, when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters, awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon cat-gut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation now fell upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsey come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth?"—"I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth!"—"Well now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?"—"Sir," replied she, "I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire."—"How!" cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings?—Only a lord and a squire for two shillings!—You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves destined by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite: in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time, she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings—a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens: they felt strange kisses on their lips—they saw rings in the candle—purses bounced from the fire—and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that;—you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."—"That is

what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"—"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."—"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean, we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us."—"You are quite right, my dear," returned I; "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."—"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true, but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this—there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And, let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two; and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAP. XI.

The Family still resolve to hold up their heads.

Michaelmas-Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot-cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company, in this play, plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great ac-

quaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification.—Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and, finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our peeress, "this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out *Fudge!* an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr Burdock's little pieces; for, except what he does, and our dear countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature—not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a-year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience; for of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a-year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a-year made fifty-six pounds, five shillings, English money; all which was, in a manner, going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours,

but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least the country can't shew better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, "that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments; but a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam, there is a form." *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our peeress declined, as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAP. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield—mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What, only pretty well?" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintance of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be?—*Entre nous*, I protest I like my lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of goseling green; and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family

followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."—To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of ginger-bread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-pence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice.—"And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounces"—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

CHAP. XIII.

Mr Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now: but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, "My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever."—"No," cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, "no; I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. —"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!" "Why would he provoke me then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once indeed I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."—"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have

been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own.—Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine: but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAP. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated, therefore, in full council, which were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined, that we should dispose of him, for the purpose above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions in my life, yet I had no doubt of acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, and old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man: "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back: adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited.

You behold before you, sir, that Dr Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age."—"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir; I beg pardon."—"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."—"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold——" I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculation too much. "Ay, sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment,—"Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a sirname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phàel-Asser; Nabon-Asser—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate——But, sir, I ask pardon—I am straying from the question." That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touch-stone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse: and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or any where." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour, "If that be the case then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability; the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, Old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse:—but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbours moking his pipe at his own door, and, informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."—"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it wherever he find

a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours—too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAP. XV.

All Mr Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, "The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle." It instantly occurred, that he was the base informer: and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

"LADIES,—The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us, that Mr Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach: he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. "A fine day, Mr Burchell."—"A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns."—"The shooting of your horns," cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. "Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke, had you not told me."—"Perhaps not, sir," cried my wife, winking at us; "and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce."—"I fancy, madam," returned Burchell, "you have been reading a

jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit: and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—"I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her. "And yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding, that have very little."—"And no doubt," replied her antagonist, "you have known ladies set up for wits that had none." I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business: so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. "Both wit and understanding," cried I, "are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart?

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope," returned Mr Burchell, "as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not from their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence; the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals; the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations sound well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir—this pocket-book?"—"Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance; "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."—"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?"—"That letter," replied he; "yes, it was I that wrote that letter."—"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?"—"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door." This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch! be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone! and never let me see thee again: go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!" So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps, with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

"Guilt and Shame (says the allegory), were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind.—Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining."

CHAP. XVI.

The Family use art, which is opposed by still greater.

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled

for Mr Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it: and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was, to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as

friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies.—These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once, again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands:—"But Heaven help," continued she, "the girls who have none! What signifies beauty, Mr Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but what has she? is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks; and if I were king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times for the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah! sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband."—"Ay, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?"—"No, madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she is a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she is angel."—"Ah, Mr Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals:" (which was actually the case.) "But, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."—"How, madam," replied he, "*my* approbation! My approbation of such a choice? Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons—"—"Indeed, sir," cried Deborah, "if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons."—"Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery," (laying his hand upon his bosom,) "they remain buried, rivetted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

Scarcely any Virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing Temptation.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness

he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was much greater After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. "You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr Thornhill's passion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration." —"Yes, papa," returned she, "but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours."—"Olivia, my darling," returned I, "every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me; and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the meantime take care to let Mr Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever." This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third, he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future; busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters, and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing-tubs for nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits, into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses, "and I think he goes through it very prettily."—"Does he so?" cried I, "then let us have it: where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly." "My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose—*The Dying Swan;* or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog?*" "The elegy, child, by all means," said I, "I never heard that yet—and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry-wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY

On the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found;
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man!

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy that may truly be called tragical—Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!"

"With all my heart," cried my wife; "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying, in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them; nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story."—"However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza: productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions: but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould; Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nose-gay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a-year, but our English wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother; "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives."—"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life—and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old: but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus.—But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert."

Just as I spoke, Dick came running in—"O papa, papa, she is gone from us—she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!"—"Gone, child!"—"Yes; she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise—and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, 'Oh! what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone?'"—"Now, then," cried I, "my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And, O, may heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child!—And sure it will—for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven! Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous—for my heart is broken within me!"—"Father," cried my son, "is this your fortitude?"—"Fortitude, child!—Yes, he shall see I have fortitude—bring me my pistols—I'll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth, I'll pursue him!—Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet—the villain—the perfidious villain!" I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dearest, dearest husband," cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and

read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us."—"Indeed, sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill-suited you and your reverend character, thus to curse your greatest enemy;—you should not have cursed him, villain as he is."—"I did not curse him, child, did I?"—"Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice."—"Then may heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence, that first taught us to bless our enemies:—Blessed be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away! But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child—to undo my darling! May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me;—what am I about to say?—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died—But she is gone; the honour of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away. If he forced her, she may yet be innocent."—"Ah, no, sir," cried the child; "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."—"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping, "to use us thus; she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation—thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer:—she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly; my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charms. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there.—My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff; I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity."

CHAP. XVIII.

The pursuit of a Father to reclaim a lost Child to Virtue.

Though the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter; but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; I therefore went to the young Squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the Squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in

the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure: how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr Burchell at some distance from me; but as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected, that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit further; and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little ale-house, by the roadside; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children; he called himself their friend: but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a-day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them. As in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. "Good company upon the road," says the proverb, "is the shortest cut." I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day?—"I fancy, sir," cried the player, "few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things that go down."—"How!" cried I, "is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?"—"Sir," returned my companion, "the public think nothing about dialect or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakespeare's name."—"So, then, I suppose," cried I, "that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than nature."—"To say the truth," returned my companion, "I don't know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural."

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered, and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or

whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAP. XIX.

The Description of a Person discontented with the present Government, and apprehensive of the loss of our Liberties.

The house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot; and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, "What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he.—"Neither, sir," returned I.—"That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians."—"Then it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the king."—"Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only, I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner."

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale."

"How!" cried one of the ladies, "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons?"

"Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found, at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so abject?"

"No, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who are called levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or, still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now, the great, who were tyrants themselves, before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because, whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place,

if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of the country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth: as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken; and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune, but in purchasing power; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy, or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind, are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called, the people. Now it may happen, that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble; for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident, that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the laws. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed *sovereign* of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped, that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of those pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not, in his heart and in his family, a tyrant."

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. "What!" cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a jesuit in parson's clothes? But by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson."—I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken.—"Pardon!" returned he in a fury; "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it." I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!"—It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do.—But nothing could now exceed my confu-

sion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours.—"Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, "my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity; when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their intreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning, early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. "Alas! madam," cried I, "he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but, as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any one who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day. "But this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally, in our journey down." This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity; and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last: and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot; who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation for him; and, as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport, for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed aloud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAP. XX.

The History of a Philosophic Vagabond, pursuing Novelty, but losing Content.

After we had supped, Mrs Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. "Why, ay, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor; and poor, I find, you are come back: and yet, I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world." —"Yes, sir," replied my son; "but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit."—"I fancy, sir," cried Mrs Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing; the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation."—"Madam," replied my son, "I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; and yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw, than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London, in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

"Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher to a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate! I was up early and late—I was brow-beat by the master—hated for my ugly face by the mistress—worried by the boys within—and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?'—No.—'Then you wont do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?'—No. —'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?'—No.—'Then you won t do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? —No.—'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?'—Yes.—'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir; if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll shew you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised. Men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

"Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the Antiqua Mater of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I; "and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt—go on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification—neglect.

"As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse—'I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it.—Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,' continued he, 'I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.'"

"Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?"

"O no, sir," returned he; "a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit it.

"Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would, therefore, come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautus, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I.

"Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

"In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation—he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I.—"Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord."—"Bless me!" cried Mrs Arnold, "is Mr Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.

"In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's

desire of flattery increased, so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it.—Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes—'Pray, sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look around me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. 'Are you,' cried he, 'the bearer of this here letter?' I answered with a bow. 'I learn by this,' continued he, 'as how that—' But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card; and, without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came like me to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which I only heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite exhausted. Stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought Fortune herself should not deprive me; but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30*l.* a-year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man, who for a month past had talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he had

found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern to be there more happy than he.

"As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was on the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. "But," continued he, "I fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice, my ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English," added he, "by this time, or the deuce is in it." I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is, I overlooked it.

"This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but dropping into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way, it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse on such subjects;) from him I learned, that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother-student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

"I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodging to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: "You see me, young man: I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short," continued he, "as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

"I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but, as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt,—a proof how ready the world is to under-rate those talents by which a man is supported.

"In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality; when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was

very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stept into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a *cognoscento* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris."

"With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improving my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised with his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish that was accidentally by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before the whole company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

"When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and, after some time, I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how much money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travelling; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was! and all this, though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expence of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land: he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave and embarked with only one attendant for London.

"I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents, there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

"Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in

fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting."

CHAP. XXI.

The short continuance of Friendship among the Vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time his presence seemed only to increase the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside, to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and upon my replying, that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret. "For at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the Squire in to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me; we had now continued here a week at the pressing instances of Mr Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family, but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that were going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. "As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the meantime another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him,) he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had—my blessing. "And now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of

soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down into the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. "Mr Symonds," cried she, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a curtesy, and drinking towards my good health, "Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There now above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over-civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it."—"What signifies minding her?" cried the host; "if she be slow, she is sure."—"I don't know that," replied the wife, "but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."—"I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump."—"In a lump!" cried the other, "I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage."—"Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect."—"As for the matter of that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassarara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow." Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over-head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly. "Out, I say, pack out this moment! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless yourself with! come along, I say."—"O dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature, for one night, and death will soon do the rest." I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. —"Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all."—"O my own dear"—for minutes she could say no more, —"my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain! I hate him, and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can't forgive me; I know you cannot."—"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia."—"Ah! never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself?"—"Our wisdom, young woman," replied I——"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name."—"I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shewn to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private, proposals."

"Villain, indeed!" cried I; "and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake. Mr Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead

of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him."—"Mr Thornhill!" interrupted I, "can it be?"—"Yes, sir," returned she, "it was Mr Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first suspicions of Mr Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition, as thine?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour."—"What!" interrupted I, "and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?"—"Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "though we were both sworn to conceal his name."—"Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connection."

"Alas! papa," replied she, "you are but little acquainted with his villanies: he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I, "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow."—"But, sir," returned she, "will that be right, when I am sworn to secresy?"—"My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I, tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off to preserve the body. But in religion the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever.—But I interrupt you, my dear: go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse, but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother, and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

CHAP. XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, shewed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable; and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace; the labourers of the day were all retired to rest—the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance.—I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out into a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep, and he, perceiving the flames, instantly awaked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. "O misery! where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"—"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awakened by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined.—"Where are my little ones?"—"Here, dear papa, here we are!" cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish; here they are—I have saved my treasure: here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more, of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched, dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place. Having, therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to pre-

pare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our own recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam!" cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction; yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, "I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all; I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer—her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness; the real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissensions among each other; if we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude; and this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the downhill path to perdition, is of itself a greater exertion of virtue, than a hundred acts of justice."

CHAP. XXIII.

None but the Guilty can be long and completely miserable.

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person in our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She had now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One, who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing, historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and the Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent; after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the

city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of her fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger; he acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on earth, were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information; and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church, the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him if he can," returned I; "but, my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls and humid floor; my wretched body, thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of over-wrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAP. XXIV.

Fresh Calamities.

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at

my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, sooths the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and, making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means!—I hope you do not think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it."

"Go," cried I, "thou art a wretch, a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this!—And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest, I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—"Avoid my sight, thou reptile," cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence! Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But, as I have shewn you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequence of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expences lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent; it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all; as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I will never consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably, deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it, you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence—he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort—like one of those instruments used in the art of war,

which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire.—But I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right?—My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, where we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure."

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door.—He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and, approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county jail, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you are come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it must be so—"

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAP. XXV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

We set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and, swearing they would never see their minister go to a jail, while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

"What! my friends," cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet, perhaps, one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting."

They now seemed all repentance, and melting

into tears, came, one after the other, to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and containing no marks of its ancient superiority but the jail.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

"How!" cried I to myself, "shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the jail, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and, sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it; for if good, I might profit by his instructions; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a jail, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon*; "and, in fact," continued I, "what is the world if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner; "the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies ——"—"I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge-fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" At this demand he only sighed.—"I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse."

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. "Yes, sir," returned Mr Jenkinson, "I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see," continued he, pointing to his shackles, "what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir," cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. "Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with the world. I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am,

still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the jailor's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. XXVI.

A reformation in the Jail. To make Laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

The next morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy appearance of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity; and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the jailor with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers be in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears?"

"No, papa," says Dick; "I am not afraid to lie any where where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do: My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me. "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening, to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn, for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal: "For, be assured, my friends," cried I, ("for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship,) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man,

we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy, and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

"Alas, doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!"

"Why, Mr Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner, "that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you."

"A comfort, Mr Jenkinson!" replied I; "yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him.—"Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black ribbon on your hair, that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"Not much of either," returned Mr Jenkinson.—"Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.

"Indeed I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or other generally cheated him once a-year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricksy and cunning, and was poor without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAP. XXVII.

The same Subject continued.

The next morning I communicated to my wife and children the schemes I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that

my endeavours would noway contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not amend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me: perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the Doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry, "Amen!" in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slily picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot, and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work, at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity, into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than that one man shouldride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between a hundred or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments, that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community, that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were be-

come dearer in proportion as it increased; as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets, to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion came to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance,—it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find, that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Happiness and Misery rather the result of Prudence than of Virtue in this life; temporal evils or felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, my child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr Thornhill: it may, in some measure, induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying."

"Never, child," replied I, "never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am noways miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. "Besides," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told, that, even in this very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But, though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me, that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No; villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?" He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a pri-

soner. "However," continued he, "though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it, that, in three days, you shall have an answer." I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the meantime was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter; the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were noway likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished, like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and, while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison, to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven. Another account came—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was now too old to weep. "And is not my sister an angel now, papa?" cried the eldest, "and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel, out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me."—"Yes," added my youngest darling, "heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad."

Mr Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now: and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it." Mr Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I had expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stept up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it; this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave a helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their Heavenly Father."

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. "Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What

though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children, when I shall be no more."—"We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child!—My Sophia, my dearest, is gone—snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!"

"How, madam!" cried my fellow-prisoner. "Miss Sophia carried off by villains! Sure it cannot be?"

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account. She informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together, on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopt; upon which a well-drest man, but not Mr Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! The child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall—Not to leave me one!"—"Alas, my husband!" said my wife, "you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you."

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate her grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—My child," cried I, "look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?"—"My dear father," returned he, "I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George."—"What of him, my child?" interrupted I; "does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers."—"Yes, sir," returned he, "he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant."

"But are you sure of all this?" cried my wife, "are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?"—"Nothing, indeed, madam," returned my son; "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will."—"But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?"—"Yes, madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family."—"Then, I thank Providence," cried she, "that my last letter to him has miscarried.—Yes, my dear," continued she, turning to me, "I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things,—it has miscarried, and I am at rest."—"Woman," cried I, "thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children, when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stript of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters!—But what sisters has he left? he has no sisters now! they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!"—"Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read this letter; I know it will please you." Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:—

"Honoured Sir,

"I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress. But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

"Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, I might be, perhaps, successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you, for I have long

expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them that they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am at this moment in a most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining your dutiful son."

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!" I had scarcely said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below; it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion upon the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son! "My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus? wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness? Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight would break my heart at once, and let me die!"

"Where, sir, is your fortitude?" returned my son, with an intrepid voice; "I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it."

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort.—"O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again, chained, wounded! And yet, the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day; to see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul, fall heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he live like me to see——"

"Hold, sir," replied my son, "or I shall blush for thee. How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward, that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him."

"Mine, sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable: I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first aggressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example."

"And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide your's in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced, you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal, where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortations, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share. Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them."—Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from the straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP. XXIX.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the Happy and the Miserable here below. That, from the nature of Pleasure and Pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

"My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but daily see thousands who by suicide shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

"Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves—these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

"In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched a change from pain.

"But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

"But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure; he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

"Thus Providence has given to the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life—greater felicity in dying, and in Heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned, as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

"Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shews the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantages of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

"These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living, are not poor; and they who want, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher, from his couch of softness, tell us we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

"To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our reward be in this life alone, we are, in-

deed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to shew the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans,—O, my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air—to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss—to carol over endless hymns of praise—to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of goodness himself for ever in our eyes; when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages, but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

"And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like the horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending."

CHAP. XXX.

Happier Prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and Fortune will at last change in our favour.

When I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the jailor, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bed-side reading, when Mr Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the jailor came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure.

"Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety."—A kiss from Mr Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr Burchell!" cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me."

"It is impossible," replied Mr Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it."

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.—But tell me, my dear child, how thou hast been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the meantime, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent he intended no harm. In the meantime I had broken the canvas that he had drawn

up, and whom should I perceive at some distance, but your old friend Mr Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him! As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamation several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postillion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr Burchell came running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knocked the postillion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postillion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me at least to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr Burchell's compassion; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child, and thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes! Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense she is yours; if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her; obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning—I give you up a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, sir," cried Mr Burchell, "that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this, his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal; and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn: to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never more disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance, with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the jailer, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth, by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted: and the jailer granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence.—"Come on," cried I, "my son; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship—he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. "My dear brother," cried his sister, "why don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity: yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime——" But here he was interrupted by one of the jailer's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should

think proper to be waited upon? "Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him;" and then turning to my son, "I again find, sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another; but where, sir, is the difference between a duelist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he staked a counter?"

"Alas, sir!" cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over.—"This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect, uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of my intentions of coming here, and I find he is arrived; it would be wronging him and you, to condemn him, without examination; if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say, without boasting, that none have ever taxed the justice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found that the personage whom we had so long entertained as a harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarcely any were strangers. The poor Mr Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who, a few moments before, thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

"Ah, sir!" cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, "how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? the slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven."

"My dear good lady," returned he, with a smile; "if you had your joke, I had my answer. I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person, so as to describe him in an advertisement.—Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I cannot be positive; yet, now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows."—"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"—"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia.—"And did your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"—"I can't be sure of their length," cried the Baronet, "but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he out-ran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."—"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England—he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle; Timothy Baxter is his name: I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat at this moment. If your honour will bid Mr Jailer let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest." Upon this the jailer was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him?—"Yes, please your honour," replied the jailer, "I know Sir William Thornhill well; and every body that knows any thing of him, will desire to know more of him."—"Well, then," said the Baronet, "my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message, by my authority; and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other: "and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit."

In pursuance of the jailer's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy, Bill, who had just come in, and climbed up to Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, "What, Bill, you chubby rogue!" cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell? And Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor

fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but, previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession; this being sent to an apothecary, who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the jailer himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAP. XXXI.

Former Benevolence now repaid with unexpected Interest.

Mr Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, sir, at present," cried the Baronet, with a look of severity; "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced as a recompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man——"

"Is it possible, sir," interrupted his nephew, "that my uncle should object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour, but thou——yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation."

"And I hope," said his nephew, "that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement; thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable, to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress."

"If this," cried Sir William, "be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offences; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied the Squire; "I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say.—Thus, sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him,—"thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but, though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life;—this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster," cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists——" But the appearance of Jenkinson and the jailer's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter.—"Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him: and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn this is one."

The moment Mr Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. "What, squire!" cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you.—Our prisoner, please your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded; he declares

that it was Mr Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr Thornhill was to come in, in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to run off, by which Mr Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender."

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed, by a more circumstantial account, concluding, that Mr Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William, "what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it—Secure him, Mr Jailer—yet hold, I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him."

Upon this, Mr Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him: but that his servants should be examined. "Your servants!" replied Sir William; "wretch, call them yours no longer: but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks, that all his power was now over. "Tell me," cried Sir William, sternly, "have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?"—"Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, "a thousand times; he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—"How!" interrupted young Mr Thornhill; "this to my face?"—"Yes," replied the butler; "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—"Now then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honour whether you know any thing of me."—"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you was one of them."—"So then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence; thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches!—But," continuing his examination, "you tell me, Mr Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter."—"No, please your honour," replied the butler, "he did not bring her, for the Squire himself undertook that business: but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them."—"It is but too true," cried Jenkinson, "I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned to me; and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good Heavens! exclaimed the worthy Baronet, "how every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge!—At my request, Mr Jailer, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate, who has committed him.—But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch! I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?

"Ah! sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries—" Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but, stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes, but was still kept ignorant of young Mr Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison, to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did; and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. "Indeed, my dear Mr Thornhill," cried she, to the Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, "I take it a little un-

kindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both; you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my revered old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"*He* find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William, interrupting her: "no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage to face his betrayer! And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster."

"O goodness," cried the lovely girl, "how have I been deceived! Mr Thornhill informed me, for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest miss," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor never was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else: and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake." She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the Squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good Heavens!" cried Miss Wilmot, "how very near have I been to the brink of ruin; but how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me. He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed, was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous."

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and without vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarcely believe it real.—"Sure, madam," cried he, "this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy!"—"No, sir," replied she, "I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it; but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's."—"And no other's you shall be," cried Sir William, "if I have any influence with your father."

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the meantime the Squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open and hardy villain. "I find then," cried he, "that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me.—You shall know, sir," turning to Sir William, "I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other."

This was an alarming blow; Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his

money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. "I must confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other; and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here," (meaning me) "give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for.—To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"—"Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune, I now can be happy even in indigence."—"And I promise you," cried the Squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with what you despise."—"Hold, hold, sir," cried Jenkinson, "there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it.—Pray, your honour," continued he to Sir William, "can the Squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?"—"How can you make such a simple demand?" replied the Baronet; "undoubtedly he cannot."—"I am sorry for that," cried Jenkinson; "for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already."—"You lie like a rascal!" returned the Squire, who seemed roused by this insult; "I never was legally married to any woman."—"Indeed, begging your honour's pardon," replied the other, "you were: and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her." So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. "Ay, let him go," cried the Squire; "whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs."

"I am surprised," said the Baronet, "what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose."—"Perhaps, sir," replied I, "he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined—how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families—it would not surprise me if some one of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia; yet still I hold thee; and still thou shalt live to bless me!" The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures.—"And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age?"—"That she is," cried Jenkinson, "and make much of her; for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will.—And as for you, Squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the licence by which you were married together." So saying, he put the licence into the Baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect.—"And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surprised at all this; but a very few words will explain the difficulty. That there Squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship, but that's between ourselves, has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false license, and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do but went and got a true license and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this. But, no. To my shame I confess it: my only design was to keep the license, and let the Squire

know that I could prove it upon him, whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised,

> And shook their chains
> In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded over every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. "How could you," cried I, turning to Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompence for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the Squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was, therefore, no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him; he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine; and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, and such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now," cried he with a smile, "that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do.—You are sensible, sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe to Mr Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making?—will you have him?"—My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. "Have him, sir!" cried she faintly; "no, sir, never!"—"What!" cried he again, "not have Mr Jenkinson, your benefactor; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations!"—"I beg, sir, returned she, scarce able to speak, "that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched."—"Was ever such obstinacy known?" cried he again, "to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds? What, not have him!"—"No, sir, never," replied she, angrily; "I'd sooner die first!"—"If that be the case then," cried he, "if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself." And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. "My loveliest, my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!" Then turning to Jenkinson, "As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is, to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred

pounds." Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time, Sir William's gentleman appeared, to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw: and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Conclusion.

The next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies, and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; and I have since found, that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them. We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a-piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table except when there is no room at the other, for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent.

But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus: when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for—all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

RASSELAS:

A TALE.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

RASSELAS.

CHAP. I.

Description of a Palace in a Valley.

Ye, who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers: every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every mouth dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once

closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares, or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had reposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

CHAP. II.

The discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him: he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure; he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps: he rises again, and is hungry, he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy: I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense, for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy,

and need not envy me, that walk thus among you, burthened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it: I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

CHAP. III.

The Wants of him that wants nothing.

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford.—"Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me? shall I never be suffered to forget those lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again, must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced, and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the Prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others."—"You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round, and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the Prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment shewed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."—The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state."—"Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire: I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

CHAP. IV.

The Prince continues to grieve and muse.

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away, sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration: whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured; he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. This first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind, rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial;

but, considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but his benevolence always terminated his projects, in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and, amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defence, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost effort; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercises of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount!" Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered, that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man.—"In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy, or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four-and-twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse; but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are past, who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion, by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it; having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He, for a few hours, regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

CHAP. V.

The Prince meditates his Escape.

He now found that it would be very difficult to effect that, which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature, which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once passed it were

ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains, to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open; for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was by its position exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but, having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless researches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away; in the morning he rose with new hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night slept sound after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements, which beguiled his labour, and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals, and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation, if he should never be able to accomplish his flight; rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry.

But his original curiosity was not yet abated; he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer.

CHAP. VI.

A Dissertation on the Art of Flying.

Among the artists that had been allured into the Happy Valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulets that ran through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the Prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the Prince's desire of passing the mountains. Having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire farther before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth." "So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and man by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the Prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied: I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labour of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but, as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forward, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky,

would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! to survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passages, pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this," said the Prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains; yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall: therefore I suspect, that from any height, where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow; and, in a year, expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, mountains, nor seas, could afford security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The Prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the Prince. In a year the wings were finished; and, on the morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water; and the Prince drew him to land half dead with terror and vexation.

CHAP. VII.

The Prince finds a Man of Learning.

The Prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, having suffered himself to hope for a happier event only because he had no other means of escape in view. He still persisted in his design to leave the Happy Valley by the first opportunity.

His imagination was now at a stand; he had no prospect of entering into the world; and, notwithstanding all his endeavours to support himself, discontent, by degrees, preyed upon him; and he began again to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had ever been known: the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents streamed into the plain on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could now discover. The herds and flocks left the pasture, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domestic amusements; and the attention of Rasselas was particularly seized by a poem, which Imlac rehearsed, upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verses a second time; then, entering into familiar talk, he thought himself happy in having found a man who knew the world so well, and could so skilfully paint the scenes of life. He asked a thousand questions about things, to which, though common to all other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a stranger. The poet pitied his ignorance, and loved his curiosity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and instruction, so that the Prince regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure.

As they were sitting together, the Prince commanded Imlac to relate his history, and to tell by what accident he was forced, or by what motive induced, to close his life in the Happy Valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Rasselas was called to a concert, and obliged to restrain his curiosity till the evening.

CHAP. VIII.

The History of Imlac.

The close of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only season of diversion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the music ceased and the princesses retired. Rasselas then called for his companion, and required him to begin the story of his life.

"Sir," said Imlac, "my history will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

"I was born in the kingdom of Goiama, at no great distance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Africa and the ports of the Red Sea. He was honest, frugal, and diligent, but of mean sentiments and narrow comprehension; he desired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, lest he should be spoiled by the governors of the province."

"Surely," said the Prince, "my father must be negligent of his charge, if any man in his dominions dares take that which belongs to another. Does he know that kings are accountable for injustice permitted, as well as done? If I were emperor, not the meanest of my subjects should be oppressed with impunity. My blood boils when I am told that a merchant durst not enjoy his honest gains for fear of losing them by the rapacity of power. Name the governor who robbed the people, that I may declare his crimes to the emperor!"

"Sir," said Imlac, "your ardour is the natular effect of virtue animated by youth; the time will come when you will acquit your father, and perhaps hear with less impatience of the governor. Oppression is, in the Abyssinian dominions, neither frequent nor tolerated; but no form of government has been yet discovered, by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. Subordination supposes power on one part, and subjection on the other; and if power be in the hands of men, it will sometimes be abused. The vigilance of the supreme magistrate may do much, but much will still remain undone. He can never know all the crimes that are committed, and can seldom punish all that he knows."

"This," said the Prince, "I do not understand; but I had rather hear thee than dispute. Continue thy narration."

"My father," proceeded Imlac, "originally intended that I should have no other education than such as might qualify me for commerce; and discovering in me great strength of memory and quickness of apprehension, often declared his hope that I should be sometime the richest man in Abyssinia."

"Why," said the Prince, "did thy father desire the increase of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durst discover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconsistencies cannot both be true."

"Inconsistencies," answered Imlac, "cannot both be right; but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diversity is not inconsistency. My father might expect a time of greater security. However, some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he, whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy."

"This," said the Prince, "I can in some measure conceive. I repent that I interrupted thee."

"With this hope," proceeded Imlac, "he sent me to school: but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleasure of intelligence and the pride of invention, I began silently to despise riches, and determined to disappoint the purposes of my father, whose grossness of conception raised my pity. I was twenty years old before his tenderness would expose me to the fatigue of travel; in which time I had been instructed, by successive masters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me something new, I lived in a continual course of gratifications; but, as I advanced towards manhood, I lost much of the reverence with which I had been used to look on my instructors; because, when the lessons were ended, I did not find them wiser or better than common men.

"At length my father resolved to initiate me in commerce, and, opening one of his subterranean treasuries, counted out ten thousand pieces of gold. 'This, young man,' said he, 'is the stock with which you must negotiate. I began with less than a fifth part, and you see how diligence and parsimony have increased it. This is your own, to waste or to improve. If you squander it by negligence or caprice, you must wait for my death before you will be rich; if in four years you double your stock, we will thenceforward let subordination cease, and live together as friends and partners: for he shall be always equal with me, who is equally skilled in the art of growing rich.'

"We laid our money upon camels, concealed in bales of cheap goods, and travelled to the

shore of the Red Sea. When I cast my eye on the expanse of waters, my heart bounded like that of a prisoner escaped. I felt an unextinguishable curiosity kindle in my mind, and resolved to snatch this opportunity of seeing the manners of other nations, and of learning sciences unknown in Abyssinia.

"I remembered that my father had obliged me to the improvement of my stock, not by a promise, which I ought not to violate, but by a penalty, which I was at liberty to incur; and therefore determined to gratify my predominant desire, and, by drinking at the fountain of knowledge, to quench the thirst of curiosity.

"As I was supposed to trade without connection with my father, it was easy for me to become acquainted with the master of a ship, and procure a passage to some other country. I had no motives of choice to regulate my voyage. It was sufficient for me, that, wherever I wandered, I should see a country which I had not seen before. I therefore entered a ship bound for Surat, having left a letter for my father declaring my intention.

CHAP. IX.

The History of Imlac continued.

"When I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me in pleasing terror, and thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze around for ever without satiety; but, in a short time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted for a while whether all my future pleasures would not end, like this, in disgust and disappointment. Yet surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion, but the earth has mountains and valleys, deserts and cities; it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions, and I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.

"With this thought I quieted my mind; and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

"I was almost weary of my naval amusements, when we safely landed at Surat. I secured my money, and purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my inquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn, at the usual expense, the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretences, without any advantage to themselves, but that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge."

"Stop a moment," said the Prince; "is there such depravity in man, as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which, being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have shewn by warning, as betraying you."

"Pride," said Imlac, "is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies because they grieved to think me rich, and my oppressors because they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed," said the Prince: "I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives."

"In this company," said Imlac, "I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the Great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and in a few months was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved, and others easy and communicative: some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves; and some shewed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

"To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much, that I was presented to the emperor as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperor asked me many questions concerning my country and my travels; and though I cannot now recollect any thing that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me astonished at his wisdom, and enamoured of his goodness.

"My credit was now so high, that the merchants with whom I had travelled applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the court. I was surprised at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and shewed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

"They then urged their request with the offer of a bribe: but what I would not do for kindness I would not do for money, and refused them; not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

"Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social, and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

"From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation pastoral and warlike; who lived without any settled habitation, whose wealth is their flocks and herds, and who carried on, through ages, an hereditary war with mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions.

CHAP. X.

Imlac's History continued. A Dissertation upon Poetry.

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art; that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors. I could never describe what I had not seen; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study; and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the Prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived till now within the circuit of the mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades of the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations; and trace the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age and country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same; he must, therefore, content himself with the

slow progress of his name; contemn the praise of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarise to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

CHAP. XI.

Imlac's Narrative continued. A Hint on Pilgrimage.

Imlac now felt the enthusiastic fit, and was proceeding to aggrandize his own profession, when the Prince cried out,—"Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet. Proceed with thy narration."

"To be a poet," said Imlac, "is, indeed, very difficult."—"So difficult," returned the Prince, "that I will at present hear no more of his labours. Tell me whither you went when you had seen Persia."

"From Persia," said the poet, "I travelled through Syria, and for three years resided in Palestine, where I conversed with great numbers of the northern and western nations of Europe; the nations which are now in possession of all power and all knowledge; whose armies are irresistible, and whose fleets command the remotest parts of the globe. When I compared these men with the natives of our own kingdom and those that surround us, they appeared almost another order of beings. In their countries it is difficult to wish for any thing that may not be obtained: a thousand arts, of which we never heard, are continually labouring for their convenience and pleasure; and whatever their own climate has denied them is supplied by their commerce."

"By what means," said the Prince, "are the Europeans thus powerful? or why, since they can so easily visit Asia and Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiatics and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carries them back would bring us thither."

"They are more powerful, sir, than we," answered Imlac, "because they are wiser; knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reason can be given, but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being."

"When," said the Prince with a sigh," shall I be able to visit Palestine, and mingle with this mighty confluence of nations! Till that happy moment shall arrive, let me fill up the time with such representations as thou canst give me. I am not ignorant of the motive that assembles such numbers in that place, and cannot but consider it as the centre of wisdom and piety, to which the best and wisest men of every land must be continually resorting."

"There are some nations," said Imlac, "that send few visitants to Palestine; for many numerous and learned sects in Europe concur to censure pilgrimage as superstitious, or deride it as ridiculous."

"You know," said the Prince, "how little my life has made me acquainted with diversity of opinions: it will be too long to hear the arguments on both sides; you, that have considered them, tell me the result."

"Pilgrimage," said Imlac, "like many other acts of piety, may be reasonable or superstitious, according to the principles upon which it is performed. Long journeys in search of truth are not commanded. Truth, such as is necessary to the regulation of life, is always found where it is honestly sought. Change of place is no natural cause of the increase of piety, for it inevitably produces dissipation of mind. Yet, since men go every day to view the fields where great actions have been performed, and return with stronger impressions of the event, curiosity of the same kind may naturally dispose us to view that country whence our religion had its beginning; and I believe no man surveys those awful scenes without some confirmation of holy resolutions. That the Supreme Being may be more easily propitiated in one place than in another, is the dream of idle superstition; but that some places may operate upon our own minds in an uncommon manner, is an opinion which hourly experience will justify. He who supposes that his vices may be more successfully combated in Palestine, will, perhaps, find himself mistaken; yet he may go thither without folly: he who thinks they will be more freely pardoned, dishonours at once his reason and religion."

"These," said the Prince, "are European distinctions. I will consider them another time. What have you found to be the effect of knowledge? Are those nations happier than we?"

"There is so much infelicity," said the poet, "in the world, that scarce any man has leisure from his own distresses to estimate the comparative happiness of others. Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced; it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without

knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequences of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

"In enumerating the particular comforts of life, we shall find many advantages on the side of the Europeans. They cure wounds and diseases, with which we languish and perish. We suffer inclemencies of weather, which they can obviate. They have engines for the dispatch of many laborious works, which we must perform by manual industry. There is such communication between distant places, that one friend can hardly be said to be absent from another. Their policy removes all public inconveniences. They have roads cut through their mountains, and bridges laid upon their rivers. And, if we descend to the privacies of life, their habitations are more commodious, and their possessions are more secure."

"They are surely happy," said the Prince, "who have all these conveniences, of which I envy none so much as the facility with which separated friends interchange their thoughts."

"The Europeans," answered Imlac, "are less unhappy than we, but they are not happy. Human life is every where a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

CHAP. XII.

The Story of Imlac continued.

"I AM not willing," said the Prince, "to suppose that happiness is so parsimoniously distributed to mortals; nor can I believe, but that if I had the choice of life, I should be able to fill every day with pleasure. I would injure no man, and should provoke no resentments; I would relieve every distress, and should enjoy the benedictions of gratitude. I would choose my friends among the wise, and my wife among the virtuous; and therefore should be in no danger from treachery or unkindness. My children should, by my care, be learned and pious, and would repay to my age what their childhood had received. What would dare to molest him who might call on every side to thousands enriched by his bounty, or assisted by his power? And why should not life glide away in the soft reciprocation of protection and reverence? All this may be done without the help of European refinements, which appear by their effects to be rather specious than useful. Let us leave them, and pursue our journey."

"From Palestine," said Imlac, "I passed through many regions of Asia; in the more civilized kingdoms as a trader, and among the barbarians of the mountains as a pilgrim. At ast I began to long for my native country, that I might repose, after my travels and fatigues, in the places where I had spent my earliest years, and gladden my old companions with the recital of my adventures. Often did I figure to myself those with whom I had sported away the gay hours of dawning life, sitting round me in its evening, wondering at my tales, and listening to my counsels.

"When this thought had taken possession of my mind, I considered every moment as wasted which did not bring me nearer to Abyssinia. I hastened into Egypt, and, notwithstanding my impatience, was detained ten months in the contemplation of its ancient magnificence, and in inquiries after the remains of its ancient learning. I found in Cairo a mixture of all nations; some brought thither by the love of knowledge, some by the hope of gain, many by the desire of living after their own manner without observation, and of lying hid in the obscurity of multitudes; for in a city populous as Cairo, it is possible to obtain at the same time the gratifications of society, and the secrecy of solitude.

"From Cairo I travelled to Suez, and embarked on the Red Sea, passing along the coast till I arrived at the port from which I had departed twenty years before. Here I joined myself to a caravan, and re-entered my native country.

"I now expected the caresses of my kinsmen, and the congratulations of my friends; and was not without hope that my father, whatever value he had set upon riches, would own with gladness and pride a son who was able to add to the felicity and honour of the nation. But I was soon convinced that my thoughts were vain. My father had been dead fourteen years, having divided his wealth among my brothers, who were removed to some other provinces. Of my companions, the greater part was in the grave; of the rest, some could with difficulty remember me, and some considered me as one corrupted by foreign manners.

"A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected. I forgot, after a time, my disappointment, and endeavoured to recommend myself to the nobles of the kingdom; they admitted me to their tables, heard my story, and dismissed me. I opened a school, and was prohibited to teach. I then resolved to sit down in the quiet of domestic life, and addressed a lady that was fond of my conversation, but rejected my suit because my father was a merchant.

"Wearied at last with solicitation and repulses, I resolved to hide myself for ever from the world, and depend no longer on the opinion or caprice of others. I waited for the time when the gate of the Happy Valley should open, that I might bid farewell to hope and fear; the day came; my performance was distinguished with favour, and I resigned myself with joy to perpetual confinement."

"Hast thou here found happiness at last?"

said Rasselas. "Tell me without reserve; art thou content with thy condition? or dost thou wish to be again wandering and inquiring? All the inhabitants of this valley celebrate their lot, and, at the annual visit of the emperor, invite others to partake of their felicity."

"Great Prince," said Imlac, "I shall speak the truth; I know not one of all your attendants who does not lament the hour when he entered this retreat. I am less unhappy than the rest, because I have a mind replete with images, which I can vary and combine at pleasure. I can amuse my solitude by the renovation of the knowledge which begins to fade from my memory, and by recollection of the accidents of my past life. Yet all this ends in the sorrowful consideration, that my acquirements are now useless, and that none of my pleasures can be again enjoyed. The rest, whose minds have no impression but of the present moment, are either corroded by malignant passions, or sit stupid in the gloom of perpetual vacancy."

"What passions can infest those," said the Prince, "who have no rivals? We are in a place where impotence precludes malice, and where all envy is repressed by community of enjoyments."

"There may be community," said Imlac, "of material possessions, but there can never be community of love or of esteem. It must happen that one will please more than another; he that knows himself despised will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him. The invitations, by which they allure others to a state which they feel to be wretched, proceed from the natural malignity of hopeless misery. They are weary of themselves, and of each other, and expect to find relief in new companions. They envy the liberty which their folly has forfeited, and would gladly see all mankind imprisoned like themselves.

"From this crime, however, I am wholly free. No man can say that he is wretched by my persuasion. I look with pity on the crowds who are annually soliciting admission to captivity, and wish that it were lawful for me to warn them of their danger."

"My dear Imlac," said the Prince, "I will open to thee my whole heart. I have long meditated an escape from the Happy Valley. I have examined the mountain on every side, but find myself insuperably barred. Teach me the way to break my prison; thou shalt be the companion of my flight, the guide of my rambles, the partner of my fortune, and my sole director in the *choice of life*."

"Sir," answered the poet, "your escape will be difficult; and, perhaps, you may soon repent your curiosity. The world, which you figure to yourself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests, and boiling with whirlpools: you will be sometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery. Amidst wrongs and frauds, competitions and anxieties, you will wish a thousand times for these seats of quiet, and willingly quit hope to be free from fear."

"Do not seek to deter me from my purpose," said the Prince: "I am impatient to see what thou hast seen; and since thou art thyself weary of the valley, it is evident that thy former state was better than this. Whatever be the consequence of my experiment, I am resolved to judge with mine own eyes of the various conditions of men, and then to make deliberately my *choice of life*."

"I am afraid," said Imlac, "you are hindered by stronger restraints than my persuasions; yet, if your determination is fixed, I do not counsel you to despair. Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

CHAP. XIII.

Rasselas discovers the Means of Escape.

The Prince now dismissed his favourite to rest, but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell with silent vexation. He thought that even the Happy Valley might be endured with such a companion; and that, if they could range the world together, he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged, and the ground dried. The Prince and Imlac then walked out together, to converse without the notice of the rest. The Prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate, said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?"

"Man is not weak," answered his companion. "Knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried."

As they were walking on the side of the mountain, they observed that the conies, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them, tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been the opinion of antiquity," said Imlac, "that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the cony. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where

the summit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we shall issue out beyond the prominence."

The eyes of the Prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy, and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened early in the morning to choose a place proper for their mine. They clambered with great fatigue among crags and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favoured their design. The second and the third day were spent in the same manner, and with the same frustration. But on the fourth, they found a small cavern, concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerness than vigour. They were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The Prince, for a moment, appeared to be discouraged. "Sir," said his companion, "practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time. Mark, however, how far we have advanced, and you will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed not by strength, but perseverance. Yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

They returned to their work day after day; and, in a short time, found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. "Do not disturb your mind," said Imlac, "with other hopes or fears than reason may suggest. If you are pleased with prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen; it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design, prove easy to performance."

CHAP. XIV.

Rasselas and Imlac receive an unexpected Visit.

They had now wrought their way to the middle, and solaced their toil with the approach of liberty, when the Prince, coming down to refresh himself with air, found his sister Nekayah standing at the mouth of the cavity. He started and stood confused, afraid to tell his design, and yet hopeless to conceal it. A few moments determined him to repose on her fidelity, and secure her secresy by a declaration without reserve.

"Do not imagine," said the Princess, "that I came hither as a spy: I had long observed from my window, that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the same point, but I did not suppose you had any better reason for the preference than a cooler shade, or more fragrant bank, nor followed you with any other design than to partake of your conversation. Since, then, not suspicion but fondness has detected you, let me not lose the advantage of my discovery. I am equally weary of confinement with yourself, and not less desirous of knowing what is done or suffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this tasteless tranquillity, which will yet grow more loathsome when you have left me. You may deny me to accompany you, but cannot hinder me from following."

The Prince, who loved Nekayah above his other sisters, had no inclination to refuse her request, and grieved that he had lost an opportunity of showing his confidence by a voluntary communication. It was therefore agreed that she should leave the valley with them; and that, in the mean time, she should watch lest any other straggler should, by chance or curiosity, follow them to the mountain.

At length their labour was at an end: They saw light beyond the prominence, and, issuing to the top of the mountain, beheld the Nile, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath them.

The Prince looked round with rapture, anticipating all the pleasures of travel, and in thought was already transported beyond his father's dominions. Imlac, though very joyful at his escape, had less expectation of pleasure in the world, which he had before tried, and of which he had been weary.

Rasselas was so much delighted with a wider horizon, that he could not soon be persuaded to return into the valley. He informed his sister that the way was now open, and that nothing now remained but to prepare for their departure.

CHAP. XV.

The Prince and Princess leave the Valley, and see many Wonders.

The Prince and Princess had jewels sufficient to make them rich whenever they came into a place of commerce, which, by Imlac's direction, they hid in their clothes, and, on the night of the next full moon, all left the valley. The Princess was followed only by a single favourite, who did not know whither she was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other side. The Princess and her maid turned their eyes towards every part, and seeing nothing to bound their prospect, considered themselves in danger of being lost in a dreary vacuity. They stopped and trembled.

"I am almost afraid," said the Princess, "to begin a journey, of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immense plain, where I may be approached on every side by men whom I never saw." The Prince felt nearly the same emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac smiled at their terrors, and encouraged them to proceed; but the Princess continued irresolute till she had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found some shepherds in the field, who set some milk and fruits before them. The Princess wondered that she did not see a palace ready for her reception, and a table spread with delicacies; but, being faint and hungry, she drank the milk and ate the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavour than the products of the valley.

They travelled forward by easy journeys, being all unaccustomed to toil and difficulty, and knowing that, though they might be missed, they could not be pursued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expressed at the diversity of manners, stations, and employments. Their dress was such as might not bring upon them the suspicion of having any thing to conceal; yet the Prince, wherever he came, expected to be obeyed, and the Princess was frighted, because those who came into her presence did not prostrate themselves. Imlac was forced to observe them with great vigilance, lest they should betray their rank by their unusual behaviour; and detained them several weeks in the first village, to accustom them to the sight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to understand that they had for a time laid aside their dignity, and were to expect only such regard as liberality and courtesy could procure. And Imlac, having, by many admonitions, prepared them to endure the tumults of a port, and the ruggedness of the commercial race, brought them down to the sea-coast.

The Prince and his sister, to whom every thing was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for some months at the port without any inclination to pass further. Imlac was content with their stay, because he did not think it safe to expose them, unpractised in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At last he began to fear lest they should be discovered, and proposed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretensions to judge for themselves, and referred the whole scheme to his direction. He therefore took passage in a ship to Suez, and when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the Princess to enter the vessel. They had a quick and prosperous voyage; and from Suez travelled by land to Cairo.

CHAP. XVI.

They enter Cairo, and find every Man happy.

As they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This," said Imlac to the Prince, "is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character, and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable; I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers, who have no other end of travel than curiosity; it will soon be observed that we are rich; our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know; you will see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourselves at leisure to make your *choice of life*."

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise, and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit, but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the streets, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The Princess could not at first bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and for some time continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favourite, Pekuah, as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood traffic, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence, that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintance, and his generosity made him courted by many dependants. His companions, not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The Prince had, by frequent lectures, been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not, for a long time, comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as an equivalent to the necessaries of life.

They studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had any thing uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The Prince, being now able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his *choice of life*.

For some time he thought choice needless, be-

cause all appeared to him really happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindness, and heard the song of joy or the laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality, and every heart melted with benevolence: "and who then," says he, "will be suffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience: till one day, having sat a while silent, "I know not," said the Prince, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I see most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly, where you passed the last night, there appeared such sprightliness of air, and volatility of fancy, as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow: yet, believe me, Prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This," said the Prince, "may be true of others, since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life*."

"The causes of good and evil," answered Imlac, "are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating."

"But surely," said Rasselas, "the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own."

"I am pleased to think," said the Prince, "that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure; surely happiness is somewhere to be found."

CHAP. XVII.

The Prince associates with young Men of Spirit and Gaiety.

Rasselas rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth," cried he, "is the time of gladness: I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whose time is all spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted; but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images, their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean: they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The Prince soon concluded, that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness," said he, "must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. "My friends," said he, "I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks, never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power: let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared a while in silence one upon ano-

ther, and, at last, drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intention kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquillity, and pursued his search.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Prince finds a wise and happy Man.

As he was one day walking in the street, he saw a spacious building, which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter; he followed the stream of people, and found it a hall or school of declamation, in which professors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a sage raised above the rest, who discoursed with great energy on the government of the passions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He showed, with great strength of sentiment, and variety of illustration, that human nature is degraded and debased, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of passion, usurps the dominion of the mind, nothing ensues but the natural effect of unlawful government, perturbation and confusion; that she betrays the fortresses of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to sedition against their lawful sovereign. He compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time for the conquest of passion, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

He enumerated many examples of heroes immoveable by pain or pleasure, who looked with indifference on those modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aside their prejudices, and arm themselves against the shafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable patience; concluding, that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in every one's power.

Rasselas listened to him with the veneration due to the instructions of a superior being, and, waiting for him at the door, humbly implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. The lecturer hesitated a moment, when Rasselas put a purse of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

"I have found," said the Prince, at his return to Imlac, "a man who can teach all that is necessary to be known; who, from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. He speaks, and attention watches his lips. He reasons, and conviction closes his periods. This man shall be my future guide; I will learn his doctrines, and imitate his life."

"Be not too hasty," said Imlac, "to trust, or to admire, the teachers of morality; they discourse like angels, but they live like men."

Rasselas, who could not conceive how any man could reason so forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his visit in a few days, and was denied admission. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philosopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale. "Sir," said he, "you are come at a time when all human friendship is useless; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever. My views, my purposes, my hopes, are at an end. I am now a lonely being, disunited from society."

"Sir," said the Prince, "mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised; we know that death is always near, and it should therefore always be expected."—"Young man," answered the philosopher, "you speak like one that has never felt the pangs of separation."—"Have you then forgot the precepts," said Rasselas, "which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same."—"What comfort," said the mourner, "can truth and reason afford me?—of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be restored?"

The Prince, whose humanity would not suffer him to insult misery with reproof, went away, convinced of the emptiness of rhetorical sounds, and the inefficacy of polished periods and studied sentences.

CHAP. XIX.

A Glimpse of Pastoral Life.

He was still eager upon the same inquiry; and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity, which public life could not afford, was to be found in solitude; and whether a man, whose

age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils, or enduring them.

Imlac and the Princess agreed to accompany him; and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. "This," said the poet, "is the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds' tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity."

The proposal pleased them, and they induced the shepherds, by small presents and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state: they were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of their occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent; and they considered themselves as condemned to labour for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The Princess pronounced with vehemence, that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustic happiness; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous, and was in doubt whether life had any thing that could be justly preferred to the placid gratification of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted by her own hands, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade.

CHAP. XX.

The Danger of Prosperity.

On the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for shelter. At a small distance they saw a thick wood, which they no sooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The shrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the shades were darkest; the boughs of opposite trees were artificially interwoven, seats of flowery turf were raised in vacant spaces, and a rivulet, that wantoned along the side of a winding path, had its banks sometimes opened into small basins, and its stream sometimes obstructed by little mounds of stone, heaped together to increase its murmurs.

They passed slowly through the wood, delighted with such unexpected accommodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who, he could be, that in those rude and unfrequented regions had leisure and art for such harmless luxury.

As they advanced they heard the sound of music, and saw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and, going still farther, beheld a stately palace built upon a hill, surrounded with woods. The laws of eastern hospitality allowed them to enter, and the master welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was skilful enough in appearances soon to discern that they were no common guests, and spread his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the lofty courtesy of the Princess excited his respect. When they offered to depart he entreated their stay, and was the next day more unwilling to dismiss them than before. They were easily persuaded to stop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The Prince now saw all the domestics cheerful, and all the face of nature smiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope that he should find here what he was seeking; but when he was congratulating the master upon his possessions, he answered with a sigh,—"My condition has, indeed, the appearance of happiness, but appearances are delusive. My prosperity puts my life in danger; the Bassa of Egypt is my enemy, incensed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected against him by the princes of the country; but as the favour of the great is uncertain, I know not how soon my defenders may be persuaded to share the plunder with the Bassa. I have sent my treasures into a distant country, and, upon the first alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my mansion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted."

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile; and the Princess was so much disturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that she retired to her apartment. They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went to find the hermit.

CHAP. XXI.

The Happiness of Solitude. The Hermit's History.

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell: It was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm trees: at such a distance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composes the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it

was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labour, that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers, whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and paper, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the Princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach, the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They thanked him; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the Princess repented her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice than to remove all apparent evil."

"He will most certainly remove from evil," said the Prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferment of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

"For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted; my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his resolution with surprise, but, after a short pause, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

CHAP. XXII.

The Happiness of a Life led according to Nature.

Rasselas went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remembered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them: every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen, and so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion, that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labour of individuals, and considered retirement as a de-

sertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the public were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself, to review his life, and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely that the hermit would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world. "For the hope of happiness," said he, "is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come when desire will no longer be our torment, and no man shall be wretched but by his own fault."

"This," said a philosopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, "is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy, is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny; not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope or importunities of desire; he will receive and reject with equability of temper, and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocination. Let them learn to be wise by easier means; let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove; let them consider the life of animals, whose motions are regulated by instinct; they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the encumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim, 'That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness.'"

When he had spoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. "Sir," said the Prince, with great modesty, "as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature."

"When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The Prince soon found that this was one of those sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed and was silent; and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanquished, rose up and departed, with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Prince and his Sister divide between them the Work of Observation.

RASSELAS returned home full of reflections, doubting how to direct his future steps. Of the way to happiness he found the learned and simple equally ignorant; but as he was yet young, he flattered himself that he had time remaining for more experiments and farther inquiries. He communicated to Imlac his observations and his doubts, but was answered by him with new doubts and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore discoursed more frequently and freely with his sister, who had yet the same hope with himself, and always assisted him to give some reason why, though he had been hitherto frustrated, he might succeed at last.

"We have hitherto," said she, "known but little of the world; we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power; and in this we have not yet seen the private recesses of domestic peace. Imlac favours not our search, lest we should in time find him mistaken. We will divide the task between us; you shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford the most opportunities of doing good; or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune—too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress."

CHAP. XXIV.

The Prince examines the Happiness of high Stations.

RASSELAS applauded the design, and appeared next day with a splendid retinue at the court of the Bassa. He was soon distinguished for his magnificence, and admitted as a prince whose

curiosity had brought him from distant countries, to an intimacy with the great officers and frequent conversation with the Bassa himself.

He was at first inclined to believe that the man must be pleased with his own condition, whom all approached with reverence, and heard with obedience, and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. "There can be no pleasure," said he, "equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands all made happy by wise administration. Yet since, by the law of subordination, this sublime delight can be in one nation but the lot of one, it is surely reasonable to think that there is some satisfaction more popular and accessible, and that millions can hardly be subjected to the will of a single man, only to fill his particular breast with incommunicable content."

These thoughts were often in his mind, and he found no solution of the difficulty. But as presents and civilities gained him more familiarity, he found that almost every man who stood high in employment hated all the rest, and was hated by them, and that their lives were a continual succession of plots and detections, stratagems and escapes, faction and treachery. Many of those who surrounded the Bassa were sent only to watch and report his conduct: every tongue was muttering censure, and every eye was searching for a fault.

At last the letters of revocation arrived, the Bassa was carried in chains to Constantinople, and his name was mentioned no more.

"What are we now to think of the prerogatives of power?" said Rasselas to his sister: "Is it without any efficacy to good? or, is the subordinate degree only dangerous, and the supreme safe and glorious? Is the Sultan the only happy man in his dominions? or, is the Sultan himself subject to the torments of suspicion, and the dread of enemies?"

In a short time the second Bassa was deposed. The Sultan that had advanced him was murdered by the Janizaries, and his successor had other views, or different favourites.

CHAP. XXV.

The Princess pursues her Inquiry with more Diligence than Success.

The Princess, in the mean time, insinuated herself into many families; for there are few doors through which liberality, joined with good-humour, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houses were airy and cheerful, but Nekayah had been too long accustomed to the conversation of Imlac and her brother, to be much pleased with childish levity, and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wishes low, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleasures, poor as they were, could not be preserved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthless emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other; of a quality to which solicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing away. Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love, when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was not fixed on sense or virtue, and therefore seldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was transient; every thing floated in their mind unconnected with the past or future, so that one desire easily gave way to another, as a second stone, cast into the water, effaces and confounds the circles of the first.

With these girls she played as with inoffensive animals, and found them proud of her countenance, and weary of her company.

But her purpose was to examine more deeply, and her affability easily persuaded the hearts that were swelling with sorrow to discharge their secrets in her ear; and those whom hope flattered, or prosperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleasure.

The Princess and her brother commonly met in the evening in a private summer-house on the banks of the Nile, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were sitting together, the Princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. "Answer," said she, "great Father of Waters, thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king; tell me if thou wateest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint!"

"You are then," said Rasselas, "not more successful in private houses than I have been in courts."—"I have, since the last partition of our provinces," said the Princess, "enabled myself to enter familiarly into many families, where there was the fairest show of prosperity and peace, and know not one house that is not haunted by some fury that destroys their quiet.

"I did not seek ease among the poor, because I concluded that there it could not be found. But I saw many poor whom I had supposed to live in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances; it is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest; they support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow.

"This, however, was an evil, which, though frequent, I saw with less pain, because I could relieve it. Yet some have refused my bounties, more offended with my quickness to detect their wants, than pleased with my readiness to succour them; and others, whose exigencies compelled them to admit my kindness, have never been able to forgive their benefactress. Many,

however, have been sincerely grateful without the ostentation of gratitude, or the hope of other favours."

CHAP. XXVI.

The Princess continues her Remarks upon private Life.

NEKAYAH, perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

"In families where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly discord; if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal; but this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy; in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

"Parents and children seldom act in concert; each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents; and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children; thus some place their confidence in the father, and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

"The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondence, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents, which their own eyes show them to be false?

"Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression; the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence; the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour: but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greatest part, live on to love less and less; and, if those whom nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolation?"

"Surely," said the Prince, "you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance: I am unwilling to believe, that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

"Domestic discord," answered she, "is not inevitably and fatally necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous: the good and the evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet less agree with one another: even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds, and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

"Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants, whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please, and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious, and some wives perverse: and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may make many miserable."

"If such be the general effect of marriage," said the Prince, "I shall for the future think it dangerous to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met," said the Princess, "with many who live single for that reason: but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements, or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour, and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

"What then is to be done?" said Rasselas; "the more we inquire, the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself, that has no other inclination to regard."

CHAP. XXVII.

Disquisition upon Greatness.

THE conversation had a short pause. The Prince, having considered his sister's observation, told her, that she had surveyed life with prejudice, and supposed misery where she

did not find it. "Your narrative," says he, "throws yet a darker gloom upon the prospects of futurity: the predictions of Imlac were but faint sketches of the evils painted by Nekayah. I have been lately convinced that quiet is not the daughter of grandeur, or of power: that her presence is not to be bought by wealth, nor enforced by conquest. It is evident, that as any man acts in a wider compass, he must be more exposed to opposition from enmity, or miscarriage from chance: whoever has many to please or to govern, must use the ministry of many agents, some of whom will be wicked, and some ignorant; by some he will be misled, and by others betrayed. If he gratifies one, he will offend another: those that are not favoured will think themselves injured; and, since favours can be conferred but upon few, the greater number will be always discontented."

"The discontent," said the Princess, "which is thus unreasonable, I hope that I shall always have spirit to despise, and you power to repress."

"Discontent," answered Rasselas, "will not always be without reason under the most just and vigilant administration of public affairs. None, however attentive, can always discover that merit which indigence or faction may happen to obscure; and none, however powerful, can always reward it. Yet, he that sees inferior desert advanced above him, will naturally impute that preference to partiality or caprice; and, indeed, it can scarcely be hoped that any man, however magnanimous by nature, or exalted by condition, will be able to persist for ever in fixed and inexorable justice of distribution: he will sometimes indulge his own affections, and sometimes those of his favourites; he will permit some to please him who can never serve him: he will discover in those whom he loves qualities which in reality they do not possess; and to those, from whom he receives pleasure, he will in his turn endeavour to give it. Thus will recommendations sometimes prevail which were purchased by money, or by the more destructive bribery of flattery and servility.

"He that has much to do will do something wrong, and of that wrong must suffer the consequences; and if it were possible that he should always act rightly, yet when such numbers are to judge of his conduct, the bad will censure and obstruct him by malevolence, and the good, sometimes, by mistake.

"The highest stations cannot therefore hope to be the abodes of happiness, which I would willingly believe to have fled from thrones and palaces, to seats of humble privacy and placid obscurity. For what can hinder the satisfaction, or intercept the expectations, of him whose abilities are adequate to his employments, who sees with his own eyes the whole circuit of his influence, who chooses by his own knowledge all whom he trusts, and whom none are tempted to deceive by hope or fear? Surely he has nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy."

"Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness," said Nekayah, "this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue. All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad and good: they are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction; they sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford, is quietness of conscience, and a steady prospect of a happier state: this may enable us to endure calamity with patience; but, remember that patience must suppose pain."

CHAP. XXVIII.

Rasselas and Nekayah continue their Conversation.

"Dear Princess," said Rasselas, "you fall into the common errors of exaggeratory declamation, by producing, in a familiar disquisition, examples of national calamities, and scenes of extensive misery, which are found in books rather than in the world, and which, as they are horrid, are ordained to be rare. Let us not imagine evils which we do not feel, or injure life by misrepresentations. I cannot bear that querulous eloquence which threatens every city with a siege like that of Jerusalem, that makes famine attend on every flight of locusts, and suspends pestilence on the wing of every blast that issues from the south.

"On necessary and inevitable evils which overwhelm kingdoms at once, all disputation is vain: when they happen, they must be endured. But it is evident, that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt: thousands and ten thousands flourish in youth, and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestic evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether their kings are mild or cruel, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies, or retreat before them. While courts are disturbed with intestine competitions, and ambassadors are negociating in foreign countries, the smith still plies his anvil, and the husbandman drives his plough forward; the necessaries of life are required and obtained, and the successive business of the seasons continues to make its wonted revolutions.

"Let us cease to consider what, perhaps, may never happen, and what, when it shall happen, will laugh at human speculation. We will not endeavour to modify the motions of the elements, or to fix the destiny of kingdoms. It is our

business to consider what beings like us may perform; each labouring for his own happiness, by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happiness of others.

"Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women were made to be the companions of each other; and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness."

"I know not," said the Princess, "whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contest of disagreeing virtues where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think, with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts."

"You seem to forget," replied Rasselas, "that you have, even now, represented celibacy as less happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worst. Thus it happens when wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually destroy each other, and leave the mind open to truth."

"I did not expect," answered the Princess, "to hear that imputed to falsehood, which is the consequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactness objects, vast in their extent, and various in their parts. When we see or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the discriminations, and decide the preference: but of two systems, of which neither can be surveyed by any human being in its full compass of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder, that, judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other, as either presses on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourselves just as we differ from each other, when we see only part of the question, as in the multifarious relations of politics and morality: but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies in his opinion."

"Let us not add," said the Prince, "to the other evils of life, the bitterness of controversy, nor endeavour to vie with each other in subtilties of argument. We are employed in a search of which both are equally to enjoy the success, or suffer by the miscarriage. It is therefore fit that we assist each other. You surely conclude too hastily from the infelicity of marriage against its institution; will not the misery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of Heaven? The world must be peopled by marriage, or peopled without it."

"How the world is to be peopled," returned Nekayah, "is not my care, and needs not be yours. I see no danger that the present generation should omit to leave successors behind them: we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourselves."

CHAP. XXIX.

The Debate on Marriage continued.

"The good of the whole," says Rasselas, "is the same with the good of all its parts. If marriage be best for mankind, it must be evidently best for individuals; or a permanent and necessary duty must be the cause of evil, and some must be inevitably sacrificed to the convenience of others. In the estimate which you have made of the two states, it appears that the incommodities of a single life are, in a great measure, necessary and certain, but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable. I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cause of general complaint. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment?

"Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention, or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.

"From those early marriages proceeds likewise the rivalry of parents and children: the son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

"Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures, life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection: one advantange at least will be

certain; the parents will be visibly older than their children."

"What reason cannot collect," said Nekayah, "and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a question too important to be neglected; and I have often proposed it to those, whose accuracy of remark, and comprehensiveness of knowledge, made their suffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined, that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each other at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects.

"It is scarcely possible, that two travelling through the world under the conduct of chance, should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life, very often labours in vain, and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?"

"But surely," interposed the Prince, "you suppose the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question, whether she be willing to be led by reason?"

"Thus it is," said Nekayah, "that philosophers are deceived. There are a thousand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous; cases where something must be done, and where little can be said. Consider the state of mankind, and inquire how few can be supposed to act upon any occasions, whether small or great, with all the reasons of action present to their minds. Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day.

"Those who marry at an advanced age, will probably escape the encroachments of their children; but in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian's mercy: or if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best, either wise or great.

"From their children, if they have less to fear, they have less also to hope; and they lose, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies, by continual attrition, conform their surfaces to each other.

"I believe it will be found, that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners."

"The union of these two affections," said Rasselas, "would produce all that could be wished. Perhaps there is a time when marriage might unite them; a time neither too early for the father, nor too late for the husband."

"Every hour," answered the Princess, "confirms my prejudice in favour of the position so often uttered by the mouth of Imlac, 'That nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left.' Those conditions which flatter hope and attract desire, are so constituted, that, as we approach one we recede from another. There are goods so opposed that we cannot seize both; but, by too much prudence, may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration: he does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you, make your choice, and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn, while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of the spring: no man can at the same time fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile."

CHAP. XXX.

Imlac enters, and changes the Conversation.

Here Imlac entered, and interrupted them. "Imlac," said Rasselas, "I have been taking from the Princess the dismal history of private life, and am almost discouraged from further search."

"It seems to me," said Imlac, "that while you are making the choice of life, you neglect to live. You wander about a single city, which, however large and diversified, can now afford few novelties, and forget that you are in a country famous among the earliest monarchies for the power and wisdom of its inhabitants; a country where the sciences first dawned that illuminate the world, and beyond which the arts cannot be traced of civil society or domestic life.

"The old Egyptians have left behind them monuments of industry and power, before which all European magnificence is confessed to fade away. The ruins of their architecture are the schools of modern builders, and from the won-

ders which time has spared, we may conjecture, though uncertainly, what it has destroyed."

"My curiosity," said Rasselas, "does not very strongly lead me to survey piles of stone, or mounds of earth; my business is with man. I came hither, not to measure fragments of temples, or trace choked aqueducts, but to look upon the various scenes of the present world."

"The things that are now before us," said the Princess, "require attention, and deserve it. What have I to do with the heroes or the monuments of ancient times—with times which never can return, and heroes, whose form of life was different from all that the present condition of mankind requires or allows?"

"To know any thing," returned the poet, "we must know its effects; to see men, we must see their works, that we may learn what reason has dictated, or passion has incited, and find what are the most powerful motives of action. To judge rightly of the present, we must oppose it to the past; for all judgment is comparative, and of the future nothing can be known. The truth is, that no mind is much employed upon the present: recollection and anticipation fill up almost all our moments. Our passions are joy and grief, love and hatred, hope and fear. Of joy and grief, the past is the object; and the future, of hope and fear: even love and hatred respect the past, for the cause must have been before the effect.

"The present state of things is the consequence of the former; and it is natural to inquire what were the sources of the good that we enjoy, or the evil that we suffer. If we act only for ourselves, to neglect the study of history is not prudent: if we are intrusted with the care of others, it is not just. Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal: and he may properly be charged with evil, who refused to learn how he might prevent it.

"There is no part of history so generally useful as that which relates to the progress of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reason, the successive advances of science, the vicissitudes of learning and ignorance, which are the light and darkness of thinking beings, the extinction and resuscitation of arts, and the revolutions of the intellectual world. If accounts of battles and invasions are peculiarly the business of princes, the useful or elegant arts are not to be neglected; those who have kingdoms to govern, have understandings to cultivate.

"Example is always more efficacious than precept. A soldier is formed in war, and a painter must copy pictures. In this, contemplative life has the advantage: great actions are seldom seen, but the labours of art are always at hand for those who desire to know what art has been able to perform.

"When the eye, or the imagination, is struck with any uncommon work, the next transition of an active mind is to the means by which it was performed. Here begins the true use of such contemplation; we enlarge our comprehension by new ideas, and perhaps recover some art lost to mankind, or learn what is less perfectly known in our own country. At least we compare our own with former times, and either rejoice at our improvement, or, what is the first motion towards good, discover our defects."

"I am willing," said the Prince, "to see all that can deserve my search."—"And I," said the Princess, "shall rejoice to learn something of the manners of antiquity."

"The most pompous monument of Egyptian greatness, and one of the most bulky works of manual industry," said Imlac, "are the Pyramids; fabrics raised before the time of history, and of which the earliest narratives afford us only uncertain traditions. Of these the greatest is still standing, very little injured by time."

"Let us visit them to-morrow," said Nekayah: "I have often heard of the Pyramids, and shall not rest till I have seen them, within and without, with my own eyes."

CHAP. XXXI.

They visit the Pyramids.

The resolution being thus taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the Pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They travelled gently, turned aside to every thing remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the Great Pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base, and the height of the top. Imlac explained to them the principles upon which the pyramidal form was chosen for a fabric intended to co-extend its duration with that of the world: he shewed that its gradual diminution gave it such stability, as defeated all the common attacks of the elements, and could scarcely be overthrown by earthquakes themselves, the least resistible of natural violence. A concussion that should shatter the Pyramid would threaten the dissolution of the continent.

They measured all its dimensions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides, climbed up to the first passage; when the favourite of the Princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled. "Pekuah," said the Princess, "of what art thou afraid?"—"Of the narrow entrance," answered the lady, "and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place which must surely be inhabited by unquiet souls. The original possessors of these dreadful vaults will

start up before us, and perhaps shut us in for ever." She spoke, and threw her arms round the neck of her mistress.

"If all your fear be of apparitions," said the Prince, "I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more."

"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.

"Yet I do not mean to add new terrors to those which have already seized upon Pekuah. There can be no reason why spectres should haunt the pyramid more than other places, or why they should have power or will to hurt innocence and purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them; how then can we offend them?"

"My dear Pekuah," said the Princess, "I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the Princess of Abyssinia."

"If the Princess is pleased that her servant should die," returned the lady, "let her command some death less dreadful than enclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not disobey you; I must go, if you command me; but, if I once enter, I never shall come back."

The Princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof, and, embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was not yet satisfied, but entreated the Princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the Pyramids. "Though I cannot teach courage," said Nekayah, "I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do."

CHAP. XXXII.

They enter the Pyramid.

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the Pyramid; they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been reposited. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest a while, before they attempted to return.

"We have now," said Imlac, "gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

"Of the wall, it is very easy to assign the motive. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of barbarians, whose unskilfulness in the arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce, as vultures descend upon domestic fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

"But for the Pyramids, no reason has ever been given, adequate to the cost and labour of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been reposited at far less expence with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy, must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use till use is supplied, must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

"I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a Pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life, by seeing thousands labouring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art, that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids, and confess thy folly!"

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Princess meets with an unexpected Misfortune.

They rose up, and returned through the cavity at which they had entered; and the Princess prepared for her favourite a long narrative of dark labyrinths and costly rooms, and of the different impressions which the varieties of the way had made upon her. But when they came to their train, they found every one silent and dejected: the men discovered shame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in their tents.

What had happened they did not try to conjecture, but immediately inquired. "You had

scarcely entered into the Pyramid," said one of the attendants, "when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us: we were too few to resist them, and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight; but they seized the lady Pekuah with her two maids, and carried them away: the Turks are now pursuing them by our instigation, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

The Princess was overpowered with surprise and grief. Rasselas, in the first heat of his resentment, ordered his servants to follow him, and prepared to pursue the robbers with his sabre in his hand. "Sir," said Imlac, "what can you hope from violence or valour? the Arabs are mounted on horses trained to battle and retreat; we have only beasts of burthen. By leaving our present station we may lose the Princess, but cannot hope to regain Pekuah."

In a short time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. The Princess burst out into new lamentations, and Rasselas could scarcely forbear to reproach them with cowardice; but Imlac was of opinion, that the escape of the Arabs was no addition to their misfortune, for, perhaps, they would have killed their captives rather than have resigned them.

CHAP. XXXIV.

They return to Cairo without Pekuah.

There was nothing to be hoped from longer stay. They returned to Cairo, repenting of their curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness, which had neglected to procure a guard, imagining many expedients by which the loss of Pekuah might have been prevented, and resolving to do something for her recovery, though none could find any thing proper to be done.

Nekayah retired to her chamber, where her women attempted to comfort her, by telling her that all had their troubles, and that lady Pekuah had enjoyed much happiness in the world for a long time, and might reasonably expect a change of fortune. They hoped that some good would befal her wheresoever she was, and that their mistress would find another friend, who might supply her place.

The Princess made them no answer; and they continued the form of condolence, not much grieved in their hearts that the favourite was lost.

Next day, the Prince presented to the Bassa a memorial of the wrong which he had suffered, and a petition for redress. The Bassa threatened to punish the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them; nor indeed could any account or description be given by which he might direct the pursuit.

It soon appeared that nothing would be done by authority. Governors, being accustomed to hear of more crimes than they can punish, and more wrongs than they can redress, set themselves at ease by indiscriminate negligence, and presently forget the request when they lose sight of the petitioner.

Imlac then endeavoured to gain some intelligence by private agents. He found many who pretended to an exact knowledge of all the haunts of the Arabs, and to regular correspondence with their chiefs, and who readily undertook the recovery of Pekuah. Of these, some were furnished with money for their journey, and came back no more; some were liberally paid for accounts which a few days discovered to be false. But the Princess would not suffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While she was doing something, she kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was suggested; when one messenger returned unsuccessful, another was dispatched to a different quarter.

Two months had now passed, and of Pekuah nothing had been heard; the hopes which they had endeavoured to raise in each other grew more languid; and the Princess, when she saw nothing more to be tried, sunk down inconsolable in hopeless dejection. A thousand times she reproached herself with the easy compliance by which she permitted her favourite to stay behind her. "Had not my fondness," said she, "lessened my authority, Pekuah had not dared to talk of her terrors. She ought to have feared me more than spectres. A severe look would have overpowered her; a peremptory command would have compelled obedience. Why did foolish indulgence prevail upon me? why did I not speak, and refuse to hear?"

"Great Princess," said Imlac, "do not reproach yourself for your virtue, or consider that as blameable by which evil has accidentally been caused. Your tenderness for the timidity of Pekuah was generous and kind. When we act according to our duty, we commit the events to Him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. When, in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves. Man cannot so far know the connection of causes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pursue our ends by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the settled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by

success, because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortless is the sorrow of him, who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity, which guilt has brought upon him!

"Consider, Princess, what would have been your condition, if the lady Pekuah had entreated to accompany you, and, being compelled to stay in the tents, had been carried away; or how would you have borne the thought if you had forced her into the pyramid, and she had died before you in agonies of terror?"

"Had either happened," said Nekayah, "I could not have endured life till now; I should have been tortured to madness by the remembrance of such cruelty, or must have pined away in abhorrence of myself."

"This, at least," said Imlac, "is the present reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to repent it."

CHAP. XXXV.

The Princess languishes for want of Pekuah.

Nekayah, being thus reconciled to herself, found that no evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong. She was, from that time, delivered from the violence of tempestuous sorrow, and sunk into silent pensiveness and gloomy tranquillity. She sat from morning to evening recollecting all that had been done or said by her Pekuah, treasured up with care every trifle on which Pekuah had set an accidental value, and which might recal to mind any little incident or careless conversation. The sentiments of her whom she now expected to see no more, were treasured in her memory as rules of life, and she deliberated to no other end than to conjecture on any occasion what would have been the opinion and counsel of Pekuah.

The women, by whom she was attended, knew nothing of her real condition, and therefore she could not talk to them but with caution and reserve. She began to remit her curiosity, having no great desire to collect notions which she had no convenience of uttering. Rasselas endeavoured first to comfort, and afterwards to divert her; he hired musicians, to whom she seemed to listen, but did not hear them; and procured masters to instruct her in various arts, whose lectures, when they visited her again, were again to be repeated. She had lost her taste of pleasure, and her ambition of excellence. And her mind, though forced into short excursions, always recurred to the image of her friend.

Imlac was every morning earnestly enjoined to renew his inquiries, and was asked every night whether he had yet heard of Pekuah; till, not being able to return the Princess the answer that she desired, he was less and less willing to come into her presence. She observed his backwardness, and commanded him to attend her. "You are not," said she, "to confound impatience with resentment, or to suppose that I charge you with negligence, because I repine at your unsuccessfulness. I do not much wonder at your absence. I know that the unhappy are never pleasing, and that all naturally avoid the contagion of misery. To hear complaints is wearisome, alike to the wretched and the happy; for who would cloud, by adventitious grief, the short gleams of gaiety which life allows us? or who, that is struggling under his own evils, will add to them the miseries of another?

"The time is at hand, when none shall be disturbed any longer by the sighs of Nekayah: my search after happiness is now at an end. I am resolved to retire from the world with all its flatteries and deceits, and will hide myself in solitude, without any other care than to compose my thoughts, and regulate my hours by a constant succession of innocent occupations, till, with a mind purified from earthly desires, I shall enter into that state, to which all are hastening, and in which I hope again to enjoy the friendship of Pekuah."

"Do not entangle your mind," said Imlac, "by irrevocable determinations, nor increase the burthen of life by a voluntary accumulation of misery: the weariness of retirement will continue or increase when the loss of Pekuah is forgot. That you have been deprived of one pleasure is no very good reason for rejection of the rest."

"Since Pekuah was taken from me," said the Princess, "I have no pleasure to reject or to retain. She that has no one to love or trust, has little to hope. She wants the radical principle of happiness. We may, perhaps, allow that what satisfaction this world can afford, must arise from the conjunction of wealth, knowledge, and goodness: wealth is nothing but as it is bestowed, and knowledge nothing but as it is communicated: they must therefore be imparted to others, and to whom could I now delight to impart them? Goodness affords the only comfort which can be enjoyed without a partner, and goodness may be practised in retirement."

"How far solitude may admit goodness, or advance it, I shall not," replied Imlac, "dispute at present. Remember the confession of the pious hermit. You will wish to return into the world when the image of your companion has left your thoughts."—"That time," said Nekayah, "will never come. The generous frankness, the modest obsequiousness, and the faithful secrecy of my dear Pekuah, will always be more missed, as I shall live longer to see vice and folly."

"The state of a mind oppressed with a sudden calamity," said Imlac, "is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new-created earth,

who, when the first night came upon them, supposed that day would never return. When the clouds of sorrow gather over us, we see nothing beyond them, nor can imagine how they will be dispelled: yet a new day succeeded to the night, and sorrow is never long without a dawn of ease. But they who restrain themselves from receiving comfort, do as the savages would have done, had they put out their eyes when it was dark. Our minds, like our bodies, are in continual flux; something is hourly lost, and something acquired. To lose much at once is inconvenient to either, but while the vital powers remain uninjured, nature will find the means of reparation. Distance has the same effect on the mind as on the eye; and while we glide along the stream of time, whatever we leave behind us is always lessening, and that which we approach increasing in magnitude. Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion. Commit yourself again to the current of the world; Pekuah will vanish by degrees; you will meet in your way some other favourite, or learn to diffuse yourself in general conversation."

"At least," said the Prince, "do not despair before all remedies have been tried: the inquiry after the unfortunate lady is still continued, and shall be carried on with yet greater diligence, on condition that you will promise to wait a year for the event, without any unalterable resolution."

Nekayah thought this a reasonable demand, and made the promise to her brother, who had been advised by Imlac to require it. Imlac had, indeed, no great hope of regaining Pekuah; but he supposed, that if he could secure the interval of a year, the Princess would be then in no danger of a cloister.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Pekuah is still remembered. The Progress of Sorrow.

Nekayah, seeing that nothing was omitted for the recovery of her favourite, and having, by her promise, set her intention of retirement at a distance, began imperceptibly to return to common cares and common pleasures. She rejoiced without her own consent at the suspension of her sorrows, and sometimes caught herself with indignation in the act of turning away her mind from the remembrance of her, whom yet she resolved never to forget.

She then appointed a certain hour of the day for meditation on the merits and fondness of Pekuah, and for some weeks retired constantly at the time fixed, and returned with her eyes swollen and her countenance clouded. By degrees she grew less scrupulous, and suffered any important and pressing avocation to delay the tribute of daily tears. She then yielded to less occasions; and sometimes forgot what she was indeed afraid to remember; and, at last, wholly released herself from the duty of periodical affliction.

Her real love of Pekuah was not yet diminished. A thousand occurrences brought her back to memory, and a thousand wants, which nothing but the confidence of friendship can supply, made her frequently regretted. She, therefore, solicited Imlac never to desist from inquiry, and to leave no art of intelligence untried, that at least she might have the comfort of knowing that she did not suffer by negligence or sluggishness. "Yet what," said she, "is to be expected from our pursuit of happiness, when we find the state of life to be such that happiness itself is the cause of misery? Why should we endeavour to attain that of which the possession cannot be secured? I shall henceforward fear to yield my heart to excellence, however bright, or to fondness, however tender, lest I should lose again what I have lost in Pekuah."

CHAP. XXXVII.

The Princess hears news of Pekuah.

In seven months, one of the messengers, who had been sent away upon the day when the promise was drawn from the Princess, returned, after many unsuccessful rambles, from the borders of Nubia, with an account that Pekuah was in the hands of an Arab chief, who possessed a castle or fortress on the extremity of Egypt. The Arab, whose revenue was plunder, was willing to restore her, with her two attendants, for two hundred ounces of gold.

The price was no subject of debate. The Princess was in ecstasies when she heard that her favourite was alive, and might so cheaply be ransomed. She could not think of delaying for a moment Pekuah's happiness or her own, but entreated her brother to send back the messenger with the sum required. Imlac being consulted, was not very confident of the veracity of the relater, and was still more doubtful of the Arab's faith, who might, if he were too liberally trusted, detain at once the money and the captives. He thought it dangerous to put themselves in the power of the Arab, by going into his district; and could not expect that the rover would so much expose himself as to come into the lower country, where he might be seized by the forces of the Bassa.

It is difficult to negociate where neither will trust. But Imlac, after some deliberation, directed the messenger to propose that Pekuah should be conducted by ten horsemen to the monastery of St Anthony, which is situated in the

deserts of Upper Egypt, where she should be met by the same number, and her ransom should be paid.

That no time might be lost, as they expected that the proposal would not be refused, they immediately began their journey to the monastery; and when they arrived, Imlac went forward with the former messenger to the Arab's fortress. Rasselas was desirous to go with them; but neither his sister nor Imlac would consent. The Arab, according to the custom of his nation, observed the laws of hospitality with great exactness to those who put themselves into his power, and, in a few days, brought Pekuah with her maids, by easy journeys, to the place appointed, where, receiving the stipulated price, he restored her, with great respect, to liberty and her friends, and undertook to conduct them back towards Cairo beyond all danger of robbery or violence.

The Princess and her favourite embraced each other with transport too violent to be expressed, and went out together to pour the tears of tenderness in secret, and exchange professions of kindness and gratitude. After a few hours they returned into the refectory of the convent, where, in the presence of the prior and his brethren, the Prince required of Pekuah the history of her adventures.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Adventures of the Lady Pekuah.

"At what time, and in what manner, I was forced away," said Pekuah, "your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupified than agitated with any passion of either fear or sorrow. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us, or were afraid of those whom they made a show of menacing.

"When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger, they slackened their course; and as I was less harassed by external violence, I began to feel more uneasiness in my mind. After some time, we stopped near a spring shaded with trees, in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground, and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence, and from time to time looked on me for succour. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, nor could conjecture where would be the place of our captivity, or whence to draw any hope of deliverance. I was in the hands of robbers and savages, and had no reason to suppose that their pity was more than their justice, or that they would forbear the gratification of any ardour of desire, or caprice of cruelty. I, however, kissed my maids, and endeavoured to pacify them by remarking, that we were yet treated with decency, and that, since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

"When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me, and refused to be parted; but I commanded them not to irritate those who had us in their power. We travelled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country, and came by moonlight to the side of a hill, where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched, and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependants.

"We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper which they had provided, and I ate it rather to encourage my maids, than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they spread the carpets for repose. I was weary, and hoped to find in sleep that remission of distress which nature seldom denies. Ordering myself, therefore, to be undressed, I observed that the women looked very earnestly upon me, not expecting, I suppose, to see me so submissively attended. When my upper vest was taken off, they were apparently struck with the splendour of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out, and, in a short time, came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the usual act of reverence, and, taking me by the hand, placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

"In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect. 'Illustrious lady,' said he, 'my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope; I am told, by my women, that I have a princess in my camp.'—'Sir,' answered I, 'your women have deceived themselves and you; I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger, who intended soon to have left this country, in which I am now to be imprisoned for ever.'—'Whoever, or whencesoever you are,' returned the Arab, 'your dress, and that of your servants, shew your rank to be high, and your wealth to be great. Why should you, who can so easily procure your ransom, think yourself in danger of perpetual captivity? the purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or more properly to gather tribute. The sons of Ishmael are the natural and hereditary lords of this part of the continent, which is usurped by late invaders and low-born

tyrants, from whom we are compelled to take by the sword what is denied to justice. The violence of war admits no distinction; the lance that is lifted at guilt and power will sometimes fall on innocence and gentleness.'

"How little," said I, "did I expect that yesterday it should have fallen upon me."

"'Misfortunes,' answered the Arab, 'should always be expected. If the eye of hostility could learn reverence or pity, excellence like yours had been exempt from injury. But the angels of affliction spread their toils alike for the virtuous and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean. Do not be disconsolate; I am not one of the lawless and cruel rovers of the desert; I know the rules of civil life; I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality.'

"You will easily believe that I was pleased with his courtesy; and finding that his predominant passion was desire of money, I began now to think my danger less; for I knew that no sum would be thought too great for the release of Pekuah. I told him that he should have no reason to charge me with ingratitude, if I was used with kindness; and that any ransom which could be expected for a maid of common rank would be paid, but that he must not persist to rate me as a princess. He said he would consider what he should demand, and then, smiling, bowed and retired.

"Soon after, the women came about me, each contending to be more officious than the other, and my maids themselves were served with reverence. We travelled onwards by short journies. On the fourth day, the chief told me that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold; which I not only promised him, but told him that I would add fifty more, if I and my maids were honourably treated.

"I never knew the power of gold before—From that time I was the leader of the troop.—The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. We now had camels and other conveniencies for travel: my own women were always at my side, and I amused myself with observing the manners of the vagrant nations, and with viewing remains of ancient edifices with which these deserted countries appear to have been, in some distant age, lavishly embellished.

"The chief of the band was a man far from illiterate: he was able to travel by the stars or the compass, and had marked in his erratic expeditions such places as are most worthy the notice of a passenger. He observed to me, that buildings are always best preserved in places little frequented, and difficult of access; for when once a country declines from its primitive splendour, the more inhabitants are left, the quicker ruin will be made. Walls supply stones more easily than quarries; and palaces and temples will be demolished, to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry."

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Adventures of Pekuah continued.

"We wandered about in this manner for some weeks, either, as our chief pretended, for my gratification, or, as I rather suspected, for some convenience of his own. I endeavoured to appear contented where sullenness and resentment would have been of no use, and that endeavour conduced much to the calmness of my mind; but my heart was always with Nekayah, and the troubles of the night much overbalanced the amusements of the day. My women, who threw all their cares upon their mistress, set their minds at ease from the time when they saw me treated with respect, and gave themselves up to the incidental alleviations of our fatigue, without solicitude or sorrow. I was pleased with their pleasure, and animated with their confidence. My condition had lost much of its terror, since I found that the Arab ranged the country merely to get riches. Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind; that which sooths the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous there is a ready way—bring money, and nothing is denied.

"At last we came to the dwelling of our chief; a strong and spacious house, built with stone in an island of the Nile, which lies, as I was told, under the tropic. 'Lady,' said the Arab, 'you shall rest after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as sovereign. My occupation is war: I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected, and to which I can retire unpursued. You may now repose in security: here are few pleasures, but here is no danger.' He then led me into the inner apartments, and, seating me on the richest couch, bowed to the ground.

"His women, who considered me as a rival, looked on me with malignity; but being soon informed that I was a great lady detained only for my ransom, they began to vie with each other in obsequiousness and reverence.

"Being again comforted with new assurances of speedy liberty, I was for some days diverted from impatience by the novelty of the place. The turrets overlooked the country to a great distance, and afforded a view of many windings of the stream. In the day I wandered from one place to another, as the course of the sun varied the splendour of the prospect, and saw many things which I had never seen before. The crocodiles and river-horses are common in this un-

peopled region; and I often looked upon them with terror, though I knew that they could not hurt me. For some time I expected to see mermaids and tritons, which, as Imlac has told me, the European travellers have stationed in the Nile; but no such beings ever appeared, and the Arab, when I inquired after them, laughed at my credulity.

"At night the Arab always attended me to a tower set apart for celestial observations, where he endeavoured to teach me the names and courses of the stars. I had no great inclination to this study; but an appearance of attention was necessary to please my instructor, who valued himself for his skill, and, in a little while, I found some employment requisite to beguile the tediousness of time, which was to be passed always amidst the same objects. I was weary of looking in the morning on things from which I had turned away weary in the evening; I therefore was at last willing to observe the stars rather than do nothing, but could not always compose my thoughts, and was very often thinking on Nekayah when others imagined me contemplating the sky. Soon after the Arab went upon another expedition, and then my only pleasure was to talk with my maids about the accident by which we were carried away, and the happiness that we should all enjoy at the end of our captivity."

"There were women in your Arab's fortress," said the Princess; "why did you not make them your companions, enjoy their conversation, and partake their diversions? In a place where they found business or amusement, why should you alone sit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could not you bear for a few months that condition to which they were condemned for life?"

"The diversions of the women," answered Pekuah, "were only childish play, by which the mind, accustomed to stronger operations, could not be kept busy. I could do all which they delighted in doing, by powers merely sensitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt that the rest might be alarmed, or hid herself that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching the progress of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the sky.

"Their business was only needle-work, in which I and my maids sometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor will you suspect that captivity [illegible] absence from Nekayah could receive sola[illegible] silken flowers.

"[illegible] much satisfaction to be hoped from their co[illegible]rsation; for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing, for they had lived from early youth in that narrow spot; of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they could not read. They had no idea but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food. As I bore a superior character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amused me to hear the complaints of each against the rest, I might have been often detained by long stories; but the motives of their animosity were so small, that I could not listen without interrupting the tale."

"How," said Rasselas, "can the Arab, whom you represented as a man of more than common accomplishments, take any pleasure in his seraglio, when it is filled only with women like these? Are they exquisitely beautiful?"

"They do not," said Pekuah, "want that unaffecting and ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But, to a man like the Arab, such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him, he looked on them with inattentive superiority; when they vied for his regard, he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life; as they had no choice, their fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude; he was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard, of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time; such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow."

"You have reason, lady, to think yourself happy," said Imlac, "that you have been thus easily dismissed. How could a mind, hungry for knowledge, be willing, in an intellectual famine, to lose such a banquet as Pekuah's conversation?"

"I am inclined to believe," answered Pekuah, "that he was for some time in suspense; for, notwithstanding his promise, whenever I proposed to dispatch a messenger to Cairo, he found some excuse for delay. While I was detained in his house he made many incursions into the neighbouring countries, and, perhaps, he would have refused to discharge me had his plunder been equal to his wishes. He returned always courteous, related his adventures, delighted to hear my observations, and endeavoured to ad-

vance my acquaintance with the stars. When I importuned him to send away my letters, he soothed me with professions of honour and sincerity; and when I could be no longer decently denied, put his troop again in motion, and left me to govern in his absence. I was much afflicted by this studied procrastination; and was sometimes afraid that I should be forgotten—that you would leave Cairo, and I must end my days in an island of the Nile.

"I grew at last hopeless and dejected, and cared so little to entertain him, that he for a while more frequently talked with my maids. That he should fall in love with them, or with me, might have been equally fatal; and I was not much pleased with the growing friendship. My anxiety was not long; for, as I recovered some degree of cheerfulness, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to despise my former uneasiness.

"He still delayed to send for my ransom, and would perhaps never have determined, had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He hastened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of an intestine conflict. I took leave of my companions in the house, who dismissed me with cold indifference."

Nekayah, having heard her favourite's relation, rose and embraced her; and Rasselas gave her an hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised.

CHAP. XL.

The History of a Man of Learning.

They returned to Cairo, and were so well pleased at finding themselves together, that none of them went much abroad. The Prince began to love learning, and one day declared to Imlac, that he intended to devote himself to science, and pass the rest of his days in literary solitude.

"Before you make your final choice," answered Imlac, "you ought to examine its hazards, and converse with some of those who are grown old in the company of themselves. I have just left the observatory of one of the most learned astronomers in the world, who has spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the celestial bodies, and has drawn out his soul in endless calculations. He admits a few friends once a month to hear his deductions and enjoy his discoveries. I was introduced as a man of knowledge worthy of his notice. Men of various ideas and fluent conversation are commonly welcome to those whose thoughts have been long fixed upon a single point, and who find the images of other things stealing away. I delighted him with my remarks: he smiled at the narrative of my travels, and was glad to forget the constellations, and descend for a moment into the lower world.

"On the next day of vacation I renewed my visit, and was so fortunate as to please him again. He relaxed from that time the severity of his rule, and permitted me to enter at my own choice. I found him always busy, and always glad to be relieved. As each knew much which the other was desirous of learning, we exchanged our notions with great delight. I perceived that I had every day more of his confidence, and always found new cause of admiration in the profundity of his mind. His comprehension is vast, his memory capacious and retentive; his discourse is methodical, and his expression clear.

"His integrity and benevolence are equal to his learning. His deepest researches, and most favourite studies, are willingly interrupted for any opportunity of doing good by his counsel or his riches. To his closest retreat, at his most busy moments, all are admitted that want his assistance; 'for, though I exclude idleness and pleasure, I will never,' says he, 'bar my doors against charity. To man is permitted the contemplation of the skies, but the practice of virtue is commanded.'"

"Surely," said the Princess, "this man is happy."

"I visited him," said Imlac, "with more and more frequency, and was every time more enamoured of his conversation. He was sublime without haughtiness, courteous without formality, and communicative without ostentation. I was at first, great Princess, of your opinion, thought him the happiest of mankind, and often congratulated him on the blessing that he enjoyed. He seemed to hear nothing with indifference but the praises of his condition, to which he always returned a general answer, and diverted the conversation to some other topic.

"Amidst this willingness to be pleased, and labour to please, I had quickly reason to imagine that some painful sentiment pressed upon his mind. He often looked up earnestly towards the sun, and let his voice fall in the midst of his discourse. He would sometimes, when we were alone, gaze upon me in silence with the air of a man who longed to speak what he was yet resolved to suppress. He would often send for me with vehement injunctions of haste, though, when I came to him, he had nothing extraordinary to say. And sometimes, when I was leaving him, would call me back, pause a few moments, and then dismiss me."

CHAP. XLI.

The Astronomer discovers the [illegible] Uneasiness.

"At last, the time came when the [illegible] burst

his reserve. We were sitting together last night in the turret of his house, watching the emersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky, and disappointed our observation. We sat a while silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words: 'Imlac, I have long considered thy friendship as the greatest blessing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I have found in thee all the qualities requisite for trust; benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long discharged an office which I must soon quit at the call of nature, and shall rejoice, in the hour of imbecility and pain, to devolve it upon thee.'

"I thought myself honoured by this testimony, and protested that whatever could conduce to his happiness would add likewise to mine.

"'Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather, and the distribution of the seasons; the sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervours of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe, if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the sun to either side of the equator!'

CHAP. XLII.

The Opinion of the Astronomer is explained and justified.

"I SUPPOSE he discovered in me, through the obscurity of the room, some tokens of amazement and doubt; for, after a short pause, he proceeded thus:

"'Not to be easily credited will neither surprise nor offend me; for I am probably the first of human beings to whom this trust has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem this distinction a reward or punishment. Since I have possessed it, I have been far less happy than before, and nothing but the consciousness of [illegible]ention could have enabled me to supp[illegible]iness of unremitted vigilance."

[illegible] sir," said I, "has this great offic[illegible]ur hands?"

"[illegible]ten years ago,' said he, 'my daily observations of the changes of the sky led me to consider, whether, if I had the power of the seasons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation fastened on my mind, and I sat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the showers of fertility, and seconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of sunshine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I should ever have the power.

"'One day as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination, I commanded rain to fall; and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.'

"Might not some other cause," said I, "produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day."

"'Do not believe,' said he, with impatience, 'that such objections could escape me. I reasoned long against my own conviction, and laboured against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible, and the incredible from the false.'"

"Why, sir," said I, "do you call that incredible, which you know, or think you know, to be true?"

"'Because,' said he, 'I cannot prove it by any external evidence, and I know too well the laws of demonstration, to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conscious of its force. I therefore shall not attempt to gain credit by disputation. It is sufficient that I feel this power, that I have long possessed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is short: The infirmities of age increase upon me, and the time will soon come when the regulator of the year must mingle with the dust. The care of appointing a successor has long disturbed me; the night and the day have been spent in comparisons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none so worthy as thyself.

CHAP. XLIII.

The Astronomer leaves Imlac his Directions.

"'HEAR, therefore, what I shall impart with attention, such as the welfare of a world requires. If the task of a king be considered as difficult, who has the care only of a few millions, to whom he cannot do much good or harm, what must be the anxiety of him on whom depends the action of the elements, and the great

gifts of light and heat? Hear me therefore with attention.

"'I have diligently considered the position of the earth and sun, and formed innumerable schemes, in which I changed their situation. I have sometimes turned aside the axis of the earth, and sometimes varied the ecliptic of the sun; but I have found it impossible to make a disposition by which the world may be advantaged; what one region gains, another loses by an imaginable alteration, even without considering the distant parts of the solar system with which we are unacquainted. Do not, therefore, in thy administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not please thyself with thinking that thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages, by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.'

"I promised that when I possessed the power, I would use it with inflexible integrity, and he dismissed me, pressing my hand.—'My heart,' said he, "will now be at rest, and my benevolence will no more destroy my quiet. I have found a man of wisdom and virtue, to whom I can cheerfully bequeath the inheritance of the sun."

The Prince heard this narration with very serious regard, but the Princess smiled, and Pekuah convulsed herself with laughter. "Ladies," said Imlac, "to mock the heaviest of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wise. Few can attain this man's knowledge, and few practise his virtues, but all may suffer his calamity. Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason."

The Princess was recollected, and the favourite was abashed. Rasselas, more deeply affected, inquired of Imlac, whether he thought such maladies of the mind frequent, and how they were contracted?

CHAP. XLIV.

The dangerous prevalence of Imagination.

"Disorders of intellect," answered Imlac, "happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man, whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties; it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech or action.

"To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone, we are not always busy; the labour of excogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external that can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow.

"In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees, the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish.

"This, sir, is one of the dangers of solitude; which the hermit has confessed not always to promote goodness, and the astronomer's misery has proved to be not always propitious to wisdom."

"I will no more," said the favourite, "imagine myself the Queen of Abyssinia. I have often spent the hours which the Princess gave to my own disposal, in adjusting ceremonies, and regulating the court; I have repressed the pride of the powerful, and granted the petitions of the poor; I have built new palaces in more happy situations, planted groves upon the tops of mountains, and have exulted in the beneficence of royalty, till, when the Princess entered, I had almost forgotten to bow down before her."

"And I," said the Princess, "will not allow myself any more to play the shepherdess in my waking dreams. I have often soothed my thoughts with the quiet and innocence of pastoral employments, till I have in my chamber heard the winds whistle, and the sheep bleat, sometimes freed the lamb entangled in the thicket, and

sometimes with my crook encountered the wolf. I have a dress like that of the village maids, which I put on to help my imagination, and a pipe on which I play softly, and suppose myself followed by my flocks."

"I will confess," said the Prince, "an indulgence of fantastic delight more dangerous than yours. I have frequently endeavoured to imagine the possibility of a perfect government, by which all wrong should be restrained, all vice reformed, and all the subjects preserved in tranquillity and innocence. This thought produced innumerable schemes of reformation, and dictated many useful regulations and salutary edicts. This has been the sport, and sometimes the labour, of my solitude; and I start when I think with how little anguish I once supposed the death of my father and my brothers."

"Such," said Imlac, "are the effects of visionary schemes; when we first form them, we know them to be absurd, but familiarize them by degrees, and in time lose sight of their folly."

CHAP. XLV.

They discourse with an old Man.

The evening was now far past, and they rose to return home. As they walked along the bank of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw, at a small distance, an old man, whom the Prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. "Yonder," said he, "is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason; let us close the disquisitions of the night, by inquiring what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life."

Here the sage approached and saluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled a while as acquaintance that had unexpectedly met one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. He was plesed to find himself not disregarded, accompanied them to their house, and, at the Prince's request, entered with them. They placed him in the seat of honour, and set wine and conserves before him.

"Sir," said the Princess, "an evening walk must give to a man of learning like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and the causes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Every thing must su[illegible]ith contemplation, and renew the co[illegible]f your own dignity."

[illegible]wered he, "let the gay and the vig[illegible] pleasure in their excursions; it is enough that age can attain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty: I look round and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend who is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the vicissitudes of life. I have ceased to take much delight in physical truth; for what have I to do with those things which I am soon to leave?"

"You may at least recreate yourself," said Imlac, "with the recollection of an honourable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you."

"Praise," said the sage, with a sigh, "is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. Something they may yet take away, but they can give me nothing. Riches would now be useless, and high employment would be pain. My retrospect of life recals to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vacancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burthened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquillity; endeavour to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares, which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; expect, with serene humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay, and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find, and that virtue which here I have not attained."

He arose and went away, leaving his audience not much elated with the hope of long life. The Prince consoled himself with remarking, that it was not reasonable to be disappointed by this account; for age had never been considered as the season of felicity, and, if it was possible to be easy in decline and weakness, it was likely that the days of vigour and alacrity might be happy; that the noon of life might be bright, if the evening could be calm.

The Princess suspected that age was querulous and malignant, and delighted to repress the expectations of those who had newly entered the world. She had seen the possessors of estates

look with envy on their heirs, and known many who enjoyed pleasure no longer than they could confine it to themselves.

Pekuah conjectured that the man was older than he appeared, and was willing to impute his complaints to delirious dejection, or else supposed that he had been unfortunate, and was therefore discontented; "for nothing," said she, "is more common than to call our own condition the condition of life."

Imlac, who had no desire to see them depressed, smiled at the comforts which they could so readily procure to themselves, and remembered, that at the same age he was equally confident of unmingled prosperity, and equally fertile of consolatory expedients. He forbore to force upon them unwelcome knowledge, which time itself would too soon impress. The Princess and her lady retired; the madness of the astronomer hung upon their minds, and they desired Imlac to enter upon his office, and delay next morning the rising of the sun.

CHAP. XLVI.

The Princess and Pekuah visit the Astronomer.

The Princess and Pekuah, having talked in private of Imlac's astronomer, thought his character at once so amiable and so strange that they could not be satisfied without a nearer knowledge; and Imlac was requested to find the means of bringing them together.

This was somewhat difficult; the philosopher had never received any visits from women, though he lived in a city that had in it many Europeans, who followed the manners of their own countries, and many from other parts of the world, that lived there with European liberty. The ladies would not be refused, and several schemes were proposed for the accomplishment of their design. It was proposed to introduce them as strangers in distress, to whom the sage was always accessible; but, after some deliberation, it appeared, that by this artifice, no acquaintance could be formed, for their conversation would be short, and they could not decently importune him often. "This," said Rasselas, "is true: but I have yet a stronger objection against the misrepresentation of your state. I have always considered it as treason against the great republic of human nature, to make any man's virtues the means of deceiving him, whether on great or little occasions. All imposture weakens confidence, and chills benevolence. When the sage finds that you are not what you seemed, he will feel the resentment natural to a man, who, conscious of great abilities, discovers that he has been tricked by understandings meaner than his own, and, perhaps, the distrust which he can never afterwards wholly lay aside, may stop the voice of counsel, and close the hand of charity; and where will you find the power of restoring his benefactions to mankind, or his peace to himself?"

To this no reply was attempted, and Imlac began to hope that their curiosity would subside; but, next day, Pekuah told them, she had now found an honest pretence for a visit to the astronomer, for she would solicit permission to continue under him the studies in which she had been initiated by the Arab, and the Princess might go with her, either as a fellow-student, or because a woman could not decently come alone. "I am afraid," said Imlac, "that he will soon be weary of your company. Men advanced far in knowledge do not love to repeat the elements of their art; and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress."—"That," said Pekuah, "must be my care: I ask of you only to take me thither. My knowledge is, perhaps, more than you imagine it; and by concurring always with his opinions, I shall make him think it greater than it is."

The astronomer, in pursuance of this resolution, was told that a foreign lady, travelling in search of knowledge, had heard of his reputation, and was desirous to become his scholar. The uncommonness of the proposal raised at once his surprise and curiosity, and when, after a short deliberation, he consented to admit her, he could not stay without impatience till the next day.

The ladies dressed themselves magnificently, and were attended by Imlac to the astronomer, who was pleased to see himself approached with respect by persons of so splendid an appearance. In the exchange of the first civilities, he was timorous and bashful: but when the talk became regular, he recollected his powers, and justified the character which Imlac had given. Inquiring of Pekuah what could have turned her inclination towards astronomy, he received from her a history of her adventure at the Pyramid, and of the time passed in the Arab's island. She told her tale with ease and elegance, and her conversation took possession of his heart. The discourse was then turned to astronomy: Pekuah displayed what she knew: he looked upon her as a prodigy of genius, and entreated her not to desist from a study which she had so happily begun.

They came again and again, and were every time more welcome than before. The sage endeavoured to amuse them, that they might prolong their visits, for he found his thoughts grow brighter in their company: the clouds of solitude vanished by degrees, as he forced himself to entertain them, and he grieved when he was left, at their departure, to his old employment of regulating the seasons.

The Princess and her favourite had now watched his lips for several months, and could

not catch a single word from which they could judge whether he continued, or not, in the opinion of his preternatural commission. They often contrived to bring him to an open declaration; but he easily eluded all their attacks, and, on which side soever they pressed him, escaped from them to some other topic.

As their familiarity increased, they invited him often to the house of Imlac, where they distinguished him by extraordinary respect. He began gradually to delight in sublunary pleasures. He came early, and departed late; laboured to recommend himself by assiduity and compliance, excited their curiosity after new arts, that they might still want his assistance; and when they made any excursion of pleasure or inquiry, entreated to attend them.

By long experience of his integrity and wisdom, the Prince and his sister were convinced that he might be trusted without danger: and, lest he should draw any false hopes from the civilities which he received, discovered to him their condition, with the motives of their journey, and required his opinion on the *choice of life*.

"Of the various conditions which the world spreads before you, which you shall prefer," said the sage, "I am not able to instruct you. I can only tell that I have chosen wrong. I have passed my time in study without experience; in the attainment of sciences which can, for the most part, be but remotely useful to mankind. I have purchased knowledge at the expence of all the common comforts of life: I have missed the endearing elegance of female friendship, and the happy commerce of domestic tenderness. If I have obtained any prerogatives above other students, they have been accompanied with fear, disquiet, and scrupulosity; but even of these prerogatives, whatever they were, I have, since my thoughts have been diversified by more intercourse with the world, begun to question the reality. When I have been for a few days lost in pleasing dissipation, I am always tempted to think that my inquiries have ended in error, and that I have suffered much, and suffered it in vain."

Imlac was delighted to find that the sage's understanding was breaking through its mists, and resolved to detain him from the planets till he should forget his task of ruling them, and reason should recover its original influence.

From this time the astronomer was received into familiar friendship, and partook of all their projects and pleasures: his respect kept him attentive, and the activity of Rasselas did not leave much time unengaged. Something was always to be done: the day was spent in making obs[illegible]s, which furnished talk for the even-in[illegible] evening was closed with a scheme fo[illegible].

[illegible]nfessed to Imlac, that since he ha[illegible]m the gay tumults of life, and divided his hours by a succession of amusements, he found the conviction of his authority over the skies fade gradually from his mind, and began to trust less to an opinion which he never could prove to others, and which he now found subject to variation, from causes in which reason had no part. "If I am accidentally left alone for a few hours," said he, "my inveterate persuasion rushes upon my soul, and my thoughts are chained down by some irresistible violence; but they are soon disentangled by the Prince's conversation, and instantaneously released at the entrance of Pekuah. I am like a man habitually afraid of spectres, who is set at ease by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which harassed him in the dark, yet, if his lamp be extinguished, feels again the terrors which he knows that when it is light he shall feel no more. But I am sometimes afraid, lest I indulge my quiet by criminal negligence, and voluntarily forget the great charge with which I am intrusted. If I favour myself in a known error, or am determined by my own ease in a doubtful question of this importance, how dreadful is my crime!"

"No disease of the imagination," answered Imlac, "is so difficult of cure, as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt; fancy and conscience then act interchangeably upon us, and so often shift their places, that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain; but when melancholy notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition, because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy almost always superstitious.

"But do not let the suggestions of timidity overpower your better reason: the danger of neglect can be but as the probability of the obligation, which, when you consider it with freedom, you find very little, and that little growing every day less. Open your heart to the influence of the light, which, from time to time, breaks in upon you: when scruples importune you, which you, in your lucid moments, know to be vain, do not stand to parley, but fly to business, or to Pekuah; and keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue nor vice as that you should be singled out for supernatural favours or afflictions."

CHAP. XLVII.

The Prince enters, and brings a new Topic.

"All this," said the astronomer, "I have often thought; but my reason has been so long subjugated by an uncontrolable and overwhelming idea, that it durst not confide in its own de-

cisions. I now see how fatally I betrayed my quiet, by suffering chimeras to prey upon me in secret; but melancholy shrinks from communication, and I never found a man before to whom I could impart my troubles, though I had been certain of relief. I rejoice to find my own sentiments confirmed by yours, who are not easily deceived, and can have no motive or purpose to deceive. I hope that time and variety will dissipate the gloom that has so long surrounded me, and the latter part of my days will be spent in peace."

"Your learning and virtue," said Imlac, "may justly give you hopes."

Rasselas then entered, with the Princess and Pekuah, and inquired whether they had contrived any new diversion for the next day. "Such," said Nekayah, "is the state of life, that none are happy but by the anticipation of change; the change itself is nothing; when we have made it, the next wish is to change again. The world is not yet exhausted; let me see something tomorrow which I never saw before."

"Variety," said Rasselas, "is so necessary to content, that even the Happy Valley disgusted me by the recurrence of its luxuries; yet I could not forbear to reproach myself with impatience, when I saw the monks of St Anthony support, without complaint, a life, not of uniform delight, but uniform hardship."

"Those men," answered Imlac, "are less wretched in their silent convent than the Abyssinian princes in their prison of pleasures. Whatever is done by the monks is incited by an adequate and reasonable motive. Their labour supplies them with necessaries; it therefore cannot be omitted, and is certainly rewarded. Their devotion prepares them for another state, and reminds them of its approach, while it fits them for it. Their time is regularly distributed; one duty succeeds another; so that they are not left open to the distraction of unguided choice, nor lost in the shades of listless inactivity. There is a certain task to be performed at an appropriated hour; and their toils are cheerful, because they consider them as acts of piety, by which they are always advancing towards endless felicity."

"Do you think," said Nekayah, "that the monastic rule is a more holy and less imperfect state than any other? May not he equally hope for future happiness who converses openly with mankind, who succours the distressed by his charity, instructs the ignorant by his learning, and contributes by his industry to the general system of life; even though he should omit some of the mortifications which are practised in the cloister, and allow himself such harmless delights, as his condition may place within his reach?"

"This," said Imlac, "is a question, which has long divided the wise, and perplexed the good. I am afraid to decide on either part. He that lives well in the world is better than he that lives well in a monastery. But, perhaps, every one is not able to stem the temptations of public life; and, if he cannot conquer, he may properly retreat. Some have little power to do good, and have likewise little strength to resist evil. Many are weary of their conflicts with adversity, and are willing to eject those passions which have long busied them in vain. And many are dismissed by age and diseases from the more laborious duties of society. In monasteries the weak and timorous may be happily sheltered, the weary may repose, and the penitent may meditate. Those retreats of prayer and contemplation have something so congenial to the mind of man, that, perhaps, there is scarcely one that does not purpose to close his life in pious abstraction, with a few associates serious as himself."

"Such," said Pekuah, "has often been my wish; and I have heard the Princess declare, that she should not willingly die in a crowd."

"The liberty of using harmless pleasures," proceeded Imlac, "will not be disputed; but it is still to be examined what pleasures are harmless. The evil of any pleasure that Nekayah can image, is not in the act itself, but in its consequences. Pleasure, in itself harmless, may become mischievous, by endearing to us a state which we know to be transient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that, of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end. Mortification is not virtuous in itself, nor has any other use, but that it disengages us from the allurements of sense. In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint."

The Princess was silent; and Rasselas, turning to the astronomer, asked him whether he could not delay her retreat, by shewing her something which she had not seen before.

"Your curiosity," said the sage, "has been so general, and your pursuit of knowledge so vigorous, that novelties are not now very easily to be found: but what you can no longer procure from the living may be given by the dead. Among the wonders of this country are the Catacombs, or the ancient repositories, in which the bodies of the earliest generations were lodged, and where, by the virtue of the gums which embalmed them, they yet remain without corruption."

"I know not," said Rasselas, "what pleasure the sight of the Catacombs can afford; but, since nothing else is offered, I am resolved to view them, and shall place this with many other things which I have done, because I would do something."

They hired a guard of horsemen, [illegible] next day visited the Catacombs. W[illegible] were about to descend into the sepulch[illegible] Pekuah," said the Princess, "we a[illegible] again invading the habitations of the dead; I know

that you will stay behind; let me find you safe when I return."—"No, I will not be left," answered Pekuah: "I will go down between you and the Prince."

They then all descended, and roved with wonder through the labyrinth of subterraneous passages, where the bodies were laid in rows on either side.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Imlac discourses on the Nature of the Soul.

"What reason," said the Prince, "can be given, why the Egyptians should thus expensively preserve those carcases, which some nations consume with fire, others lay to mingle with the earth, and all agree to remove from their sight as soon as decent rites can be performed?"

"The original of ancient customs," said Imlac, "is commonly unknown; for the practice often continues when the cause has ceased: and concerning superstitious ceremonies, it is vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate reason cannot explain. I have long believed that the practice of embalming arose only from tenderness to the remains of relations or friends; and to this opinion I am more inclined, because it seems impossible that this care should have been general; had all the dead been embalmed, their repositories must in time have been more spacious than the dwellings of the living. I suppose only the rich or honourable were secured from corruption, and the rest left to the course of nature.

"But it is commonly supposed that the Egyptians believed the soul to live as long as the body continued undissolved, and therefore tried this method of eluding death."

"Could the wise Egyptians," said Nekayah, "think so grossly of the soul? If the soul could once survive its separation, what could it afterwards receive or suffer from the body?"

"The Egyptians would doubtless think erroneously," said the astronomer, "in the darkness of heathenism, and the first dawn of philosophy. The nature of the soul is still disputed, amidst all our opportunities of clearer knowledge: some yet say, that it may be material, who, nevertheless, believe it to be immortal."

"Some," answered Imlac, "have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it, who knew how to think; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of sense, and investigations of science, con[illegible]ove the unconsciousness of matter. [illegible]er supposed that cogitation is inhe[illegible]er, or that every particle is a thinking [illegible]et if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we suppose to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion, and direction of motion. To which of these, however varied or combined, can consciousness be annexed? To be round or square, to be solid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly, one way or another, are modes of material existence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by some new modification; but all the modification which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers."

"But the materialists," said the astronomer, "urge, that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted."

"He who will determine," returned Imlac, "against that which he knows, because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty."

"Yet let us not," said the astronomer, "too arrogantly limit the Creator's power."

"It is no limitation of Omnipotence," replied the poet, "to suppose that one thing is not consistent with another, that the same proposition cannot be at once true and false, that the same number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation."

"I know not," said Nekayah, "any great use of this question. Does that immateriality, which, in my opinion, you have sufficiently proved, necessarily include eternal duration?"

"Of immateriality," said Imlac, "our ideas are negative, and therefore obscure. Immateriality seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration, as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay; whatever perishes is destroyed by the solution of its contexture, and separation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no solution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired."

"I know not," said Rasselas, "how to conceive any thing without extension; what is extended must have parts, and you allow that whatever has parts may be destroyed."

"Consider your own conceptions," replied Imlac, "and the difficulty will be less. You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk; yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn? or how can either idea suffer

laceration? As is the effect, such is the cause; as thought, such is the power that thinks, a power impassive and indiscerptible."

"But the Being," said Nekayah, "whom I fear to name, the Being which made the soul, can destroy it."

"He surely can destroy it," answered Imlac, "since, however unperishable, it receives from a superior nature its power of duration. That it will not perish by any inherent cause of decay, or principle of corruption, may be shown by philosophy; but philosophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by Him that made it, we must humbly learn from higher authority."

The whole assembly stood a while silent and collected. "Let us return," said Rasselas, "from this scene of mortality. How gloomy would be these mansions of the dead to him, who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. Those that lie here stretched before us, the wise and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the shortness of our present state; they were, perhaps, snatched away while they were busy, like us, in the *choice of life*."

"To me," said the Princess, "the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity."

They then hastened out of the caverns, and, under the protection of their guard, returned to Cairo.

CHAP. XLIX.

The Conclusion, in which nothing is concluded.

It was now the time of the inundation of the Nile; a few days after their visit to the Catacombs the river began to rise.

They were confined to their house. The whole region being under water, gave them no invitation to any excursions; and being well supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Pekuah was never so much charmed with any place as the convent of St Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the Princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens, and to be made prioress of the order; she was weary of expectation and disgust, and would gladly be fixed in some unvariable state.

The Princess thought, that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety.

The Prince desired a little kingdom, in which he might administer justice in his own person, and see all the parts of government with his own eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along the stream of life, without directing their course to any particular port.

Of these wishes that they had formed, they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated a while what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

END OF RASSELAS.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

BY

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

INTRODUCTION.

My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow-ground, and led the Curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labour was vain: yet, to do Rover justice, (for he's an excellent dog, though I have lost his pedigree,) the fault was none of his: The birds were gone; the curate shewed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped, and cried *Hem!* The Curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow.

There is no state where one is apter to pause and look round one, than after such a disappointment. It is even so in life. When we have been hurrying on, impelled by some warm wish or other, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left—we find, of a sudden, that all our gay hopes are flown; and the only slender consolation that some friend can give us, is to point where they were once to be found: And if we are not of that combustible race, who will rather beat their heads in spite, than wipe their brows with the curate, we look round and say, with the nauseated listlessness of the king of Israel, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

I looked round with some such grave apophthegm in my mind, when I discovered, for the first time, a venerable pile, to which the inclosure belonged. An air of melancholy hung about it. There was a languid stillness in the day, and a single crow, that perched on an old tree by the side of the gate, seemed to delight in the echo of its own croaking.

I leaned on my gun, and looked; but I had not breath enough to ask the curate a question. I observed carving on the bark of some of the trees: 'twas indeed the only mark of human art about the place, except that some branches appeared to have been lopped, to give a view of the cascade, which was formed by a little rill at some distance.

Just at that instant I saw pass between the trees, a young lady with a book in her hand. I stood upon a stone to observe her; but the Curate sat him down on the grass, and, leaning his back where I stood, told me, "That was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of the name of Walton, whom he had seen walking there more than once.

"Some time ago," he said, "one Harley lived there, a whimsical sort of a man I am told, but I was not then in the cure; though, if I had a turn for such things, I might know a good deal of his history, for the greatest part of it is still in my possession."

"His history!" said I. "Nay, you may call it what you please," said the Curate; "for indeed it is no more a history than it is a sermon. The way I came by it was this:—Some time ago, a grave, oddish kind of a man, boarded at a farmer's in this parish. The country people called him the ghost; and he was known by the slouch in his gait, and the length of his stride. I was but little acquainted with him, for he never frequented any of the clubs hereabouts. Yet, for all he used to walk a-nights, he was as gentle as a lamb at times; for I have seen him playing at tee-totum with the children, on the great stone at the door of our churchyard.

"Soon after I was made curate, he left the parish, and went nobody knows whither; and in his room was found a bundle of papers, which was brought to me by his landlord. I began to read them, but I soon grew weary of the task; for, besides that the hand is intolerably bad, I could never find the author in one strain for two chapters together; and I don't believe there's a single syllogism from beginning to end."

"I should be glad to see this medley," said I. "You shall see it now," answered the Curate, "for I always take it along with me a-shooting." "How came it so torn?"—"'Tis excellent wadding," said the Curate. This was a plea of expediency I was not in a condition to answer; for I had actually in my pocket great part of an edition of one of the German Illustrissimi, for the very same purpose. We exchanged books; and by that means (for the Curate is a strenuous logician) we probably saved both.

When I returned to town, I had leisure to peruse the acquisition I had made. I found it a bundle of little episodes, put together without art, and of no importance on the whole; with something of nature, and little else in them. I was a good deal affected with some very trifling passages in it; and, had the name of a Marmontel, or a Richardson, been on the title-page,—'tis odds that I should have wept. But—

One is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

CHAP. XI.*

Of Bashfulness.—A Character.—His Opinion on that Subject.

There is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French, for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust therefore will wear off sooner: But in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet*, to speak out for him after his death.

"Let them rub it off by travel," said the Baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellence, shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair near his. Let me paint the honest old man; 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed on his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and a certain dignity resided on his eye-brows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was tall and well made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends; but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration; and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone! The last time I was at Silton-hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fire-side; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by my young lady's favourite lap-dog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ears in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and, kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old friend's seat; I heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me:—Poor Ben Silton! I gave thee a tear then; accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

"Let them rub it off by travel."—"Why, it is true," said I, "that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, will be lost in the progress."

"Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor," said Mr Silton; "this covering, of which you complain, is not always rust which is produced by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an encrustation, which nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom."

"You are right," I returned; "and sometimes, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy."

"Nay, farther," continued Mr Silton, "there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few

* The reader will remember, that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the Curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove."

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded, that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least, if Mr Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side; for the gradation of the first mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare £250 a-year, entitled its representative to approach: these, indeed, were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home; persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's Best Pocket Companion,) that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley, would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAP. XII.

Of Worldly Interests.

There are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which, therefore, are properly enough termed worldly; but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, it brings, to an undistinguished scale, the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting, to a young man, some grave and prudent friends to set him right in this particular, if he need it; to watch his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement; his envy was excited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lectures with indifference; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper; and, as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections, which, I am persuaded, his good nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools, whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he, who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley: on the contrary, if we might rely on his own testimony, the conceptions he had of pomp and grandeur served to endear the state which Providence had assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his parents, as I have already related, when he was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as from a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they seldom met at all to consider the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite, that the only possible method of conciliation was the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended, the dispute; and, after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education, therefore, had been but indifferently attended to; and, after being taken from a country-school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish in languages and philosophy, and from the exciseman in arithmetic and book-keeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth, had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttelton; a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclination. He profited but little by the perusal; but it was not without its use in the family; for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the folds she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the counsellors we have mentioned. One of these was, the prospect of his succeeding to an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of a very large sum in the stocks; but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young man was so untoward in his disposition, that, notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits ra-

ther tended to alienate than gain the good will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth; he often refused to eat when she pressed him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep, while she was describing the composition and virtues of her favourite cholic-water. In short, he accommodated himself so ill to her humour, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him was an endeavour to get a lease of some crown lands which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured, as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, with very considerable profit to himself; and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his vote at an election, that he could not expect a renewal. This, however, needed some interest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbour, Mr Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet, he believed, there were some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a Baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the first lord of the treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer, they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world; they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, ascribed them all to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attend the opposite weakness, that a stranger, who had heard them, would have been led to imagine, that, in the British code, there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day, not very distant, was fixed for his departure.

CHAP. XIII.

The Man of Feeling in Love.

The day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr Walton.—We would conceal nothing;—there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley, than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the καλον, or beautiful, were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these, Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the above-mentioned cestus, are perhaps still more powerful, when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called, it happened, that, from this cause, they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life, which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses, with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at threescore. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St James's) at seventeen, her father being then in parliament, and living in London; at seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was only drank by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel-colour, which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good-humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect, as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

> ——— "like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> When all his little flock's at feed before him."

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and ascribed it to powers, which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued,

by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect; for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle: but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion of others conferred upon her; from this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation; but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it; it was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for, though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of knowledge of his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it. This raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love; in the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all. It were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated indeed as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties, which should have prevented them, were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination. It was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAP. XIV.

He sets out on his Journey.—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly: Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place."—He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard; but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where those tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and, gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds. He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good

humour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told"—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much. God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

"I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag; and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley."—"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."—"Ay, there are few folks in the county that I don't know something of: how should I tell fortunes else?"—"True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag: your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. I short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money. A wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who chuse to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophecy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning; with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards; with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment, (and by the way he can steal too upon occasion,) I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some person say is all a man can arrive at in this world.—But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm:—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught,) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

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CHAP. XIX.

He makes a second Expedition to the Baronet's. The laudable Ambition of a young Man to be thought something by the World.

We have related, in a former chapter, the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he had the introductory letter for Mr Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment, will not appear surprising; but to his friends in the country, they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been more urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the Baronet's; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehension of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor-square, he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affix those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduce the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the Square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the Baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his approaches to a fellow-mortal, whether that fellow-mortal was possessed of six, or six thousand pounds a year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed; for it is certain, that when he approached the great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out dressed in a white frock, and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley in the same civil manner, if he was going to wait on his friend the Baronet? "for I was just calling," said he, "and am sorry to find that he is gone for some days into the country." Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed, that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose. "Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master."—"Your name, if you please, sir?"—"Harley."—"You'll remember, Tom, Harley."—The door was shut. "Since we are here," said he, "we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hyde-park." He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation, as they walked, was brilliant on the side of his companion. The play-house, the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of; and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and, opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion with some wise men, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet, I am convinced, that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are so unhappily constructed, as to throw a certain shade on every picture that is presented to them; while those of others (of which number was Harley,) like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexions. Through such a medium, perhaps, he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the Park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying, "an excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays." It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered. "What if we should go in and dine here, if you happen not to be engaged, sir?" said the young gentleman. "It is not impossible but we shall meet with some original or other; it is a sort of humour I like hugely." Harley made no objection; and the stranger shewed him the way into the parlour.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his introductor, in an arm-chair that stood at one side of the fire. Over against him was seated a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow; his coat was one of those modest-coloured drabs which mock the injuries of dust and dirt; two jack-boots concealed, in part, the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck, preserved at once its owner from catching cold, and his neckcloth from being dirtied. Next him sat another man, with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first-mentioned gentleman took notice, that the room had been so lately washed as not to have had time to dry; and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round, at the same time, for a poker to stir the fire with, which, he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. This

difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, "That as they should, no doubt, pay for their fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat."

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. "I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen," said Harley's new acquaintance; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechanical hour of dining." He sat down, however, and did not shew any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised on the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch, which was readily agreed to; he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook to fill the glasses, and call the toasts.—"The King."—The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the king's health, and to talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, "That it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor."—"Ay, and provisions," said his friend, "were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the king, and his counsellors, would look to that."—"As for the matter of provisions, neighbour Wrightson," he replied, "I am sure the prices of cattle——" A dispute would have probably ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment; and turning to the two politicians, "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "let us have done with these musty politics: I would always leave them to the beer-suckers in Butcher-row.* Come, let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match between the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there! I lost a cool hundred myself, faith."

At mention of the cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise; while the man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this intelligence; and, while the remainder of the punch lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with the fine waistcoat, who told a great many "immense comical stories," and "confounded smart things," as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality, of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch, of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. "Is it so late?" said the young gentleman; "then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing of appointments."

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley turned to the remaining personage, and asked him, if he knew that young gentleman? "A gentleman!" said he; "ay, he is one of your gentlemen, at the top of an affidavit. I knew him, some years ago, in the quality of a footman; and, I believe, he had sometimes the honour to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a gauger; in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with men of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand, if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him, as he deserves."

Harley began to despise him too, and to conceive some indignation at having sat with patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same modest gauger, as he should have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

CHAP. XX.

He visits Bedlam.—The Distresses of a Daughter.

Of those things called Sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant, who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with

* It may be necessary to inform readers of the present day, that the noted political debating Society, called the *Robin-hood*, was held at a house in Butcher-row.

the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party, (amongst whom were several ladies,) and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others, who, as he expressed it, in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-looking man came up, and, smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-sea annuities, India-stock, and Three per cent annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the west, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer, when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum."

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse."—"It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was, indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance.—"Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I;—do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it:—"This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him

again. Upon this, the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty: her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had, till now, seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer to Harley. "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in Heaven."—"Is he indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of Heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest I sing. You shall hear me—hush!

> Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
> And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep. You are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked, when he gave me this ring—Poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!—

> 'Twas when the seas were roaring—

I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."—She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. "Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plated to-day, of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless; my poor heart! it will burst some day; feel how it beats!"—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening,—"Hark! one, two, three! Be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy's is cold!—But I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger. "Farewell! I must leave you now." She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. "I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly; farewell!" She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance.—Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand:—"Be kind to that unfortunate." He burst into tears, and left them.

CHAP. XXI.

The Misanthrope.

The friend, who had conducted him to Moorfields, called upon him again the next evening. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day, "I carried you yesterday," said he to Harley, "to visit the mad; let me introduce you to-night, at supper, to one of the wise; but you must not look for any thing of the Socratic pleasantry about him; on the contrary, I warn you to expect the spirit of a Diogenes. That you may be a little prepared for his extraordinary manner, I will let you into some particulars of his history:—

"He is the elder of the two sons of a gentleman of considerable estate in the country. Their father died when they were young: both were remarkable at school for quickness of parts, and extent of genius; this had been bred to no profession, because his father's fortune, which descended to him, was thought sufficient to set him above it; the other was put an apprentice to an eminent attorney. In this the expectations of his friends were more consulted than his own inclination; for both his brother and he had feelings of that warm kind, that could ill brook a study so dry as the law, especially in that department of it which was allotted to him. But the difference of their tempers made the characteristical distinction between them. The younger, from the gentleness of his nature, bore, with patience, a situation entirely discordant to his genius and disposition. At times, indeed, his pride would suggest of how little importance those talents were, which the partiality of his friends had often extolled; they were now incumbrances in a walk of life where the dull and the ignorant passed him at every turn; his fancy and his feeling were invincible obstacles to eminence, in a situation where his fancy had no room for exertion, and his feeling experienced perpetual disgust. But these murmurings he never suffered to be heard; and that he

might not offend the prudence of those who had been concerned in the choice of his profession, he continued to labour in it several years, till, by the death of a relation, he succeeded to an estate of little better than one hundred pounds a-year, with which, and the small patrimony left him, he retired into the country, and made a love-match with a young lady of a similar temper to his own, with whom the sagacious world pitied him for finding happiness.

"But his elder brother, whom you are to see at supper, if you will do us the favour of your company, was naturally impetuous, decisive, and overbearing. He entered into life with those ardent expectations, by which young men are commonly deluded; in his friendships, warm to excess; and equally violent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honour he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him, besides, deeply engaged for sums which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

"The dreams he had formerly enjoyed, were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in any thing of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion; came to town, and immured himself with a woman, who had been his nurse, in little better than a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one thing I must take the liberty to instruct you;—however different your sentiments may be, (and different they must be,) you will suffer him to go on without contradiction, otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after." Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were informed that the gentleman was come, and had been shewn into the parlour. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book; at a little distance stood a sister of hers, some years older. "Get you away, miss," said he to this last; "you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you."—"Nay," answered she, "Nancy is your favourite; you are quite in love with Nancy."—"Take away that girl," said he to her father, whom he now observed to have entered the room, "she has woman about her already." The children were accordingly dismissed.

Betwixt that and supper-time, he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but eat of them all; only exempting from his censures a sallad, "which you have not spoiled," said he, "because you have not attempted to cook it."

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley, or his friend, than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humour, returned it, by annihilating his presence in the like manner, and, leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse, some mention happened to be made of an amiable character, and the words *honour* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this, the gentleman laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance, from an ironical grin to something more intently contemptuous, "Honour," said he, "Honour and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow Honour, instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship for the fictitious semblance, which you have termed Politeness; politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannise over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy, and add to the poignancy of misfortune."—"Sir!" said Harley—his friend winked to him, to remind him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought—The philosopher turned his eye upon him; he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one; the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman; there was much significance in his look with regard to this coat; it spoke of the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

"Truth," continued he, "the most amiable, as well as the most natural, of virtues, you are at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called Fashion in manhood, completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind, in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed; nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment, by flattering my imagination; yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

"Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line

of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth. From this bear-garden of the pedagogue, a raw, unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to travel, without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you, that the skirt is worn much shorter in France; and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home he buys a seat in Parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

"Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose; they are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visitor of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and, when they are grown somewhat older, are instructed, that it is the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expectation of a jointure.

* "These indeed are the effects of luxury, which is perhaps inseparable from a certain degree of power and grandeur in a nation. But it is not simply of the progress of luxury that we have to complain; did its votaries keep in their own sphere of thoughtless dissipation, we might despise them without emotion; but the frivolous pursuits of pleasure are mingled with the most important concerns of the state; and public enterprize shall sleep till he who should guide its operation has decided his bets at Newmarket, or fulfilled his engagement with a favourite mistress in the country. We want some man of acknowledged eminence to point our counsels with that firmness which the counsels of a great people require. We have hundreds of ministers, who press forward into office, without having ever learned that art which is necessary for every business,—the art of thinking; and mistake the petulance, which could give inspiration to smart sarcasms on an obnoxious measure in a popular assembly, for the ability which is to balance the interest of kingdoms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority. With the administration of such men, the people can never be satisfied; for, besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connection with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity."

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[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * "In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free; they are generally such as declaim against the lust of wealth and power, because they have never been able to attain any high degree in either; they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us, (perhaps they tell us in rhyme,) that the sensations of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of selfishness. Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family-circles?—Whence the pleasure which they feel, when they trim their evening fires, and listen to the howl of the winter's wind? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it? Or do you administer comfort in affliction—the motive is at hand; I have had it preached to me in nineteen out of twenty of your consolatory discourses—the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes.

"With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted; your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions; this secret satisfaction is truly excellent—when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence."

He now paused a moment to relight his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven; he started up at the sound, took his hat and his cane, and, nodding good night with his head, walked out of the room. The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. "What sort of a night is it, fellow?" said he.—"It rains, sir," answered the servant, "with an easterly wind."—"Easterly for ever!"—He made no other reply; but, shrugging up his shoulders till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great-coat, and disappeared.

"This is a strange creature," said his friend to Harley. "I cannot say," answered he, "that

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* Though the curate could not remember having shown this chapter to any body, I strongly suspect that these political observations are the work of a later pen than the rest of this performance. There seems to have been, by some accident, a gap in the manuscript, from the words, "Expectation of a jointure," to these, "In short, man is an animal," where the present blank ends; and some other person (for the hand is different, and the ink whiter) has filled part of it with sentiments of his own. Whoever he was, he seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of the man he personates.

his remarks are of the pleasant kind; it is curious to observe, how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the severity of reproof. Yet this severity may be useful to some tempers; it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operations, but hard metals may be the brighter for it.'

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CHAP. XXV.

His Skill in Physiognomy.

The company at the Baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough, therefore, to slacken his pace, as he approached, and, at last, to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this, he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know, that all's not gold that glitters: and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking, maiden lady, of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, sir," said he, "are so good, that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence; with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours, when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive, whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby. Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cyder. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine; I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."—"Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town; to give to the necessitous, may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry, is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at the corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humour of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it. Do you play piquet, sir?" (to Harley.) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with any body.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the younger stranger

though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance; if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons"—Here he was interrupted by being told, that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did Fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment; the victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake, in a short time, amounted to no less a sum than 12*l.*, Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always over-ruled. Now, however, he told them, that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided if the old gentleman won that; which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favour of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret, for having won too much, while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards, and threw them into the fire.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet-street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst the crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-house, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked stedfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and shewed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left: her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found.—They entered, and a waiter shewed them a room, and placed a bottle of wine on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than, dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after, that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last, however, he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and, with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread; of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew; when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you, that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past."—He fixed his eyes on hers—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—"Two days!" said

he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!" He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." He offered to call a chair, saying, that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum." She burst into tears: "Your generosity, sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." —"No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue."—He rung, and ordered a chair.—"Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley." —"Could I ever have an opportunity"—"You shall, and a glorious one too!—your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him, that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and, pulling out his watch, delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something in which the word CULLY was honoured with a particular emphasis.

CHAP. XXVII.

His skill in Physiognomy is doubted.

AFTER he had been some time with the company he had appointed to meet, and the last bottle was called for, he first recollected that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied, therefore, to one of them with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, if the old man in Hyde-park did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff-coloured waistcoat. Upon Harley's recollecting that they did, "Then," said he, "you may be thankful you have come off so well; they are two as noted sharpers, in their way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum: I had some thoughts of applying to a justice, but one does not like to be seen in those matters."

Harley answered, "That he could not but fancy the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honesty than that of the old man he had met with."—"His face!" said a grave-looking man, who sat opposite to him, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely into the grate. There was something very emphatical in the action; for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. "Gentlemen," said Harley, "you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town: but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper: the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor; I observed him borrow money for the stake from his friend: he had distress and hunger in his countenance: be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him."—At this there was a louder laugh than before. "Gentlemen," said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we have already recorded, "here's a very pretty fellow for you: to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers, and loses his money; and is bubbled by a fine story invented by a whore, and pawns his watch; here are sanctified doings, with a witness!"

"Young gentleman," said his friend on the other side of the table, "let me advise you to be a little more cautious for the future; and as for faces—you may look into them to know whether a man's nose be a long or a short one."

CHAP. XXVIII.

He keeps his Appointment.

THE last night's raillery of his companions was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things which were nowise favourable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose uncertain of his purpose; but the torpor

of such considerations was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backwards and forwards in his room; he recalled the languid form of the fainting wretch to his mind; he wept at the recollection of her tears. "Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left."—He took a larger stride—"Powers of mercy that surround me!" cried he, "do ye not smile upon deeds like these? to calculate the chances of deception, is too tedious a business for the life of man."—The clock struck ten!—When he had got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings; he gnawed his lips at the delay: he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse; he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber. "What a wretch I am!" said he; "ere this time perhaps"—'Twas a perhaps not to be borne;—two vibrations of a pendulum would have served him to lock his bureau;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins, (for that was the lady's name,) he was shewn up three pair of stairs into a small room lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different-coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it. "I am ashamed, sir," said she, "that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it; but, to the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake: If you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse, my faults." Harley bowed, as a sign of assent; and she began as follows:

"I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than to the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honour, which it was his boast to possess, and which he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was doatingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they materially differed. She had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to those principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue, which was formed by the doctrines, excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation; his darling idol was the honour of a soldier, a term which he held in such reverence, that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother died, I was for some time suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions had produced; but soon after, though from respect to her memory my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he shewed, in his discourse to others, so little regard to them, and at times suggested to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions which I began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed to, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

"As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by all our visitors, my father had a pride in shewing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which acquired it.

"After the last war, my father was reduced to half-pay; with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, with a piece of ground sufficient to keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground; while a maid, who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy: they were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and which my train of reading had taught me to admire.

"Though I had never seen the polite circles of the metropolis, the company my father had introduced me into had given me a degree of good-breeding, which soon discovered a superiority over the young ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighbourhood.

"Amongst the houses to which I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine, which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet, as their good-nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particular friendship.

"Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favourite novels had

taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own. When any of these happened to be the topic of our discourse, I, who before had been silent, from a fear of being single in opposition, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while; and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium. This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before; for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that common race of country squires, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting: these are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

"Mr Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained. He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence, which shewed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err; preferred by him to all the other visitors of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a much higher degree of notice. I saw their little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love! love, which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return: but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love: he now expressed himself in such ardent terms, that prudence might have suspected their sincerity: but prudence is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into; besides, that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed, did not lead me to conclude, that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere: nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection, could easily command it for ever. That honour, too, which I revered, was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them; but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen; for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist, when the ear is perpetually assailed.

"In short, Mr Harley, (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will already have imagined,) I fell a prey to his artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me, that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew, was not to be silenced; and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreat him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attachment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuses from his dependence on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavouring to win his assent.

"My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home, with no other company than my books: my books I found were not now such companions as they used to be; I was restless, melancholy, unsatisfied with myself. But judge my situation when I received a billet from Mr Winbrooke, informing me, that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune, that he was obliged, with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him.

"I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be vain: at last, in an agony of despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone; pretending to my maid, that I had received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London within an hour of Mr Winbrooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

"He started and turned pale when he saw me; but recovered himself in time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and beg me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings, where I slept, or rather endeavoured to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again; he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town, to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We took a hackney-coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

"It was situated in a dirty lane, furnished

with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family pictures hanging on walls which their own cobwebs would better have suited. I was struck with a secret dread at entering; nor was it lessened by the appearance of the landlady, who had that look of selfish shrewdness, which, of all others, is the most hateful to those whose feelings are untinctured with the world. A girl, who she told us was her niece, sat by her, playing on a guitar, while herself was at work, with the assistance of spectacles, and had a prayer-book, with the leaves folded down in several places, lying on the table before her.—Perhaps, sir, I tire you with my minuteness; but the place, and every circumstance about it, is so impressed on my mind, that I shall never forget it.

"I dined that day with Mr Winbrooke alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and, with his former gaiety and good-humour, repeated the flattering things, which, though they had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, 'It is thus,' said he, 'that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blest, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so.' I answered, 'That the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain.'—'The world,' said he, 'is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it: let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it, for one where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me—my friend, my companion, the mistress of my soul?—Nay, do not look so, Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank-bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter.'

"I could contain myself no longer: 'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'dost thou imagine that my father's heart could brook dependence on the destroyer of his child, and tamely accept of a base equivalent for her honour and his own?'—'Honour, my Emily,' said he, 'is the word of fools, or of those wiser men who cheat them. 'Tis a fantastic bauble, that does not suit the gravity of your father's age; but, whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you: exchange the word then, and let pleasure be your object now.' At these words he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my bosom. I started from my seat. 'Perfidious villain!' said I, 'who dar'st insult the weakness thou hast undone; were that father here, thy coward soul would shrink from the vengeance of his honour!—Curst be that wretch who has deprived him of it! oh! doubly curst, who has dragged on his hoary head the infamy which should have crushed her own!' I snatched a knife which lay beside me, and would have plunged it in my breast; but the monster prevented my purpose, and, smiling with a grin of barbarous insult, 'Madam,' said he, 'I confess you are too much in heroics for me: I am sorry we should differ about trifles; but as I seem somehow to have offended you, I would willingly remedy it by taking my leave. You have been put to some foolish expense in this journey on my account; allow me to reimburse you.' So saying, he laid a bank-bill, of what amount I had no patience to see, upon the table. Shame, grief, and indignation, choked my utterance; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to bear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

"What happened in the interval I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance: the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavoured to bring me to comfort. They continued to shew me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

"Mean time my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided, therefore, going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it; and suffered the old woman, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elder women, and sometimes a grave, business-like man, who shewed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country-house for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not chuse to accept; but told my landlady, 'that I should be glad to be employed in any way of business which my skill in needlework could recommend me to; confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I already owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices, I had nothing but thanks to give her.'

"'My dear child,' said she, 'do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl, (here she wept,) your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody, except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save: you shall live with me, my dear; and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By the way, here are a pair of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant rela-

tion of mine, and a worthy man he is. 'Twas a pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his country-house; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home: a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had? if I had half your beauty, I should not waste it pining after e'er a worthless fellow of them all.' I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger: when I would have chid her, the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

"Her want of respect increased, as I had not spirit to assert it; my work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I eat: but my dependance and servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either; I found myself with child.

"At last the wretch, who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

"I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me plainly, That if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay her every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life. I trembled at the thought; still, however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

"Amidst all the horrors of such a state, surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I have suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

"Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which our faces are obliged to assume; our bodies tortured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose;—did they know, did they think of this, Mr Harley!—their censures are just; but their pity, perhaps, might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn.

"Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me; exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but, alas! can never amend, the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr Harley, your goodness has relieved me."

He beckoned with his hand: he would have stopped the mention of his favours; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears; her fortitude began to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, "Merciful God! my father's voice!"

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness; he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. "Villain," he cried, "thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honour to preserve; blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge its loss!"

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. "Sir," said he, "if you will be a moment calm—" "Infamous coward!" interrupted the other, "dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?" He drew his sword. "Sir," said Harley, "let me tell you"—The blood ran quicker to his cheek—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity.—"You are deceived, sir," said he, "you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified: I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds; my heart bleeds for you!"

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. "Strike," said she, "strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves." Her hair had fallen on her shoulders; her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lip quivered, his cheek grew pale; his eyes lost the lightning of their fury! there was a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity! he turned them up to heaven—then on his daughter.—He laid his left hand on his heart—the sword dropped from his right—he burst into tears.

CHAP. XXIX.

The Distresses of a Father.

Harley kneeled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter. "Allow me, sir," said he, "to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted. Accept the contrition of a child whom Heaven has restored to you."—"Is she not lost," answered he, "irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!"—"Calmly, my dear sir," said Harley; "did you know by what complicated misfortunes she has fallen to that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity for penitence, and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own!"—"Speak," said he, addressing himself to his daughter; "speak, I will hear thee." The desperation that supported her was lost; she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears!

Harley undertook her cause. He related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in silence; the pride of a soldier's honour checked, for a while, the yearnings of his heart; but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress of the stranger that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech:—"Wretch as I am," said she, "yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die."—"Pardon me, young gentleman," said Atkins, "I fear my passion wronged you."—"Never, never, sir," said Harley; "if it had, your reconciliation to your daughter were an atonement a thousandfold." He then repeated his request, that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings, to which Mr Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. "Come, my Emily," said he, "we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost! But time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience."

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed that the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon this inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When he returned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him, begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favours. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us that one half of the world could not understand it, though we did; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber to take some rest from the violence of the emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father, addressing himself to Harley, said, "You have a right, sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter, I find, has informed you what that was at the fatal juncture when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied as they deserved; with mine, perhaps, I cannot so easily make you acquainted. You have a feeling heart, Mr Harley; I bless it that it has saved my child—but you never were a father, a father torn by that most dreadful of calamities—the dishonour of a child he doated on! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, though he would never advance me a shilling, on the utmost exigency, in his lifetime, left me all the gleanings of his frugality at his death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer myself; and, as soon as my business would allow me, I set out on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest: My Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile. I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

"The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house; I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell; her maid appeared, and shewed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself, as she entered the room; I smiled at her surprise. 'Where is Miss Emily, sir?' said she.—

'Emily!'—'Yes, sir; she has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her.'—'Letters!' said I.—'Yes, sir, so she told me, and went off in all haste that very night.'

"I stood aghast as she spoke; but was able so far to recollect myself, as to put on the affectation of calmness, and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

"When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair, in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions, with which I had delighted myself, vanished in an instant; I was tortured with tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy, as I thought. I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions, to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

"Something at last arose in my mind, which we call hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it; but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I arose, and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood, at the end of it, open, with a book of music, folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood. I looked around, and methought the family-pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again, with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

"I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her.

"I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and, without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

"The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's. He received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me, that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draft for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

"I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort, but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London, with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any farther than the inn where they first put up on their arrival; and, after some days' fruitless inquiry, returned home, destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had the effect which naturally might be expected: a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectation of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul: I could endure to live with an apathy of life: at times, I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

"Such has been the tenor of my days since that fatal moment when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity; did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves; they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined, that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—Those things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne; but the death of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my gray hairs to the dust!"

As he spoke these last words, his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in his tears! He sat with his face half-turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet Atkins' eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, "Let me entreat you, sir," said he, "to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with keener affliction: let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when they sting: but there are considerations by which it may be overcome: its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise; they teach us—to look beyond it."

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A FRAGMENT.

Shewing his success with the Baronet.

* * * The card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated: the Baronet "was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his Majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant." Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected for reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children—gracious heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!"——

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hydepark-corner. "I am glad to see you, sir," said he; "I believe we are fellows in disappointment." Harley started, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. "Poh! you need not be so shy," answered the other; "every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger." Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. "Why, the lease of Bancroft-manor: had not you been applying for it?"—"I confess I was," replied Harley; "but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter."—"Why, I was making interest for it myself," said he, "and I think I had some title: I voted for this same Baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote; no, I scorn it, let me tell you, I scorn it; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the House for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches, and squeezings by the hand, we had of him on the canvas!—'And if ever I shall be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you;'—a murrain on the smooth-tongued knave! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger."—"The gauger! there must be some mistake," said Harley; "he writes me, that it was engaged for one, whose long services—" "Services!" interrupted the other, "you shall hear. Services! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now sempstress to the Baronet. A plague on all rogues! says honest Sam Wrightson: I shall but just drink damnation to them to-night, in a crown's worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sunrise."—"I shall leave it too," said Harley; and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed, on the window of an inn, a notification of the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAP. XXXIII.

He leaves London.—Characters in a Stage-Coach.

The company in the stage-coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters; a middle-aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as housekeeper to some family in the country; and an elderly well-looking man, with a remarkable old-fashioned periwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, which, from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, however aware that being driven backwards always disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself, therefore, to examine, as usual, the countenances of his companions. Here, indeed, he was not long in doubt, as to the preference; for, besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in that periwig we mentioned, peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley, however, declined, telling, at the same time, the cause of his uneasiness. The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. "So, my old boy," said he, "I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself the honour of

sitting by this lady;" and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid her, looking first at the officer, and then at the housekeeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then hummed a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs Grocer observed, how ill-convenient it was for people, who could not bear to ride backwards, to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery-servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology in which he seemed extremely conversant. She appealed indeed frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeeper, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered some words of displeasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: "You are come, sir," said he, "to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age: as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself."—"Damme, sir," said the officer, "do you call me young?" striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist) he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, shewed a particular observance of him: indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. "This," said he, turning to his companion, "is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn: these are quotations from these humble poets, who trust their fame to the brittle tenure of windows and drinking glasses."—"From our inns," returned the gentleman, "a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets; machines at least containing poetry, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places?"

"Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not," answered Harley, "it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who dealt in apophthegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one: vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently make boastful predictions of the immortality their works will obtain for them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming honesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologise for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting."

"It is natural enough for a poet to be vain," said the stranger: "the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity."

"It may be supposed," answered Harley, "that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated, a propensity to compose; and I believe it

is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion: it will feel the languor of indolence, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection."

"There is at least," said the stranger, "one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

"I have always thought so," replied Harley; "but this is an argument with the prudent against it: they urge the danger of unfitness for the world."

"I allow it," returned the other; "but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to the bent for poetry: that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax: but I intend him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts; and but t'other day he pawned his great-coat for an edition of Shakespeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakespeare had died a link-boy; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother, when his pride will let him; at other times, he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh-rabbit; and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to heaven! I cannot agree with him."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "we now-a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hackneyed vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals, and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity it once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowery, is settled, even amongst the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state; when not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt."

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage-coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

"I should like," said Harley, taking his hand, "to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by: my name is Harley."—"I shall remember it," answered the old gentleman, "in my prayers; mine is Silton."

And Silton indeed it was! Ben Silton himself! Once more, my honoured friend, farewell!—Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

He meets an old Acquaintance.

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attract-

ed by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric: and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who, from his dress, seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood; and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild-flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted in his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey."—"Father!" said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him,) "how far do you mean to go?"—"But a little way, sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going."—"I am going thither too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye. "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight."—"Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?"—"It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours."—"You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger;—"tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh, Heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards! I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor,

who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the Squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not chuse to have any farm under 300*l.* a-year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risk, and took the Squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door: he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush, which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there: when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died! —I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when, one day, having sprung a covey of partridges, in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and, seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell: my son ran up to him: he died, with a complaining sort of cry, at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer, but, flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and, with the butt-end of it, felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality. But the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer, with press-orders, came down to our country, and, having met with the justices, agreed, that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justice's list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve, and the birthday, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid-servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded. We had con-

tinued some time at our game, when he groped his way into an outer room, in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about.—'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'"—At these words, Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and, grasping Edwards' sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room, by this time, was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire, and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot; he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service; whispering, at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children, with a look of the wildest despair. 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, if I was too old to be accepted in place of my son.—'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand; and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.'—'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid, that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.'—'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter: you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East-Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expence of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them; so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr Harley, had you seen him as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not, for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence on my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it:—'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me. 'You are an Englishman,'

said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven, I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."—

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAP. XXXV.

He misses an old Acquaintance.—An Adventure consequent upon it.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the roadside. "Oh, heavens!" he cried, "what do I see! silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all the gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more?—Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs; that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."

"Dear sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good."—"They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents; I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear; I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it. "Alack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but, to be sure, sir, the Squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley.—"Yes, to be sure, sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honour him!

But I need not, Edwards, I need not," recovering himself a little; "he is cursed enough already; to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!"—"If you want any thing with the school-mistress, sir," said the woman, "I can shew you the way to her house." He followed her, without knowing whither he went."

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, sir, is the school-mistress."—"Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable-looking man schoolmaster here some time ago?"—"Yes, sir, he was,—poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the meantime."—"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"—"Ay, sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw."—"Orphans!" said Harley.—"Yes, sir, of honest, creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them."—"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children.

"Their father," sir, continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help

misfortunes; what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the country than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses."—"What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier, hastily.—"The Edwardses of Southhill; and a worthy family they were."—"Southhill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time; then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou should'st have carried thy father's grey hairs to the grave! and these little ones"—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of his children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed, sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."—"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards.—"In the Old Church-yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."—"I will shew it you," answered the boy, "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came among strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard.

There was an old stone with the corner broken off, and some letters, half-covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead. There was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest.—It was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word. The girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright—her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig.—We shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither." The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

CHAP. XXXVI.

He returns home.—A description of his Retinue.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed, and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers; and we cannot but think that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon-ton, and Vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul; in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist, but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal, was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children. She roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours, but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay; he expected to have found him a-bed, but in this he was mistaken; the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children. I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant; if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able, in some measure, to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards' tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant, and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neat-

ness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards' infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek, while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to Heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee, that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

A FRAGMENT.

The Man of Feeling talks of what he does not not understand.—An incident.

* * * * "Edwards," said he, "I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country; every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English: I cannot think of their possessions without being led to inquire by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than under the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration. There are certain stations in wealth, as well as in rank and honour, to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there, indeed, where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, and to that object the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty? You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: You enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

"Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered? Did he accept the gifts of their princes, to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? Did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? Did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? Did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? Did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no Burgundy at his table?—These were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!"

"Your maxims, Mr Harley, are certainly right," said Edwards. "I am not capable of arguing with you, but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist. Those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them, and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin, and people thought the better of their memories for it. If they did so now-a-days, I question if any body, except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them."

"I am sorry," replied Harley, "that there is so much truth in what you say; but, however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves, and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice."

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house. "There is a young lady within with the children," said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit; it was, however, not the less true, and we mean to account for it.

This young lady, then, was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren; this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both—she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now; she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribbands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him. Putting one hand in his, with the other pointing to his sister, "See," said he, "what Miss Walton has brought us!" Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; hers were turned to the ground; in Edwards' was a beamy moisture. He folded his hands together. "I cannot speak, young lady," said he, "to thank you." Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments, but they gushed so impetuously on his heart that he could not utter a syllable. * * * * * * *

CHAP. XL.

The Man of Feeling jealous.

The desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence, is an argument with those who hold that man is naturally a social animal. It is, indeed, one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it, be not often more selfish than social; for we frequently observe the tidings of ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is, perhaps, amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master, indeed, did not at first observe it; for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. "I have brushed those clothes, sir, as you ordered me." Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too; his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring; and taking up the poker, demolished the turban'd head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. "The morning is main cold, sir," said Peter.—"Is it?" said Harley.—"Yes, sir. I have been as far as Tom Dowson's to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs Margery. There was a rare junketting last night at Thomas's among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family; so, to be sure, they were all at Tom's, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them things; and Tom's eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries.—And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton."—"How! Miss Walton married!" said Harley. "Why, it mayn't be true, sir, for all that; but Tom's wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, sir; but it mayn't be true for all that, as I said before."—"Have done with your idle information," said Harley. "Is my aunt come down into the parlour to breakfast?"—"Yes, sir."—"Tell her I'll be with her immediately."

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears;—"Miss Walton married!" he sighed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to those appearances of absence; besides, that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household concerns, was such as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstance of accidental impropriety. She, too, had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. "I have been thinking," said she, "that they are distant relations; for the great-grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson, who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First, and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family." Harley answered dryly, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about those matters. "Indeed," said she, "you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them; before I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a set of chair-bottoms, that were made a present of to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you; but now-a-days, it is money, not birth, that makes people respected; the more shame for the times."

Harley was in no very good humour for entering into a discussion of this question; but he always entertained so much filial respect for his aunt, as to attend to her discourse.

"We blame the pride of the rich," said he, "but are not we ashamed of our poverty?"

"Why, one would not choose," replied his aunt, "to make a much worse figure than one's neighbours; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was but t'other day, at Mr Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London merchant, as he calls himself,—though I have heard that he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop,—we were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop, forsooth, as large and as stiff—and it shewed a pair of bandy legs, as thick as two—I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, Make way for your betters, and with one of her London-bobs—but Mrs Dorothy did not let her pass with it; for all the time of drinking tea, she spoke of the precedency of family, and the disparity there is between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry who wear their coats-of-arms in their purses."

Her indignation was interrupted by the arrival of her maid with a damask table-cloth, and a set of napkins, from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was the family-crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the King's forces; and with a sort of poetical licence in perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling tea, to describe its excellencies to Harley; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife, when he should get one. He sighed, and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick:—"Miss Walton married!" said he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me, her marriage is otherwise indifferent:—I had romantic dreams; they are fled!—it is perfectly indifferent."

Just at that moment, he saw a servant, with a knot of ribbands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight! He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered; then, starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently, that, when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation; Peter came out by chance. "Did your honour want any thing?"—"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr Walton's?"—"From Mr Walton's, sir! there is none of his servants here, that I know of."—"Nor of Sir Harry Benson's?"—He did not wait for an answer; but, having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, "If he had any commands for him?" The man looked silly, and said, "That he had nothing to trouble his honour with."—"Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?"—"No, sir."—"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favour in your hat."—"Sir, I am his Majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting."—"Recruiting!" his eyes glistened at the word; he seized the soldier's hand, and, shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought. "You shall drink the King's health," said Harley, "in a bumper."—"The King, and your honour."—"Nay, you shall drink the King's health by itself; you may drink mine in another." Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now, to your mistress," said Harley; "every soldier has a mistress." The man excused himself—"To your mistress! you cannot refuse it." 'Twas Mrs Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents. "Fill it, Peter," said his master, "fill it to the brim." Peter filled it; and the soldier, having named Sukey Simpson, dispatched it in at winkling. "Thou art an honest fellow," said Harley, "and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment, however, he was not long suffered to enjoy. The Curate happened that day to dine with him; his visits, indeed, were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship, to end in the tenderest connection. In this conclusion, indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet, before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. 'Tis true, Mrs Margery was now about her grand climacteric; no matter: that is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report;

the Curate's connection was only that of a genealogist; for in that character, he was no way inferior to Mrs Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times; for he was a politician and a newsmonger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner, when he told Mrs Margery that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth. He had time, however, to recollect himself before the Curate had finished the different particulars of his intelligence, and summing up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper, and drank to Miss Walton. "With all my heart," said the Curate, "the bride that is to be." Harley would have said Bride too; but the word Bride stuck in his throat. His confusion, indeed, was manifest; but the Curate began to enter on some point of descent with Mrs Margery, and Harley had very soon after an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of some great man, in the time of Henry the Seventh, was Richard or Humphrey.

He did not see his aunt again till supper; the time between he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate, that led into a copse near Mr Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog pricked up its ears, and barked; he stopped again—

——"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me."

His resolution failed; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn: the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him!—it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed! he dropped a tear!—and returned.

At supper, his aunt observed that he was graver than usual; but she did not suspect the cause: indeed, it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse amongst the servants: perhaps her maiden coldness—but for those things we need not account.

In a day or two, he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good-nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but, alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh?
Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
With the smile of the flower-footed Muse;
Ah! why, by its master implored,
Should it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by LAVINIA's smile
In the mirth-loving chorus to join:
Ah me! how unweeting the while!
LAVINIA——cannot be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destined to bless——
'Though the hope has forsook that betray'd,
Yet why should I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and praised them no more.

I term'd her no goddess of love,
I call'd not her beauty divine:
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparel'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It spoke in the glance of my eye.

Oh fool! in the circle to shine
That fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline;—
Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talk'd, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,—
Though I spoke what the shepherds opine,
A fop were ashamed to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps when she smiled upon all,
I have thought that she smiled upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah me! whom her charms have undone!
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, though I cannot express,
Why I foolishly doat on my pain;
Nor will ye believe it the less
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright:
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For methinks I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend;
Now they laugh, and I know not the cause,
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night
By gloom and by silence array'd!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictured the moon on its breast;
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should LAVINIA chance on my tomb—
I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair;

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, "Poor COLIN was true;"
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her COLIN pursue.

THE PUPIL.

A FRAGMENT.

**** "BUT as to the higher part of education, Mr Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forward to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

"Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;"

and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—His teachers will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

"I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten, that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.—'It is impossible,' said I, 'that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.'

"I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"'I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford,' said my father, 'which I will not be refused. You have travelled as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad; would you take him under your protection?'—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—'I am a proud fool,' said he, 'and you will pardon it;—there! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependence, since it is dependence on my Sedley.'—'Dependence!' answered my father; 'there can be no such word between us: what is there in 9000*l.* a-year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?'—They

embraced; and soon after, I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

"We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend to whom he had been of some service in England. The Count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son; we lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

"The Count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition; we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

"He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

"Sometimes in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement; it was an art in which I was a novice. I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connexion I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: 'And their honour,' said I, laying my hand on my breast, 'is unquestionable.' Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

"The conversation was as animated as usual: they displayed all that sprightliness and good-humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of Count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when we parted, he made the highest eulogiums upon them: 'When shall we see them again?' said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

"In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Montford he stopped, and grasping his hand, 'My dearest sir,' said he, 'my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you; yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning, which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father: come and see him, sir, that we may be happy.' —'My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman.'—'But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven.'—Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

"After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight; our little conductor observed it. 'Are you afraid, sir?' said he; 'I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them.' He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

"On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye;—the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own! —when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees; he raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

"'Compose yourself, my love,' said the man on the bed; 'but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects.'—'How is this, Mountford?' said I; 'what do I see? what must I do?'—'You see,' replied the stranger, 'a wretch sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick-bed! But that is little: —there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr Mountford's; come nearer, and I'll tell you; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for the recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had

trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour; and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved: the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravoes, (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction,) who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which, however, were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed: in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin. I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received; this dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr Mountford to our support: he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me.'

"'Inhuman villain!' I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. 'Inhuman indeed!' said the lovely woman who stood at my side: 'Alas! sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?'—I reached a pen which stood in the ink-standish at the bed-side —'May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?'—'I was able,' he replied, 'to pay all but 500 crowns.'—I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had a credit from my father for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, 'You will receive, madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve.' I would have left the room: each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat:—Oh! Mr Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—'Stay, sir,' said he, 'I do not mean attempting to thank you; (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow;) let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr Mountford?'—'Sedley'—he writ it down—'An Englishman too, I presume.'—'He shall go to heaven notwithstanding,' said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place, to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

"'Oh! Mountford!' said I, when he had overtaken me at the door. 'It is time,' replied he, 'that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us.' —'Damn him, damn him!' said I; 'let us leave Milan instantly; but soft——I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil.' I wrote on a slip of paper,

'To Signor Respino.

'When you receive this, I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

'Edward Sedley.'

"'You may send this if you will,' said Mountford, coolly; 'but still Respino is *a man of honour*; the world will continue to call him so.'—'It is probable,' I answered, 'they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners'—'Tut!' said Mountford, 'do you eat macaroni?'"—

* * * * * * * *

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the Curate begun. There were so very few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered, from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt, they contained; but it is likely that many of those, whom chance has led to a perusal of what I have already presented, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson: but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by at-

tending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly, and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed out to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress of 4000*l.* a-year, is indeed desperate. Whether it was so in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents that proved fatal to the rest.]

CHAP. LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me: I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, "I am foolish enough," said he, "to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exercise in my favour. My mind expands at the thought that I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children." He had, by this time, clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances," said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings, which, perhaps, are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist:—they are called,—perhaps they are—weaknesses here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. "My dear," says she, "here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness," said he, "be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine;—nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach."—"Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.

—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled: as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are," said he, in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton—" His glance met hers—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections"—He paused again—"Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy—it will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the expiation will be made."—Her tears were now flowing without control.—"Let me intreat you," said she, "to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me to say?—I have loved it as it deserved."—He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—But Harley was gone for ever!

CHAP. LVI.

The Emotions of the Heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear; I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget:—I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep.

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face; but his eye was fixed on another object: he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went;—he returned a second time: I could observe his lips move as he looked; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before.—I saw him wipe his cheek; then, covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

HE had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but it is universally incident to humanity: 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the church-yard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it, that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child in those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens virtue!—but it will make you hate the world——No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it.

THE END OF THE MAN OF FEELING.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.——HOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Though the world is but little concerned to know in what situation the author of any performance, that is offered to its perusal, may be, yet I believe it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him: for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself; and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end, of a book, if they contain any information of that sort, with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him, in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently chequered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curiosity: the manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments, and returned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which the heart, that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen, nor lessened in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance Jack Ryland: he was gathering moss with one hand, while the other held a flannel bag, containing earthworms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped his moss on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendship to embrace me. "My dear Tom," said he, "how happy I am to see you! you have travelled, no doubt, a woundy long way since we parted.—You find me in the old way here.—I believe they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy.—While I think on't, look on this minnow; I'll be hanged if the sharpest-eyed trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday now—You remember the cross-tree pool, just below the parsonage—there I hooked him, played him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at last as far down as the churchway ford. As for his size—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing-net here! for now I recollect that I marked his length on the outside of the pole; but you shall see it some other time."

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develope themselves. To throw, however, some farther light upon Ryland's:

He was first cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one. He found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply: trifles were the boundaries of his desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness at all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty which has some small connection with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his

character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative by some inquiries about my former acquaintance in the village; for Ryland was the recorder of the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

"Alackaday!" said Jack, "there have been many changes among us since you left this: here has died the old gauger Wilson, as good a cricket-player as ever handled a bat; Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone too; and his wife has left the parish and settled in London, where I am told she keeps a gin-shop, in some street they call Southwark; and the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annesly"—He looked piteously towards the church-yard, and a tear trickled down his cheek.—"I understand you," said I, "the good man is dead!"—"Ah! there is more than you think about his death," answered Jack; "he died of a broken heart!" I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear; for, though he commonly looked but on the surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

"In the middle of yon clump of alders," said he, "you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins's; it is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly, who was formerly a sort of servant companion to Sir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of Sir William; her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity, and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told that she knows more of Annesly's affairs than any other body; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word from her on the subject: she is reckoned a wonderful scholar by the folks of the village; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favourite with her; if you choose it, I shall introduce you to her immediately." I accepted his offer, and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlour, fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the house, with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank: Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceased friend, Mr Annesly. "Then, sir," said she, "you knew a man who had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my soul, and I made no other reply than by a tear. She seemed to take it in good part, and we met on that ground like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged to have a moment's conversation with me alone; Ryland left us together.

"If I am not deceived, sir," said she, "in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from those of Mr Ryland, and indeed of most of my neighbours in the village; you seem to have had a peculiar interest in the fate of that worthiest of men, Mr Annesly. The history of that life of purity which he led, of that calamity by which it was shortened, might not be an unpleasing, though a melancholy recital to you; but in this box, which stands on the table by me, is contained a series of letters and papers, which, if you will take the trouble of reading them, will save me the task of recounting his sufferings. You will find many passages which do not indeed relate to it; but, as they are often the entertainment of my leisure hours, I have marked the most interesting parts on the margin. This deposit, sir, though its general importance be small, my affection for my departed friend makes me consider as a compliment; and I commit it to you, as to one in whose favour I have conceived a prepossession from that very cause."

Those letters and papers were the basis of what I now offer to the public. Had it been my intention *to make a Book*, I might have published them entire; and I am persuaded, notwithstanding Mrs Wistanly's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the general drift of this volume, than many that have got admittance into similar collections: but I have chosen rather to throw them into the form of a narrative, and contented myself with transcribing such reflections as naturally arise from the events, and such sentiments as the situations alone appear to have excited. There are indeed many suppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs Wistanly's; these I was at some pains to procure through other channels. How I was enabled to procure them the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the story: to account for that now, would delay its commencent, and anticipate its conclusion; for both which effects this introductory chapter may have already been subject to reprehension.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

In which are some Particulars previous to the Commencement of the main Story.

Richard Annesly was the only child of a wealthy tradesman in London, who, from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately, the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas, which were totally averse to that line of life which his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust: of this young Annesly was unluckily possessed; and as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not only endanger his success, but take from the enjoyment of prosperity, suppose it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress; and, at the risk of those temporal advantages which the old gentleman's displeasure on this occasion might deny him, entered into the service of the church, and retired to the country on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth, is formed for the support of poverty; the contentment of the poor, I had almost said their pride, buoys up the spirit against the depression of adversity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Annesly looked on happiness as confined to the sphere of sequestered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleasures of the affluent, he considered as only productive of turbulence, disquiet, and remorse; and thanked heaven for having placed him in his own little shed, which, in his opinion, was the residence of pure and lasting felicity.

With this view of things his father's ideas did by no means coincide. His anger against his son continued till his death; and, when that event happened, with the preposterous revenge of many a parent, he consigned him to misery, as he thought, because he would not be unhappy in that way which he had insisted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, because he had chosen a profession which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hastened to London, with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness for the only offence with which his son had ever been chargeable; but he arrived too late: his father had breathed his last on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the express desire of old Annesly, and had all that patient dulness which qualifies for getting rich; which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before; for indeed this last was not very solicitous of his acquaintance; he recollected his face, however, and, desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made. "It was unlucky," said the haberdasher, "that you should have made choice of such a profession; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in cash at this time: if you want a small matter to buy mournings, or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful; and I wish you would take them of neighbour Bullock, the woollen-draper, who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose on a child."

Annesly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground; nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father; he turned them on this cousin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume, and walked out of the house without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry, and shrunk back at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met he saw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himself, like Cain, after his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast. He looked back to his father's door; but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eye as he looked!

There was in London one person, whose gentle nature he knew would feel for his misfortunes; yet to that one, of all others, his pride forbade him to resort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's, who had for some time given up business, and lived on the interest of 4000*l.*, which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding; and did not cultivate much understanding with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society; but in this opinion, as in many others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him. He used frequently to steal into Wilkins's house of an evening, to enjoy the conversation of one who had passed through life with observation, and had known the labour of business, without that contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was commonly of the party, listening with Annesly to her father's discourse, and with Annesly offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that complacent sort which gains on the beholder, and pleases from the acknowledgment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this "Index of the Soul." Without that brilliancy which excites the general applause, it possessed those inferior sweetnesses which acquire the general esteem; sincere, benevolent, inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleasure, and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly attached to her by a chain, which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances; in fact, he had looked on many a beauty with rapture, which he thought sincere, till it was interrupted by the reflection that she was not Harriet Wilkins. There was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him every day closer to her, and artlessness of manner had the effect (which, I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess, his son was, doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins; but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occasion to suggest, how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter was to the expectations of the son of a man worth 30,000*l.*; and with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were rather more frequent than was consistent with that track of prudence which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence; the truth was, that, judging by himself, he gave very little credit to it, because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowledge.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves, therefore, with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favourable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves: that pride I have before taken notice of, which in every other circumstance tends to his support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it hopeless. A train of soft reflections at length banished this rugged guest from his heart—"'Tis but taking a last farewell!" said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made.

He entered the room where Harriet was sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner, as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This visit, my dear Annesly," said he, "flatters me, because it shews you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from

them, may be the consequence of spleen perhaps, rather than generosity; for I have been at war with the world from a boy.—Come hither, Harriet; this is Richard Annesly: his father, it is true, has left him 30,000*l.* poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Annesly still! you will therefore look upon him as you did before. I am not stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but that riches are not essential to happiness, I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy;—nor shall I now sleep unsound, from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction, or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it."

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue; for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is possible for an attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAP. II.

More introductory Matter.

Wilkins having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hinderance to the completion of their wishes. Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock; because there are few minds from whom, in reason, they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband, to leave the town, and make one of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year he was the grandfather of a boy, and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl, both of whom, in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the gossips around them owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now, perhaps, as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good-humour, were of their household; and many an honest neighbour, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesly's ale, and the cheerfulness of his fireside. I have been often admitted of the party, though I was too young for a companion to the seniors, and too old for a playfellow to the children; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happiness; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well understood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to sing his song in his turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be lasting—such is the proverbial opinion of mankind. The days of joy, however, are not more winged in their course than the days of sorrow; but we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

Three years after the birth of her first daughter, Mrs Annesly was delivered of another; but the birth of the last was fatal to her mother, who did not many days survive it. Annesly's grief on this occasion was immoderate; nor could all the endeavours of his father-in-law, whose mind was able to preserve more composure, prevail upon him, for some days, to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkins's grief, however, though of a more silent sort, was not less deep in its effects; and when the turbulence of the other's sorrow had yielded to the soothings of time, the old man retained all that tender regret due to the death of a child, an only child, whose filial duty had led him down the slope of life without suffering him to perceive the descent. The infant she had left behind her was now doubly endeared to his father and him, from being considered as the last memorial of its dying mother; but of this melancholy kind of comfort they were also deprived in a few months by the small-pox. Wilkins seemed by this second blow to be loosened from the little hold he had struggled to keep of the world, and his resignation was now built upon the hopes, not of overcoming his affliction, but of escaping from its pressure. The serenity which such an idea confers, possesses, beyond all others, the greatest dignity, because it possesses, beyond all others, the best assured confidence, leaning on a basis that is fixed above the rotation of sublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exercise of virtue, looking back without a blush on the tenor of his past days, and pointing to that better state, where alone he can be perfectly rewarded, is a figure the most venerable that can well be imagined;—such did Wilkins now exhibit.

"My son," said he to Annesly, "I feel that I shall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peevish disgust, which is sometimes mistaken for the courage that overcomes the dread of death: I lay down my being with gratitude, for having so long possessed it, without having disgraced it by any great violation of the laws of Him by whom it was bestowed. There is something we cannot help feeling, on the fall of those hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear. I had looked forward to some happy days, amidst a race of my Harriet's and yours; but to the good, there can be no reasonable regret from the disappointment of such expectations, because the futurity they

trust in after death, must far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwise with the prospect of duty to be done: these two little ones I leave to your tenderness and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue.——Lay me beside my Harriet!"

The old man's prediction was but too well verified; he did not long survive this pathetic declaration. His son-in-law was now exposed, alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, when called into exertion by the necessity of things. His sorrow yielded by degrees to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children; in time his fire-side was again cheered by their sports around it; and, though he sometimes looked upon them with a tear at the recollection of the past, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to Heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAP. III.

The openings of two Characters, with which the Reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

His son had a warmth of temper, which the father often observed with mingled pleasure and regret; with pleasure, from considering the generosity and nobleness of sentiment which it bespoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful possessor might naturally be exposed.

But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature, and she would often weep all night from some tale which her maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indignation against the oppressor, and wished to be a man, that he might, like Jack the Giant-killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer; while his sister pressed his hand in hers, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed; nay, she has been afterwards heard to cry out in her sleep, in a hurried voice, "You shall not go, my Billy, papa and I will die if you do!"

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most laboured expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furnish water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day her brother and she were at play on the green at a little distance, attended by a servant of their father's, when a favourite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongst the bushes where this nest was sheltered. Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and surprised the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth; the dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy, enraged at the sufferings of his favourite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power; and running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants, to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house, while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her; she endeavoured to regain his favour by kindness, but he refused her caresses; she sought out the dog who had suffered on her linnet's account, and stroking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat from her own hand; when her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burst into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and still was her brother averse to a reconciliation; he sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favourite had been punished.

At that instant the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her younglings to their first imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground, and without considering the depth, rushed into the water, where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to his assistance; but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool, and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both the linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister by a ford below, and, presenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and, blubbering, asked her, if she would now forgive his unkindness.

Such were the minds which Annesly's tuition was to form. To repress the warmth of

temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to sensibility where it bordered on weakness, without searing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the task he had marked out for his industry to accomplish. He owned, that his plan was frequently interrupted on both sides by the tenderness of paternal affection; but he accustomed himself to remember, that, for his children, he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the situation I have described without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree; "but here also," said Annesly, "it is to be remembered, that no evil is so pernicious as that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung."

CHAP. IV.

A very brief Account of their Education.

Annesly was not only the superintendant of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose, whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress, indeed, she lost when about ten years old; but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another, to wit, Mrs Wistanly, who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly visit for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time also were held their family concerts, where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs Wistanly, or her pupil, undertook for the harpsichord; and the dancing-master played bass as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleasure in his own performance as the best of them. Jack Ryland, too, would sometimes join in a catch, though indeed he had but two,—*Christ Church Bells*, and *Jack, thou'rt a toper*; and Annesly alleged that he was often out in the last, but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to exercises of the mind. "It is not enough," said Annesly, "to put weapons into those hands which never have been taught the use of them; the reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it,—we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them." In this view it was the practice, at those stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author, on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of those observations, which his little philosophers were accustomed to make; indeed, there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity, and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of his: they consisted only of certain modifications of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools; while there, offences are punished by doubling the task of the scholar; with Annesly, the getting of a lesson, or performing of an exercise, was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour; to teach his children, that he offered them instruction as a favour, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property, in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce. Billy, with part of the purchase-money, was to lay in the stores necessary for his future industry, and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needle-work or embroidery. "For it is necessary," said Annesly, "to give an idea of property, but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes, when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not purely eleemosynary; as, when he once parted with two-thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow; or another time, when he went the blameable length of comforting with a shilling a lad who had been ducked in a horse-pond, for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments (as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned,) by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children; for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself, than with those which it passively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered instructions, they were always clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is, in truth, somewhat surprising, how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex; a circumstance which must operate, in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example: they saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward; piety in him was recompensed by peace of mind, benevolence by self-satisfaction, and integrity by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived, when his son was to leave those instructions, and that example, for the walks of more public life. As he was intended, or, more properly speaking, seemed to have an inclination, for a learned profession, his father sent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favourable opinion of the general course of education there; but he knew that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted, even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation: besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out for that place, Annesly, though he had a sufficient confidence in his own son, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him some of those errors to which the unexperienced are liable. He was not wont, as I have before observed, to press instruction upon his children; but the young man himself seemed to expect it, with the solicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter, (for she too was an auditor of his discourses,) I have endeavoured to collect from some of the papers Mrs Wistanly put into my hands; and to arrange, as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly connected appearance; because, I imagine, it was delivered at different times, as occasion invited, or leisure allowed him; but its tendency appeared to be such, that, even under these disadvantages, I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAP. V.

Paternal Instructions—Of Suspicion and Confidence—Ridicule—Religion—True Pleasure—Caution to the Female Sex.

"You are now leaving us, my son," said Annesly, "to make your entrance into the world; for, though from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet, as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution, which young men are sometimes advised to put on: they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool: he who never trusts, is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

"In the circles of the world, your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters, whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value: in such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it;

and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of revelation. He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column, which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead: tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

"The two great movements of the soul, which the moulder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour, and the fear of shame: but the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality, to the banners of its opposite: into the first step on which a young man ventures, in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

"Pleasure is, in truth, subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued without those restraints which the last would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that, when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally unsusceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reason; and, obdurated by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.

"Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them; and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined. Let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true, for the honour of her sex: let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel indeed how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

"Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself. It is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman: the intercourse of the sexes is, in this respect, advantageous, that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other: let not this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns: the mind that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it."

CHAP. VI.

In continuation—Of Knowledge—Knowledge of the World—Politeness—Honour—Another Rule of Action suggested.

"As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

"It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no rea-

son why we should not attempt to understand every thing; but to own in some instances our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

"Let it be our care, that our effort in its tendency is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he who attempts the impossible, will often achieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowledge often labours to gain, what if gained would be useless, and wastes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire, you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going; but remember, that what claims our wonder, does not always merit our regard; and in knowledge and philosophy be careful to distinguish, that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is abstruse, not abstruse what is simple; and that difficulty in acquisition will no more sanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand on their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

"There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgusting to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant, who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly conversant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement; because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us; and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover, that human knowledge is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically; for, to simplify expression, is always the effect of the deepest knowledge, and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinions respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain, which alone is common to all.

"The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of society; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation, and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world.

"I would, however, distinguish between that knowledge of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

"But there is a certain learned rust which men as well as metals acquire; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both; the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

"Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not without its use: it may indeed take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference; and if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

"Politeness, taught as an art, is ridiculous; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependant upon no education; the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally shew, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London, of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency;—and this man was a blacksmith!

"The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those, whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

"The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression)

would restrict it: true good-breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

"As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *Honour* the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

"The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends, for his own peace, and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence; that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude, and snares of destruction.

"You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned, or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of valour which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary *Honour*.

"But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

'Beyond the fixt and settled rules;'

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *Honour*:—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys—it is *Conscience*—whose voice, were it not stifled, (sometimes by this very false and spurious *Honour*,) would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure, or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is! To listen, therefore, to his unwritten law, which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal:—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality."

CHAP. VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

It was thus the good man instructed his children.

But, behold! the enemy came in the night, and sowed tares!

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annesly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it; in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied, and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of 5000*l.* a-year in Annesly's parish. His father left him, when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned, and of a very large sum of money besides, which his economy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent; she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues; and, because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner, as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first, because his spirit should not be confined too early; and afterwards he did what he liked, because it was past being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which some young men, so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of prudence, which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the sallies of passion, to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution; and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favourite without any abilities as a scholar, and

acquired a character for regularity, while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions, which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied, that he would be *A Man of the World*.

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood: he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank with them in the evening. With these he diverted himself at the expence of the sober prigs, as he termed them, who looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting phrases, and boisterous mirth of his yesterday's companions. They were well pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said in excuse, that Sindall was *A Man of the World*.

While the Oxford terms lasted, (to which place he had gone in the course of modern education,) there were frequent reports in the country of the dissipated life he led: it was even said, that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife: this was only mentioned in a whisper; it was loudly denied; people doubted at first, and shortly forgot it. Some little extravagancies they said he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two-and-twenty to seclude himself altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of 5000*l.* a-year. It is indispensable for such a man to come forth into life a little; with 5000*l.* a-year, one must be *A Man of the World*.

His first tutor, whose learning was as extensive as his manners were pure, left him in disgust: sober people wondered at this; but he was soon provided with another, with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford; one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall; being, like his pupil, *A Man of the World*.

But though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate in his neighbourhood, it was discovered that a very advantageous mortgage, which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence; and, according to their use of the phrase, began to hope, that, after sowing his wild oats, Sir Thomas would turn out *A Man of the World*.

CHAP. VIII.

The footing on which he stood with Annesly and his Family.

Though such a man as we have described might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly: he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbour; but it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him, from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this in the lifetime of Sir William Sindall. He was one of those whom the general voice pronounces to be a good sort of man, under which denomination I never look for much sense, or much delicacy. In fact, the Baronet possessed but little of either; he lived hospitably for his own sake, as well as that of his guests, because he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hospitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk, that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this last inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though to a man of Annesly's delicacy all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough to shew that he had not forgot that attention which his past favours demanded; and Sir William recollected them from another motive; to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue; the impression still remained, and it even descended to the son after the death of the father.

Sindall, therefore, was a frequent guest at his house; and though it might have been imagined, that the dissipated mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy its simplicity with the highest relish. He possessed indeed that pliancy of disposition, that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humour of every one around him; and he so managed matters in his visits to Annesly, that

his last began to imagine the reports he had ıeard concerning him, to be either entirely false, ır at least aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these ·isits, he soon discovered a very strong inducenent to continue them. Harriet Annesly was ıow arrived at the size, if not the age, of wonanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree f beauty and elegance of form. In her face, oined to the most perfect symmetry of features, vas a melting expression, suited to that sensiility of soul with which we have mentioned ıer to be endowed. In her person, rather above he common size, she exhibited a degree of ease nd gracefulness which nature alone had given, nd art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such . woman Sindall could not look with indiffernce; and, according to his principles of liberinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his ituation gave him opportunities of pursuing, nd which one day he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance, he began o discover, that the softness of her soul was listant from simplicity, and that much art would ıe necessary to overcome a virtue, which the ıand of a parent had carefully fortified. He asumed, therefore, the semblance of those tender eelings, which were most likely to gain the steem of the daughter, while he talked with hat appearance of candour and principle, which ıe thought necessary to procure him the confilence of the father. He would frequently coness, with a sigh, that his youth had been someimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand, and, looking earnestly in his ace, beg him to strengthen, by his counsel, the ood resolutions which, he thanked heaven, he ıad been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he ontinued to gain such a degree of estimation vith the family, that the young folks spoke of ıis seeming good qualities with pleasure, and heir father mentioned his supposed foibles with egret.

CHAP. IX.

'oung Annesly goes to Oxford—The Friendship of Sindall—Its Consequences.

Upon its being determined that young Anesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas shewed im remarkable kindness and attention. He onducted him thither in his own carriage; and s his kinsman, to whose charge he was comıitted, happened accidentally to be for some ime unable to assign him an apartment in his ouse, Sindall quitted his own lodging to acommodate him. To a young man newly launchd into life, removed from the only society he ad ever known, to another composed of straners, such assiduity of notice could not but be ighly pleasing; and in his letters to his father, he did not fail to set forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to Sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favour as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university for learning and genius; and in the correspondence of his kinsman were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold in comparison with Sindall's; he wrote to Annesly of his young friend's acquirement and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic encomium; and seemed to speak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applause of others, which he repeated. It was on this side that Annesly's soul was accessible; for on this side lay that pride which is the weakness of all. On this side did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities also which he applauded in the son, he derived the temptation with which he meant to seduce him; for such was the plan of exquisite mischief he had formed; besides the common desire of depravity to make proselytes from innocence, he considered the virtue of the brother as that structure, on the ruin of which he was to accomplish the conquest of the sister's. He introduced him therefore into the company of some of the most artful of his own associates, who loudly echoed the praises he lavished on his friend, and shewed, or pretended to shew, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence which Annesly's youth and inexperience had at first laid upon his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions bestowed; and he found himself indebted to them both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon him.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities, which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his soul was little at ease under the gaiety which his features assumed—once or twice when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiments he heard. Upon these occasions Sindall artfully joined him in the argument; but they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed to justify the unbounded pursuit

of pleasure; and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted; and though his virtue kept her post, she found herself galled in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures; and it was not till after many solicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid after his first defeat. And he shortly attained the station of experienced vice, and began to assume a superiority from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation under whose inspection his father had placed him; in truth, it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with anything around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution, (increased by constant study,) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself, whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and while in reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed; he preserved, in the opinion of Mr Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character, which was so congenial to his own: and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance, therefore, Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman; Jephson was even prevailed on, by false suggestions, to write to the country continued encomiums on his sobriety and application to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, inquired no farther.

CHAP. X.

A very gross attempt is made on Annesly's Honour.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such a one as he imagined gave him some title to be listened to.

Annesly had an allowance settled on him by his father, rather, in truth, above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety; but as the feelings of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him: he began very soon to know a want which he had never hitherto experienced. At first, this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them, and in some measure served to awaken that sense of contrition, which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflection; and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its continuance by an immediate supply, offered, and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Annesly at last overcame the shame of asking, and applied repeatedly for sums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His necessities were the more frequent, as, amongst other arts of pleasure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having one night lost a sum considerably above what he was able to pay, to a member of their society with whom he was in no degree of intimacy, he gave him his note payable the next morning, (for this was the regulated limitation of their credit,) though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular, that they could not escape the censure of Mr Jephson, or his family, he used to pretend, that, for the sake of disentangling some point of study with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them at their lodgings; and what small portion of it was allowed for sleep he did actually spend there. After this loss, therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the chagrin it occasioned. His friend, as usual, advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annesly, who never had had occasion to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honour had laid him under, of accepting so large a sum. "Poh!" answered Sindall, "'tis but a trifle, and what a man must now and then lose to be thought genteelly of."—"Yes, if his fortune can afford it," said the other, gloomily. —"Ay, there's the rub," returned his friend; "that fortune should have constituted an ine-

quality where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier,

> 'Tell me why, good Heaven!
> Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
> Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
> That fill the happiest man?'

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this dross, (holding a handful of gold,) but to make the situation of merit level with its deservings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, desires which sometimes they cannot satisfy; even at this moment, your seeming-happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to sooth."

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on partaking his uneasiness, that if he could not alleviate, he might at least condole with his distress.

Sindall embraced him. "I know your friendship," said he, "and I will put it to the proof. You have a sister, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; she has robbed me of that peace which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away! Did you know the burning of this bosom!—but I speak unthinkingly what, perhaps, my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship. Pardon me—the ardour of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance."

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction at this discovery, but he recollected the dignity which his situation required, and replied calmly, "That he pretended no guilance of his sister's inclinations; that his own gratitude for Sir Thomas's favours he had ever loudly declared, and that he knew his sister felt enough on his account to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favourable one."

"But my situation," returned Sindall, "is extremely particular. You have heard my opinions on the score of love often declared, and, trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels of form which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress still, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference, or a wife's disquiet—My fortune the property of her and her friends; but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she should wish to possess from me." He looked stedfastly in Annesly's face, which by this time began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him askant with an affected smile. "You smile, sir," said Annesly, whose breath was stifled by the swelling of his heart. Sindall laughed aloud. "I am a wretched hypocrite," said he, "and could contain myself no longer."—"So you were but in jest, it seems," replied the other, settling his features into a dry composure.—"My dear Annesly," returned he, "had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you, it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honour, and I think I succeeded.—But I keep you from your rest—Good-night."—And he walked out of the room.

Annesly had felt too much to be able to resign himself speedily to rest: he could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one, yet he had seen him sometimes carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy of the present instance was not to be easily accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry, and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favours arose; they arose at first in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the series in which they had been bestowed, seemed to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he looked forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul prevailed; for he had by this time lost that satisfaction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any further suspicion, and, with that winking cowardice which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that though he was proselyte enough to be wicked, he must be led a little farther to be useful.

CHAP. XI.

Annesly gives farther proofs of depravity of Manners—The effect it has on his Father, and the consequences with regard to his connexion with Sindall.

To continue that train of dissipation in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr Jephson, yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded; the behaviour of Annesly began to be talked of for its irregularity, and the more so, for the change which it had undergone from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with

him to Oxford. And some one, whether from regard to him, or what other motive I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information, he gave the young man a lecture in the usual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse, therefore, to the assistance of his fellow-philosopher, Mr Lumley, whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Annesly's imprudence, and entreated to take the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprise at this intelligence with unparalleled command of features; regretted the too prevailing dissipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accusation, but promised, at the same time, to make the proper inquiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr Annesly.

Whether Mr Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation or degeneration, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter. At last, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the university having interposed his authority in a manner which the humour of Annesly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into some extravagances so personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talked of as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father, indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavourable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It was at the close of one of their solitary meals, that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health; and she had now filled her father's glass to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. "Read it, my love," said Annesly, with a smile, while he began to blame his suspicions at the silence of his kinsman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and, after perusing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of composure amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. "Alas!" said Harriet, "what has my brother done?" He pressed her involuntarily to his bosom, and it was then that he could not restrain his tears.—"Your brother, my love, has forgotten the purity which here is happiness, and I fear has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure; but this is the first of his wanderings, and we will endeavour to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love."—"I will go," said she, sobbing, "and pray for him the while." Annesly sat down to write.—"My dearest boy!"—'twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen. He dasht through the words, and a tear fell on the place. Ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affection! ye know not the agony of such a tear; else—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl, that he was able to write what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send, was of the following tenor:

"My Son,

"With anguish I write what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke; and it was once my pride to have such a son, that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father's heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear, with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the first I have shed, but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him, I have no consolation.

"But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great; that the tongue which speaks of your shame may be stopt with the information of your amendment."

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room. "Will my dear papa forgive me," said she, "if I inclose a few lines under this cover?"—"Forgive you, my dear! it cannot offend me." She laid her hand on his letter, and looked as if she would have said something more; he pressed her hand in his; a

tear which had just budded in her eye, now dropped to the ground. "You have not been harsh to my Billy?" She blushed as she spoke, and her father kissed her cheek as it blushed. She inclosed the following note to her brother:

"Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not less than his Harriet regret the occasion of it.

"But things may be represented worse than they really are. I am busy at framing excuses; but I will say nothing more on a subject which, by this time, my brother must have thought enough on.

"Alas! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight! But men were made for bustle and society—yet we might have been happy here together: there are in other hearts wishes which they call ambition; mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets of this humble spot. Would that its partner were here to taste them! The shrub-walk, you marked out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—'tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

"But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fixed complaint, but he looks thin and pale, and his appetite is almost entirely gone; yet he will not let me say that he ails. Oh, my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me! In the mean time, remember your ever affectionate, HARRIET."

Annesly was just about to dispatch these letters, when he received one expressed in the most sympathizing terms from Sir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching in the tenderest manner on the pain which a father must feel for the errors of his children, administered the only comfort that was left to administer, by representing that young Annesly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth, and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offered: he particularly regretted, that his present disposition towards sobriety had prevented himself from being present at that meeting, in which case, he said, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that, as it was, the only thing left for his friendship to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begged, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honour him so far as to commit to him the care of setting matters to rights with regard to the character of his son, which he hoped to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity, is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller caresses the dog, whose barkings first announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he now grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned, therefore, an answer to Sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment, which the honest emotions of his soul could dictate; he accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son, and cheerfully reposed on his care the trust which his friendship desired; and, as a proof of it, he inclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

CHAP. XII.

The Plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the stain which the Character of his Friend had suffered.

SIR THOMAS did accordingly deliver this letter of Annesly's to his son; and as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary; in the interval between the paroxysms of pleasure and dissipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to arise; and, awakened as they now were by the letters of his father and sister, their voice was irresistible: he kissed the signature of their names a thousand times, and, weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

He expressed at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution: he said, that in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the contagion, as it were, of his company, and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill deserved, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before writ-

ten to him, desiring his recommendation of somebody, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels, and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend; which would have the double advantage, of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving him in every respect, by the opportunity it would give, of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbours on the Continent.

While the depression produced by Annesly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned, however, the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This Sir Thomas allowed to be just; and shewing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme for his approbation in the answer he intended making to it. In this too was inclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter; full of that contrition which, at the time, he really felt, and of those good resolutions which, at the time, he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touched on it as a plan of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs which the thought of separation from a son, on whom the peace of his soul rested, must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children: "My own satisfaction," he would often say, "has for its object only the few years of a waning life; the situation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period." He held the balance, therefore, in an even hand; the arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman, whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the future. There were not, however, wanting some considerations of reason to side with a parent's tears against the journey; but Sindall had answers for them all; and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return home, for a single day, to bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Meantime, the punishment of Annesly's late offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr Jephson. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged; after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by Sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father at meeting touched on his late irregularities with that delicacy, of which a good mind cannot divest itself, even amidst the purposed severity of reproof: and having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart; wrung by the recollection of the past, and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell. He found his father on his knees.—The good man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son: "You go, my boy," said he, "to a distant land, far from the guidance or protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of Him who is at all times present with you: though I am not superstitious, yet, I confess, I feel something about me as if I should never see you more; if these are my last words, let them be treasured in your remembrance—Live as becomes a man and a Christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he spoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy," said she, "could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing your Harriet? it would have broken my heart! Oh! I have much to say, and many farewells to take; yet now, methinks, I can say nothing, and scarce dare bid you farewell!"—"My children," interrupted her father, "in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think the fittest to bestow them. Here, my Harriet, is a minature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy. —Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, Heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his son which will make his father's grey hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son, and blessed him. Harriet blubbered on

his neck! Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back; at last she flung herself into the arms of her father, who beckoning to Sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himself not a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAP. XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected. The effects of his stay there.

In a few days Annesly, and his friend the Baronet, arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two, for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their route through the countries they meant to visit; an intelligence, he confessed, very agreeable to him, because he knew the temptations to which a young man is exposed by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Thomas Sindall never was, that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annesly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais, (for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never crossed the channel,) and who had made the same journey, several times before, with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the same sovereign contempt for it that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove the son to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan, of entire conversion, should meet with every aid which the society of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father venerable in virtue, of his sister lovely in innocence, were imprinted on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment, to which Sir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him; his mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper, yielded up his understanding to the company of fools, and his resolutions of reformation to the society of the dissolute, because it caught the fervour of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the next; and by the industry of Sindall, he found, every day, a set of friends, among whom the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often indeed been tempted to imagine, that there is something unfortunate, if not blameable, in that harshness and austerity, which virtue too often assumes; and have seen, with regret, some excellent men, the authority of whose understanding, and the attraction of whose wit, might have retained many a deserter under the banners of goodness, lose all that power of service, by the unbending distance which they kept from the little pleasantries and sweetness of life. This conduct may be safe, but there is something ungenerous and cowardly in it; to keep their forces, like an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses and fortified towns, while they suffer the enemy to waste and ravage the champaign. Praise is indeed due to him, who can any way preserve his integrity; but surely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of social feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of Heaven.

Annesly was distant from any counsel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society with which his time was now engrossed; but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles, which his soul still retained, were made accessary to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annesly. His native compassion, and his native warmth, were interested in her sufferings and her wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded her, while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing. After having retained, for some time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication, he ventured to approach her on a looser footing; and she had afterwards the address to make him believe, that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused; and during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left,

with the resolutions of penitence and reformation, was erased from his mind; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose approach his bosom used to be thrilled with reverence and love, but approached in the form of some ungracious monitor, whose business was to banish pleasure and awaken remorse; and, therefore, the next amusement, folly, or vice, was called in to his aid to banish and expel it. As it was sometimes necessary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to save himself the pain of thinking so long as that purpose required, on a subject now grown so irksome to him, and employed that woman, in whose toils he was thus shamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate such answers as her cunning could suggest, to mislead the judgment of his unsuspecting parent.

All this while Sindall artfully kept so much aloof, as to preserve, even with the son, something of that character which he had acquired with the father; he was often absent from parties of remarkable irregularity, and sometimes ventured a gentle censure on his friend for having been led into them. But while he seemed to check their continuance under this cloak of prudence, he encouraged it in the report he made of the voice of others; for while the scale of character, for temperance, sobriety, and morals, sinks on one side, there is a balance of fame in the mouths of part of the world rising on the other—Annesly could bear to be told of his spirit, his generosity, and his honour.

CHAP. XIV.

He feels the distresses of Poverty. He is put on a method of relieving them. An account of its success.

The manner of life which Annesly now pursued, without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expence as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences, to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for; if it was necessary for him to remain there, expence, if not unavoidable, was at least difficult to be avoided; and for the causes of his stay in that city, he had only to repeat the accounts which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town irregularities of Annesly, yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbours; a slow aguish disorder, which followed those symptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had described, having confined him to his chamber almost constantly from the time of his son's departure.

Annesly had still some blushes left; and when he had pushed his father's indulgence, in the article of supply, as far as shame would allow him, he looked round for some other source whence present relief might be drawn, without daring to consider how the arrearages of the future should be cancelled. Sindall for some time answered his exigencies without reluctance; but at last he informed him, as he said with regret, that he could not, from particular circumstances, afford him, at that immediate juncture, any farther assistance than a small sum, which he then put into Annesly's hands, and which the very next day was squandered by the prodigality of his mistress.

The next morning he rose without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for; and strolling out into one of his accustomed walks, gave himself up to all the pangs which the retrospect of the past, and the idea of the present, suggested. But he felt not that contrition which results from ingenious sorrow of our offences; his soul was ruled by that gloomy demon, who looks only to the anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand of Providence, for calamity which himself has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new-acquired friends, who was walking off the oppression of last night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was so easily observable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the seriousness of his aspect, in the cant-phrase of those brutes of our species, who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces, till better times should enable him to repay them. "But," said he, gaily, "it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided so many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will shew you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty."—"At play," replied Annesly, coolly. "Ay, at play," returned the other, "and fair play too; 'tis the only profession left for a man of spirit and honour to pursue; to cheat as a merchant, to quib-

ble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their composition. Give me but a bold set, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman."—"I have had but little experience in the profession," said Annesly, "and should but throw away your money."—"Never fear," replied the other; "do but mark me, and I will ensure you: I will shew you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter!"

It was not for a man in Annesly's situation to baulk the promise of such a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming-house, where Annesly's companion introduced him, as a friend of his just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen, who seemed to be waiting his arrival.—"I promised you your revenge," said he, "my dears, and you shall have it; some of my friend's Lady-day rents, too, have accompanied him to London; if you win, you shall wear them. To business, to business."

In the course of their play, Annesly, though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered, that the company, to whom he had been introduced, were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented them: after being heated by some small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances; and in an hour two, his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share, though much the smaller, was upwards of three score guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him, with a profusion of thanks, both for the use and the improvement of it. "No, my boy," said he, "not now; your note is sufficient: I will rather call for it when I am at a pinch; you see now the road to wealth and independence; you will meet me here to-morrow." He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this second night, when a gentleman entered, whom the company saluted with the appellation of Squire; the greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence; but the countenance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach:—"Damn him," says he, in a whisper to Annesly, "he's a knowing one."

In some degree indeed he deserved the title; for he had attained, from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being successful in the profession: nature intended him for something better; and as he spoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler; so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition, which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in all those characters. And as a companion, he was too pleasing, and too well pleased, to keep that cool indifference, which is the characteristic of him, who should be always possessed of himself, and consider every other man only as the spunge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and of course, in a short time began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced, whom Annesly and his conductor had marked for their own booty, but likewise on these two gentlemen themselves, whose winnings of the former evening were now fast diminishing before the superior skill of this new antagonist.

But in the midst of his success, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who seemed also to be a well-known character in this temple of fortune, being saluted by the familiar name of Black-beard. This man possessed an unmoved equality both of temper and aspect; and though, in reality, he was of no very superior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acuteness, from being always accustomed to think on his own interest, and pursuing with the most sedulous attention every object which led to it, unseduced by one single spark of those feelings which the world terms weakness.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitched on as the means of advancement, he had availed himself of that industry, and saturnine complexion, to acquire the most consummate knowledge of its principles, which indeed he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the skill of the hitherto-successful Squire was unavailing; and consequently he not only stripped that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purses of the inferior members of the party, amongst whom Annesly and his associate were reduced to their last guinea.

This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to account for their losses otherwise than in the real way, to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary; but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

"If I thought that," said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation. "Poh!" replied the other, "'tis in vain to be angry; here is damnation to him in a bumper."

The other did not fail his pledge; and, by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses, that Annesly reeled home,

singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

CHAP. XV.

Another attempt to retrieve his Circumstances, the consequences of which are still more fatal.

Though the arrival of to-morrow might be overlooked, it could not be prevented. It rose on Annesly, one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by disgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no consolation in himself by which it might be lightened: if any thing could add to his present distress, it was increased by the absence of Sindall, who was then in the country, and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed against the folly which herself had caused, and the extravagance herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's fellow-sufferer paid him a visit: their mutual chagrin at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little increased, when the other told Annesly he came to put him in mind of the sum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occasion. Annesly answered, that he had frankly told him the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of speedy payment; that he had, that same evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power; and that he could not but think the demand ungentlemanlike, at a time when he must know his utter inability to comply with it.

"Ungentlemanlike!" said the other; "I don't understand what you mean, sir, by such a phrase; will you pay me my money, or not?" —"I cannot."—"Then, sir, you must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentlemanlike style than I do." And, so saying, he flung out of the room.

"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed Annesly, and walked about with a hurried step, gnawing his lips, and muttering curses on him, and on himself.——There was another gentleman wanted to see him below stairs—'Twas a mercer, who came to demand payment of some fineries his lady, as he termed her, had purchased: he was, with difficulty, dismissed. In a quarter of an hour there was another call—'Twas a dun of a tailor for clothes to himself—he would take no excuse. "Come," said Annesly, with a look of desperation, "to-morrow morning, and I will pay you."

But how?—he stared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagancies of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and without knowing whither he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet in his way some of those boon companions with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to shew that the account of his circumstances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After sauntering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself, towards the close of the day, within a few paces of that very gaming-house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity, and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night, with the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party, whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man, who preserved a composure of countenance undisturbed by the clamour and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money-lender, who advanced certain sums, at a very exorbitant premium, to the persons engaged in the play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he now deposited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation: it was so rapid, that in less than an hour he had increased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper had just gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet, to the amount of the sum Annesly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much against it. Stimulated with the desire of doubling his gain, and the sudden provocation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, lost all the fruits of his former good fortune. The transport of his passion could not express itself in words, but taking up one of the dice, with the seeming cool-

ness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two, and, casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rushed out of the house, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things; and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance. "I can give you nothing," said Annesly, "because I have nothing to give."—"Damn you," returned the other, "do you think I'll be fobbed off so? Your money, and be damned to you, or I'll send you to hell in a twinkling,"—advancing his pistol, at the same time, within a hand's-breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm, and, laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not choosing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. He stood for a moment entranced in thought.—"Whoever thou art," said he, "I thank thee; by Heaven! thou instructest and armest me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary." He now returned with a hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where, in the shade of a jutting wall, he could mark, unperceived, the objects on the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began already to waver in his purpose, when he saw come out of the gaming-house which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave them a sanction of something like justice. He waited till the chair, in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to place where he stood; then covering his face with one hand, and assuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapped the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats with the most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatched out of his hand, and running down the alley, made his escape at the other end; and, after turning through several streets, in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime, the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was busied in inquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the route he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves at the time of the robbery than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat. This was no sooner mentioned, than a buzz ran through the company, that the young gentleman, who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and upon search made, his hat was actually found, with his name marked on the inside. This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked: messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned, who, in terms of bitter reproach, interrupted him with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure indeed was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed, at a back-door, a gallant who was more attentive than Annesly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse. He could but mutter this apology in imperfect words; for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

"What have you done for this?" said she, taking it up. He threw himself into a chair, without answering a word.

At that moment the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and bursting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner; which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions. "I will answer none," said Annesly; "do your duty."—"Then, sir," replied the other, "you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority; and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answer some questions also. The lady saved

him the trouble; for being now pretty well satisfied that her hero was at the end of his career, she thought it most prudent to break off a connexion where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which she had just received from him, and asked the lawyer, "If it was that which had been taken from his client?"—"Ay, that it is, I'll be sworn," said he; "and here (pouring out its contents,) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom."—"But," said she, pausing a little, "it will prove the thing as well without the guineas."—"I protest," returned the lawyer, "thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourscore; one half of them might have been spent—or dropt out by the way, or—any thing may be supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece. Some folks to be sure would take more, but I love conscience in those matters."

Having finished this transaction in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pettifogger, they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and, after being some time in the custody of the lawyer and his assistants, he was carried in the morning, along with her, before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate, and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

CHAP. XXI.

The Miseries of him whose Punishment is inflicted by Conscience.

Though Annesly must have suffered much during the agitation of these proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflection, in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their affliction, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For some time the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking; when that sort of delirium subsided, it left him only to make room for more exquisite, though less turbulent anguish.

After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started at last from that posture of despair in which he sat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:

"Take back," said he, "thou Power that gavest me being! take back that life which thou didst breathe into me for the best of purposes, but which I have profaned by actions equally mischievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them is unable to withstand: from one only I receive useful admonition; the shame, that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a state, in which if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its sheath—he bared his bosom for the horrid deed—when the picture of his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye—(it was drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven)—"Merciful God!" said Annesly—he would have uttered a prayer, but his soul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himself on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of the apartment opening, discovered the jailor, followed by Sir Thomas Sindall—"My friend in this place?" said he to Annesly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made signs for the keeper of the prison to leave them;—"Come," said he, "my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome; I flatter myself, you know my friendship too well, to suppose that it will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses."—"Leave me," answered the other, "leave me; I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it."—"You must not say so; my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuse even to the world."—"Oh! Sindall," said he, "I am without excuse to myself! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness I have squandered!—I will not curse, but—oh! fool, fool, fool!"—"I would not," said Sir Thomas, "increase that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father."—"My father!" cried Annesly; "O hide me from my father!"—"Alas!" replied Sindall, "he must hear of your disaster from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that should wound him the least."—Annesly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture; "Great God!" said he, "for what hast thou reserved me? Sindall, do what thou wilt—think not of such a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canst, the sorrows of a father, the purity of whose bosom must bleed for the vices of mine."—"Fear not," returned Sir Thomas; "I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I must leave you

now; but promise me to be more composed for the future. I will see you again early to-morrow; nor will I let a moment escape, that can be improved to your service."—"I must think," said Annesly, "and therefore I must feel; but I will often remember your friendship, and my gratitude shall be some little merit left in me to look upon without blushing."

Sindall bade him farewell, and retired; and at that instant he was less a villain than he used to be. The state of horror to which he saw this young man reduced, was beyond the limits of his scheme; and he began to look upon the victim of his designs, with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorse which it cannot overcome.

CHAP. XVII.

His Father is acquainted with Annesly's situation. His behaviour in consequence of it.

THAT letter to old Annesly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult task than at first he imagined. The solicitude of his friendship might have been easily expressed on more common occasions, and hypocrisy to him was usually no unpleasing garb; but at this crisis of Annesly's fate, there were feelings he could not suppress; and he blushed to himself, amidst the protestations of concern and regard, with which this account of his misfortune (as he termed it) was accompanied.

Palliated, as it was, with all the art of Sir Thomas, it may be easily conceived what effect it must have on the mind of a father; a father at this time labouring under the pressure of disease, and confined to a sick-bed, whose intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the misery, the disgrace, perhaps the disgraceful death, of a darling child. His Harriet, after the first shock which the dreadful tidings had given her, sat by him, stifling the terrors of her gentle soul, and speaking comfort when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated, from the consideration of being at present unable to attend a son, whose calamities, though of his own procuring, called so loudly for support and assistance.

"Unworthy as your brother is, my Harriet," said he, "he is my son and your brother still; and must he languish amid the horrors of a prison, without a parent or a sister to lessen them? The prayers which I can put up from this sick-bed are all the aid I can minister to him; but your presence might sooth his anguish, and alleviate his sufferings. With regard to this life, perhaps—Do not weep, my love—But you might lead him to a reconciliation with that Being, whose sentence governs eternity! Would it frighten my Harriet to visit a dungeon?"—"Could I leave my dearest father," said she, "no place could frighten me where my poor Bill is"——"Then you shall go, my child, and I shall be the better for thinking that you are with him: tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten him. That he should have forgotten me, is little; let him but now remember, that there is another Father, whose pardon is more momentous."

Harriet having therefore intrusted her father to the friendship of Mrs Wistanly, set out, accompanied by a niece of that gentlewoman's, who had been on a visit to her aunt, for the metropolis, where she arrived a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's impatience would not suffer her to sleep till she had seen the poor prisoner; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recommended the tenderest concern about her young friend, she called a hackney-coach immediately, to convey her to the place in which Annesly was confined; and her fellow-traveller, when her dissuasions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted, by the turnkey, through a gloomy passage, to the wretched apartment which Annesly occupied: they found him sitting at a little table, on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered, he did not change his posture; but on the turnkey's speaking, (for his sister was unable to speak,) he started up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes blood-shot, and his hair dishevelled. On discovering his sister, a blush crossed his cheek, and the horror of his aspect was lost in something milder and more piteous—"Oh! my Billy!" she cried, and sprung forward to embrace him. "This is too much," said he; "leave, and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother."—"Would my Billy kill me quite? this frightful place has almost killed me already! Alas! Billy, my dearest father!"—"Oh! Harriet, that name, that name! speak not of my father!"—"Ah!" said she, "if you knew his goodness; he sent me to comfort and support my brother; he sent me from himself, stretched on a sick-bed, where his Harriet should have tended him."—"Oh! cursed, cursed!"—"Nay, do not curse, my Billy, he sends you none; his prayers, his blessings rise for you to heaven; his forgiveness he bade me convey you, and tell you to seek that of the Father of all goodness!"—His sister's hands were clasped in his; he lifted both together. "If thou canst hear me," said he,—"I dare not pray for myself; but spare a father, whom my crimes have made miserable; let me abide the wrath I have deserved, but weigh not down his age for my offences; punish it not with the remembrance of me!" He fell on his sister's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady

who attended Harriet, or the jailor himself, forbear accompanying them: this last, however, recovered himself rather sooner than the other, and reminded them, that it was late, and that he must lock up for the night.—"Good-night then, my Harriet," said Annesly. "And must we separate?" answered his sister; "could I not sit and support that distracted head, and close those haggard eyes?"—"Let me entreat you," returned her brother, "to leave me, and compose yourself after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind. I feel myself comforted and refreshed by the sight of my Harriet. I will try to sleep myself, which I have not done these four gloomy nights, unless perhaps for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good-night, my dearest Harriet." She could not say, good-night; but she wept it.

CHAP. XVIII.

His Sister pays him another visit. A description of what passed in the Prison.

It was late before Harriet could think even of going to bed, and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any sleep. But nature was at last worn out; and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her soul in the visit she had just made, had so exhausted her, that it was towards noon next day before she awaked. After having chid herself for her neglect, she hurried away to her much-loved brother, whom she found attended by that baronet, to whose good offices I have had so frequent occasion to shew him indebted in the course of my story.

At sight of him, her cheek was flushed with the mingled glow of shame for her brother, and gratitude towards his benefactor. He advanced to salute her; when, with the tears starting into her eyes, she fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of blessings on his head. There could not perhaps be a figure more lovely, or more striking, than that which she then exhibited. The lustre of her eyes, heightened by those tears with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them; the glow of her complexion, animated with the suffusion of tenderness and gratitude; these, joined to the easy negligence of her dark-brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting bosom, made altogether such an assemblage as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly indeed was Sindall struck with it, that some little time passed before he thought of lifting her from the ground: he looked his very soul at every glance; but it was a soul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling, and inhuman; he considered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his machinations, and feasted the grossness of his fancy with the anticipation of her undoing.

And here let me pause a little, to consider that account of pleasure which the votaries of voluptuousness have frequently stated. I allow for all the delight which Sindall could experience for the present, or hope to experience in the future. I consider it abstracted from its consequences, and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquisite voluptuary than he—Had virtue been now looking on the figure of beauty, and of innocence, I have attempted to draw—I see the purpose of benevolence beaming in his eye!—Its throb is swelling in his heart!—He clasps her to his bosom;—he kisses the falling drops from her cheek—he weeps with her;—and the luxury of his tears—I cannot describe it.

But whatever were Sir Thomas's sensations at the sight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the jailor, who now entered the room, and informed him, that a gentleman without was earnest to speak with him. "Who can it be?" said Sir Thomas, somewhat peevishly.—"If I am not mistaken," replied the jailor, "it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, whom I have seen here with some of the prisoners before."—"This is he of whom I talked to you, my dear Annesly," said the Baronet; "let me introduce him to you."—"I have taken my resolution," returned Annesly, "and shall have no need of lawyers for my defence."—"It must not be," rejoined the other; and going out of the room, he presently returned with Mr Camplin. All this while Harriet's looks betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror and perplexity; and when the stranger appeared, she drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary sort of motion, till she had twined his arm into hers, and placed herself between him and Camplin. This last observed her fears; for indeed she bent her eyes most fixedly upon him; and making her a bow, "Be not afraid, Miss," said he, "here are none but friends.—I learn, sir, that your day is now very near, and that it is time to be thinking of the business of it."—"Good Heavens!" cried Harriet, "what day?"—"Make yourself easy, madam," continued Camplin; "being the first trip, I hope he may fall soft for this time. I believe nobody doubts my abilities; I have saved many a brave man from the gallows, whose case was more desperate than I take this young gentleman's to be."—

The colour, which had been varying on her cheek during this speech, now left it for a dead pale; and turning her languid eyes upon her brother, she fell motionless into his arms. He supported her to a chair that stood near him, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged of the jailor to procure her some immediate assistance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other side of her, ordered Camplin, who was

advancing to make offer of his services too, to be gone, and send them the first surgeon he could find. A surgeon indeed had been already procured, who officiated in the prison, for the best of all reasons, because he was not at liberty to leave it. The jailer now made his appearance, with a bottle of wine in one hand, and some water in the other; followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, who, striding up to Harriet, applied a small vial of volatile salt to her nose, and chafing her temples, soon brought her to sense and life again. Annesly, pressing her to his bosom, begged her to recollect herself, and forget her fears. "Pardon this weakness, my dear Billy," said she, "I will try to overcome it; is that horrid man gone? who is this gentleman?"—"I have the honour to be a doctor of physic, madam," said he, clapping at the same time his greasy fingers to her pulse. "Here is a fulness that calls for venesection." So without loss of time he pulled out a case of lancets, covered with rust, and spotted with the blood of former patients. "Oh! for Heaven's sake, no bleeding," cried Harriet; "indeed there is no occasion for it."—"How, no occasion!" exclaimed the other; "I have heard indeed some ignorants condemn phlebotomy in such cases; but it is my practice, and I am very well able to defend it.—It will be allowed, that in plethoric habits—" "Spare your demonstration," interrupted Annesly, "and think of your patient."—"You shall not blood me," said she; "you shall not indeed, sir!"—"Nay, madam," said he, "as you please; you are to know that the operation itself is no part of my profession; it is only *propter necessitatem*, for want of chirurgical practitioners, that I sometimes condescend to it in this place." Sir Thomas gave him a hint to leave them, and at the same time slipped a guinea into his hand. He immediately retired, looking at the unusual appearance of the gold with a joy that made him forget the obstinacy of his patient, and her rejection of his assistance.

Annesly, assisted by his friend, used every possible argument to comfort and support his sister. His concern for her had indeed banished for a while the consideration of his own state; and when he came to think on that solemn day, on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more interested for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it should have on himself.

After they had passed great part of the day together, Sir Thomas observed, that Miss Annesly's present lodgings (in the house of her fellow-traveller's father) were so distant as to occasion much inconvenience to her in her visits to her brother; and very kindly made offer of endeavouring to procure her others but a few streets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he said, an officer's widow of his acquaintance, who, if she had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew would be as attentive to Miss Annesly as if she were a daughter of her own.

This proposal was readily accepted; and Sir Thomas having gone upon the inquiry, returned in the evening with an account of his having succeeded in procuring the lodgings; that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miss Annesly's baggage from those she had formerly occupied, and that every thing was ready at Mrs Eldridge's (that was the widow's name) for her reception. After supper he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Annesly whispered him to return for a few minutes after he had set down his sister, as he had something particular to communicate to him. When he came back, "You have heard, I fancy, Sir Thomas," said he, "that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myself, I wait it with resignation, and shall not give any trouble to my country by a false defence; but I tremble for my sister's knowing it. Could we not contrive some method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over, and then prepare her for the event, without subjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and suspense?" Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of his scheme; and they resolved to keep his sister that day at home, on pretence of a meeting in the prison between the lawyers of Annesly, and those of his prosecutor. But he warmly insisted that Annesly should accept the services of Camplin towards conducting the cause on his part. "Endeavour not to persuade me, my friend," said Annesly; "for I now rest satisfied with my determination. I thank Heaven, which has enabled me to rely on its goodness, and meet my fate with the full possession of myself. I will not disdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myself in chicane and insincerity, to avoid her justice."

CHAP. XIX.

The fate of Annesly determined.—Sindall's friendship, and the gratitude of Harriet.

NOTHING remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Annesly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The project formed by Sindall and himself, for keeping his sister ignorant of its importance, succeeded to their wish: she spent it at home, comforting herself with the hope, that the meeting she understood to be held on it might turn out advantageously for her brother, and soothed by the kindness of her landlady, who had indeed fully answered Sir Thomas's expectations in the attention she had shewn her.

Meanwhile, her unfortunate brother was brought to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gamester. When he was ask-

ed, in the customary manner, to plead, he stood up, and addressing himself to the judge:—

"I am now, my lord," said he, "in a situation of all others the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country, and I am called to confess or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender: I fly not to the subterfuge of villainy, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have disgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord, and await the judgment of that law, which, though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere."

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the court, and for some time stopped the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magistrate, worthy the tribunal of England, spoke to this effect:—

"I am sincerely sorry, young gentleman, to see one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public safety has been obliged to award an exemplary punishment. Much as I admire the heroism of your confession, I will not suffer advantage to be taken of it to your prejudice: reflect on the consequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity of a legal defence, and speak again, as your own discretion, or your friends, may best advise you."—"I humbly thank your lordship," said Annesly, "for the candour and indulgence which you shew me; but I have spoken the truth, and will not allow myself to think of retracting it."—"I am here," returned his lordship, "as the dispenser of justice, and I have nothing but justice to give; the province of mercy is in other hands: if, upon inquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Annesly was then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge, before whom he was tried, was not unmindful of his promise; and having satisfied himself, that, though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious, he assisted so warmly the applications which, through the interest of Sindall, (for Sindall was in this sincere,) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured, before his sister was suffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annesly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it in such a manner, as might least discompose that delicacy and tenderness of which her mind was so susceptible. The event answered his expectation; that good woman seemed possessed of as much address as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowledge of her brother's situation with so much prudence, that she bore it at first with resignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulness.

After that acknowledgment to Providence which she had been early instructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair, to whom her warmest gratitude was devoted. Besides that herself had the highest opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, since their acquaintance began, to sound forth his praises in the most extravagant strain; and, on the present occasion, her encomiums were loud, in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas therefore began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends; his own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship—of friendship, and no more; but the widow would often insinuate, that he felt more than he expressed; and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little raillery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth, as it would be sorry to lose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall as of one that was her lover; but she began to make such arrangements, as not to be surprised if he should.

One morning, when Sir Thomas had called to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bachelor. "What is your opinion, Miss Annesly?" said she; "is it not a shame for one of Sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress: he said, "The manners of the court ladies, whose example had stretched unhappily too far, were such as made it a sort of venture to be married." He then paused for a moment, sighed, and, fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would choose for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities than mere modesty about her, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged.

CHAP. XX.

An Accident, which may possibly be imagined somewhat more than accidental.

THOUGH the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils which they had experienced, served to enlighten the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son, (in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter,) to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king, and to bear what was a mitigation of his punishment, with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son, which he was prevented from bestowing personally, with a credit for any sum which he might have occasion for against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father, which this letter contained; and even in Annesly's prison there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting, and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these that Sindall observed to Harriet how little she possessed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London, that strangers were most solicitous to see; and proposed that very night to conduct her to the play-house, where the royal family were to be present, at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made answer, "that she could not think of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison."

Upon this, Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept Sir Thomas's invitation; he said, she knew how often he chose to be alone, at times when he could most command society; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him fraught with the intelligence of the play."

"But there is something unbecoming in it," said Harriet, "in the eyes of others."

"That objection," replied Sindall, "will be easily removed; we shall go, accompanied by Mrs Eldridge, to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintances in town, are dressed so much in the incognito way, as never to be discovered."

Annesly repeated his entreaties, Mrs Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them; and all three urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome, and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the first entertainment of the sort at which Harriet had ever been present, yet the thoughts of her absent brother, in whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over, she begged of her conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of a longer absence from her brother, that the other's solicitations were at last overruled; and making shift to get through the crowd, they left the house, and set out in a hackney coach in their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them against a post, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had luckily put down the glass on that side but a moment before, to look at some object in the street, so that they escaped any mischief which might have ensued from the breaking of it; and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. This disaster happened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which, seeing the discomposure of the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room, till they could readjust themselves, and procure another coach from a neighbouring stand, for which she promised immediately to despatch one of her servants. All this while Sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopped by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned; and taking Harriet's hand with a look of the utmost tenderness, inquired if she felt no hurt from the fall; upon her answering, that, except the fright, she was perfectly well, "Then all is well," said he, pressing her hand to his bosom, which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs Eldridge declared she never tasted any thing between meals; and Harriet said, that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken: this, however, he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs Eldridge setting the

example, though with the utmost reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was seated on a settee at the upper end of the room, Sindall sat on a chair by her, and Mrs Eldridge, from choice, was walking about the room: it somehow happened, that, in a few minutes, the last-mentioned lady left her companions by themselves.

Sindall, whose eyes had not been idle before, cast them now to the ground with a look of the most feeling discomposure; and gently lifting them again, "I know not," said he, "most lovely of women, whether I should venture to express the sensations of my heart at this moment: that respect, which ever attends a love so sincere as mine, has hitherto kept me silent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every sluice of tenderness in my soul, and I were more or less than man, did I resist the impulse of declaring it."—"This is no place, sir," said Harriet, trembling and covered with blushes.—"Every place," cried Sindall, "is sacred to love, where my Harriet is." At the same time he threw himself on his knees before her, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her hand. "Let go my hand, Sir Thomas," she cried, her voice faltering, and her cheek overspread with a still higher glow. "Never, thou cruel one," said he, (raising himself gently till he had gained a place on the settee by her side,) "never, till you listen to the dictates of a passion too violent to be longer resisted."—At that instant some bustle was heard at the door, and presently after a voice in a country accent vociferating, "It is my neighbour's own daughter, and I must see her immediately."—The door burst open, and discovered Jack Ryland, Mrs Eldridge following him, with a countenance not the most expressive of good-humour.

"Ryland!" exclaimed the Baronet, "what is the meaning of this?" advancing towards him with an air of fierceness and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty shake by the hand, saying he was rejoiced to find Miss Harriet in so good company.—"Dear Mr Ryland," said she, a little confusedly, "I am happy to see you; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as Sir Thomas was just now asking, how you came to find us out here?"

"Why, you must understand, Miss," returned Jack, "that I have got a little bit of a legacy left me by a relation here in London; as I was coming up on that business, I thought I could do no less than ask your worthy father's commands for you and Mr William. So we settled matters, that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I should have the pleasure, if you are not otherwise engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day, and after having eat a mutton-chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myself into a little decent trim, I set out from a place they call Piccadilly, I think, asking every body I met which was the shortest way to Newgate, where I understood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on't; for besides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one person that would give a mannerly answer to my questions; to be sure they are the most humourisome people, here in London, that I ever saw in my life; when I asked the road to Newgate, one told me, I was not likely to be long in finding it; another bade me cut the first threat I met, and it would shew me; and a deal of such out-of-the-way jokes. At last, while I was looking round for some civil-like body to inquire of, who should I see whip past me in a coach but yourself with that lady, as I take it; upon which I hallooed out to the coachman to stop, but he did not hear me, as I suppose, and drove on as hard as ever. I followed him close at the heels for some time, till the street he turned into being much darker than where I saw you first, by reason there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and lost sight of the carriage before I could recover myself: however, I ran down a right-hand road, which I guessed you had taken, asking any body I thought would give me an answer, if they had seen a coach with a handsome young woman in't, drawn by a pair of dark bays; but I was only laught at for my pains, till I fell in by chance with a simple countryman like myself, who informed me, that he had seen such a one overturned just before this here large house; and, the door being open, I stept in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whispering something to another about Sir Thomas Sindall, when I guessed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know; and so here I am, at your service and Sir Thomas's."

This history afforded as little entertainment to its hearers as it may have done to the greatest part of my readers; but it gave Sir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confusion, into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them; though with this difference, that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did not even proceed from the least suspicion of any thing criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great satisfaction in having met with his acquaintance Mr Ryland, and, having obtained another hackney-coach, they drove together to Newgate, where Jack received a much sincerer welcome from Annesly, and they passed the evening with the greatest satisfaction.

Not but there was something unusual in the bosom of Harriet, from the declaration of her lover, and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interposed to disappoint; he consoled himself, however, with the reflection, that

e had not gone such a length as to alarm her implicity, and took from the mortification of he past, by the hope of more successful villainy o come.

CHAP XXI.

An account of Annesly's departure.

It was not long before the time arrived in which Annesly was to bid adieu to his native ountry for the term which the mercy of his overeign had allotted for his punishment. He ehaved, at this juncture, with a determined ort of coolness, not easily expected from one of is warmth of feelings, at the time of life when hese are in their fullest vigour. His sister, whose gentle heart began to droop under the houghts of their separation, he employed every rgument to comfort. He bade her remember, hat it had been determined he should be abent for some years before this necessity of his bsence had arisen. "Suppose me on my tra-'els," said he, "my Harriet, but for a longer erm, and the sum of this calamity is exhaust-d; if there are hardships awaiting me, think ıow I should otherwise expiate my follies and ny crimes: the punishments of Heaven, our ather has often told us, are mercies to its chil-ren: mine, I hope, will have a double effect; o wipe away my former offences, and prevent ny offending for the future."

He was actuated by the same steadiness of pirit, in the disposal of what money his father's redit enabled him to command. He called in ın exact account of his debts, those to Sindall ıot excepted, and discharged them in full, much ıgainst the inclination of Sir Thomas, who in-isted, as much as in decency he could, on can-elling every obligation of that sort to himself. But Annesly was positive in his resolution; ınd after having cleared these incumbrances, he embarked with only a few shillings in his ocket, saying, that he would never pinch his 'ather's age to mitigate the punishment which ıis son had more than deserved.

There was another account to settle, which ıe found a more difficult task. The parting with his sister he knew not how to accomplish, without such a pang as her tender frame could very ill support. At length he resolved to take ıt least from its solemnity, if he could not alleviate its anguish. Having sat, therefore, with Harriet till past midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of consolation, and earnestly recommending to her to keep up those spirits which should support her father and herself, he pretended a desire to sleep, appointed an hour for breakfasting with her in the morning; and so soon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat, which waited to carry him, and some unfortunate companions of his voyage, to the ship destined to transport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earnest desire of his friend, he was carried ashore in a sculler, which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Annesly wrung his hand, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himself to shed, "To my faithful Sindall," said he, "I leave a trust more precious to this bosom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeserving son, and protect my Harriet's youth, who has lost that protection a brother should have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of heaven, the name of his friend shall rise with those of a parent and a sister in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you shall bestow a thought upon him, remember the only comfort of which adversity has not deprived him,—the confidence of his Sindall's kindness to those whom he has left weeping behind him."

Such was the charge which Annesly gave, and Sindall received. He received it with a tear; a tear, which the better part of his nature had yet reserved from the ruins of principle, of justice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a blush—Such was the system of self-applause which the refinements of vice had taught him, and such is the honour she has reared for the worship of her votaries!

Annesly kept his eyes fixed on the lights of London, till the increasing distance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him in the picture, after that help was taken from her. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, still swam before his sight; on the back-ground stood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to heaven, while a tear that swelled in each dropped for the sacrifice of his sorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incense.

Thus, by a series of dissipation, so easy in its progress, that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple, was this unfortunate young man lost to himself, his friends, and his country. Take but a few incidents away, and it is the history of thousands. Let not those, who have escaped the punishment of Annesly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor suffer the present undisturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleasures, to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

CHAP. XXII.

Harriet is informed of her Brother's departure —She leaves London on her return home.

Sindall took upon himself the charge of

communicating the intelligence of Annesly's departure to his sister. She received it with an entrancement of sorrow, which deprived her of its expression; and when at last her tears found their way to utter it, "Is he gone!" said she, "and shall I never see him more? cruel Billy! Oh! Sir Thomas, I had a thousand things to say! and has he left me without a single adieu?"—"It was in kindness to you, Miss Annesly," answered the Baronet, "that he did so."—"I believe you," said she, "I know it was; and yet, methinks, he should have bid me farewell—I could have stood it, indeed I could—I am not so weak as you think me; yet, heaven knows, I have need of strength"—and she burst into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expressions of comfort or of kindness, nor did he fail, amidst the assurances of his friendship, to suggest those tender sensations which his bosom felt on account of Miss Annesly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return, which, though vice may sometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His protestations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidentally heard of Annesly's embarkment. Jack had but few words to communicate his feelings by; but his eyes helped them out with an honest tear. "Your brother, I hear, is gone, Miss Harriet," said he; "well, Heaven bless him wherever he goes!"

Harriet begged to know when it would suit his convenience to leave London, saying, that every day she stayed there now, would reproach her absence from her father. Jack made answer, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning; for that his business in London was finished, and as for pleasure he could find none in it. It was agreed, therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of Sir Thomas and Mrs Eldridge, that Harriet should set off, accompanied by Mr Ryland, the very next morning.

Their resolution was accomplished, and they set out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horseback several stages, and they dined together about forty miles from London. Here having settled their route according to a plan of Sir Thomas's, who seemed to be perfectly versant in the geography of the country through which they were to pass, he was prevailed on, by the earnest entreaty of Harriet, to return to London, and leave her to perform the rest of the journey under the protection of Mr Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they dined, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have observed me not apt to dwell on trifling circumstances, I cannot help taking notice. While they were at dinner, they were frequently disturbed by the boisterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman, who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and, having no companion, had associated with the landlord over a bottle of claret, which, according to the waiter's account, his honour had made so free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be translated, a more noise-making mood than usual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the post-chaise, they observed a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the same whose voice they had so often heard at dinner, standing in the passage that led to the door. When the lady passed him, he trod, either accidentally, or on purpose, on the skirt of her gown behind; and as she turned about to get rid of the stop, having now got sight of her face, he exclaimed, with an oath, that she was an angel; and, seizing the hand with which she was disengaging her gown, pressed it to his lips in so rude a manner, that even his drunkenness could not excuse it; at least it could not to Sindall, who, stepping between him and Miss Annesly, laid hold of his collar, and shaking him violently, demanded how he dared to affront the lady; and insisted on his immediately asking her pardon. "Dammee," said he, hiccuping, "not on compulsion, dammee, for you nor any man, dammee." The landlord and Mr Ryland now interposed, and, with the assistance of Harriet, pacified Sir Thomas, from the consideration of the gentleman's being in a temporary state of insanity; Sindall accordingly let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaise, while the other, re-adjusting his neckcloth, swore that he would have another peep at the girl notwithstanding.

When Harriet was seated in the chaise, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this accident had thrown her: she confessed that she had been a good deal alarmed, lest there should have been a quarrel on her account, and begged Sir Thomas, if he had any regard for her ease of mind, to think no more of any vengeance against the other gentleman. "Fear not, my adorable Harriet," whispered Sir Thomas; "if I thought there were one kind remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly bosom"——the chaise drove on—she blushed a reply to this unfinished speech, and bowed, smiling, to its author.

CHAP. XXIII.

Harriet proceeds on her journey with Ryland—A very daring attack is made upon them—The consequences.

NOTHING farther happened worthy of recording, till towards the close of that journey

which Sir Thomas's direction had marked out for their first day's progress. Ryland had before observed, that Sir Thomas's short roads had turned out very sorry ones; and when it began to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where, for a great way round, there was not a house to be seen. Nor was she at all relieved by the information of the post-boy, who, upon being interrogated by Ryland as to the safety of the road, answered, "To be sure, master, I've known some highwaymen frequent this common, and there stands a gibbet hard by, where two of them have hung these three years." He had scarcely uttered this speech, when the noise of horsemen was heard behind them; at which Miss Annesly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unusual agitation. He asked the post-boy, in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind; the boy answered in the negative, but that he needed not be afraid, as he observed a carriage along with them.

The first of the horsemen now passed the chaise in which Ryland and Harriet were, and at the distance of a few yards they crossed the road, and made a halt on the other side of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late assurance of the post-boy: she was not, indeed, long suffered to remain in a state of suspense; one of those objects of her terror called to the driver to stop; which the lad had no sooner complied with, than he rode up to the side of the carriage, where the lady was seated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptory than threatening, that she must allow that gentleman (meaning Ryland) to accept of a seat in another carriage, which was just behind, and do him and his friends the honour of taking one of them for her companion. He received no answer to this demand; she to whom it was made having fainted into the arms of her terrified fellow-traveller. In this state of insensibility, Ryland was forced, by the inhuman ruffian and his associates, to leave her, and enter a chaise which now drew up to receive him; and one of the gang, whose appearance bespoke something of a higher rank than the rest, seated himself by her, and was very assiduous in using proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her, in terms of great politeness, not to make herself in the least uneasy, for that no harm was intended.——"Oh heavens!" she cried, "where am I? What would you have? Whither would you carry me? Where is Mr Ryland?"—"If you mean that gentleman in whose company you were, Madam, you may be assured, that nothing ill shall happen to him any more than to yourself."—"Nothing ill?" said she; "merciful God! What do you intend to do with me?"—"I would not do you a mischief for the world," answered he; "and if you will be patient for a little time, you shall be satisfied that you are in danger of none."—All this while they forced the post-boy to drive on full speed; and there was light enough for Harriet to discover, that the road they took had so little the appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very small chance of her meeting with any relief. In a short time after, however, when the moon shining out made it lighter, she found they were obliged to slacken their pace, from being met, in a narrow part of the road, by some persons on horseback. The thoughts of relief recruited a little her exhausted spirits; and having got down the front-glass, she called out as loud as she was able, begging their assistance to rescue a miserable creature from ruffians. One, who attended the carriage by way of guard, exclaimed, that it was only a poor wretch out of her senses, whom her friends were conveying to a place of security; but Harriet, notwithstanding some endeavours of the man in the chaise to prevent her, cried out with greater vehemence than before, entreating them, for God's sake, to pity and relieve her. By this time one, who had been formerly behind, came up to the front of the party they had met, and overhearing this last speech of Harriet's—"Good God!" said he, "can it be Miss Annesly?" Upon this her companion in the carriage jumped out with a pistol in his hand, and presently she heard the report of fire-arms, at which the horses taking fright, ran furiously across the fields for a considerable way before their driver was able to stop them. He had scarcely accomplished that, when he was accosted by a servant in livery, who bade him fear nothing, for that his master had obliged the villains to make off.—"Eternal blessings on him," cried Harriet, "and to that Providence, whose instrument he is!"—"To have been of any service to Miss Annesly," replied a gentleman who now appeared, leading his horse, "rewards itself."—It was Sindall!—"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the astonished Harriet, "can it be you, Sir Thomas!"—"Compose yourself, my dear Miss Annesly," said he, "lest the surprise of your deliverance should overpower your spirits."—He had opened the door of the chaise, and Harriet, by a natural motion, made room for him to sit by her.—He accordingly gave his horse to a servant, and stepped into the chaise, directing the driver to strike down a particular path, which would lead him to a small inn, where he sometimes passed the night when a-hunting.

When he pulled up the glass, "Tell me, tell me, Sir Thomas," said Harriet, "what guardian angel directed you so unexpectedly to my relief?"—"That guardian angel, my fairest, which I trust will ever direct us to happiness; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear

the tedious days which my Harriet's presence had ceased to brighten."—When she would have expressed the warmth of her gratitude for his services; "Speak not of them," said he; "I only risked a life in thy defence, which, without thee, it is nothing to possess."

They now reached that inn to which Sindall had directed them; where, if they found a homely, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the most obliging and attentive behaviour in the world, having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, produced some waters, which, she said, were highly cordial, and begged Miss Annesly to take a large glass of them; informing her, that they were made after a receipt of her grandmother's, who was one of the most notable doctresses in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not satisfied with this prescription alone, but dispatched one of his servants to fetch a neighbouring surgeon, as Miss Annesly's alarm, he said, might have more serious consequences than people, ignorant of such things, could imagine. For this surgeon, indeed, there seemed more employments than one; the sleeve of Sir Thomas's shirt was discovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. This himself treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderness of Harriet in the liveliest manner.

The landlady now put a question, which indeed might naturally have suggested itself before; to wit, Whom they suspected to be the instigators of this outrage? Sir Thomas answered, that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter; and, turning to Miss Annesly, asked her opinion on the subject; "Sure," said he, "it cannot have been that ruffian, who was rude to you at the inn where we dined?" Harriet answered, that she could very well suppose it might; adding, that though, in the confusion, she did not pretend to have taken very distinct notice of things, yet she thought there was a person standing at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had some resemblance of the man that sat by her in the chaise.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon, which, from the vigilance of the servant, happened in a much shorter time than could have been expected; and Harriet peremptorily insisted, that before he took any charge of her, he should examine and dress the wound on Sir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the Baronet was obliged to consent; and after having been some time with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together; Sir Thomas's arm being slung in a piece of crape, and the surgeon declaring, highly to Miss Annesly's satisfaction, that, with proper care, there was no sort of danger; though, he added, that if the shot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have shattered the bone to pieces. This last declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek, and contributed perhaps, more than any thing else, to that quickness and tremulation of pulse, which the surgeon, on applying his fingers to her wrist, pronounced to be the case. He ordered his patient to be undrest; which was accordingly done, the landlady accommodating her with a bedgown of her own; and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it some powders of his own composition, a secret, he said, of the greatest efficacy in re-adjusting any disorders in the nervous system; of which draught he recommended a large teacupful to be taken immediately. Harriet objected strongly against these powders, till the surgeon seemed to grow angry at her refusal, and recapitulated, in a very rapid manner, the success which their administration had, in many great families who did him the honour of employing him. Harriet, the gentleness of whose nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and swallowed the dose that was offered her.———

The indignation of my soul has, with difficulty, submitted so long to this cool description of a scene of the most exquisite villainy. The genuineness of my tale needs not the aid of surprise, to interest the feelings of my readers. It is with horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and the preceding chapter contain, were but the prelude of a design formed by Sindall for the destruction of that innocence, which was the dowry of Annesly's daughter. He had contrived a route the most proper for the success of his machinations, which the ignorance of Ryland was prevailed on to follow; he had bribed a set of banditti to execute that sham rape, which his seeming valour was to prevent; he had scratched his wrist with a penknife, to make the appearance of being wounded in the cause; he had trained his victim to the house of a wretch, whom he had before employed in purposes of a similar kind; he had dressed one of his own creatures to personate a surgeon, and that surgeon, by his directions, had administered certain powders, of which the damnable effects were to assist the execution of his villainy.

Beset with toils like these, his helpless prey was, alas! too much in his power to have any chance of escape; and that guilty night completed the ruin of her, whom, but the day before, the friend of Sindall, in the anguish of his soul, had recommended to his care and protection.———

Let me close this chapter on the monstrous deed!—That such things are, is a thought distressful to humanity——their detail can gratify no mind that deserves to be gratified.

CHAP. XXIV.

The situation of Harriet, and the conduct of Sindall. They proceed homeward. Some incidents in their journey.

I WOULD describe, if I could, the anguish which the recollection of the succeeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Annesly.—But it is in such passages that the expression of the writer will do little justice even to his own feelings; much must therefore be left to those of the reader.

The poignancy of her own distress was doubled by the idea of her father's; a father's, whose pride, whose comfort, but a few weeks ago she had been, to whom she was now to return deprived of that innocence which could never be restored. I should rather say that honour; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumstances into which she had been betrayed: but the world has little distinction to make; and the fall of her, whom the deepest villainy has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy, which, in its justice, it always imputes to the side of the less criminal party.

Sindall's pity (for we will do him no injustice) might be touched; his passion was but little abated; and he employed the language of both to comfort the affliction he had caused. From the violence of what, by the perversion of words, is termed love, he excused the guilt of his past conduct, and protested his readiness to wipe it away by the future. He begged that Harriet would not suffer her delicacy to make her unhappy under the sense of their connection; he vowed that he considered her as his wife, and that, as soon as particular circumstances would allow him, he would make her what the world called so, though the sacredness of his attachment was above being increased by any form whatever.

There was something in the mind of Harriet which allowed her little ease under all these protestations of regard; but they took off the edge of her present affliction, and she heard them, if not with a warmth of hope, at least with an alleviation of despair.

They now set out on their return to the peaceful mansion of Annesly. How blissful, in any other circumstances, had Harriet imagined the sight of a father, whom she now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of rustics, whom he had assembled for the purpose of searching after Miss Annesly. It was only indeed by the lower class that the account he gave had been credited, for which those who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we consider its improbability, and likewise that Jack's persuasive powers were not of a sort that easily induces persuasion, even when not disarranged by the confusion and fright of such an adventure.

His joy at finding Harriet safe in the protection of Sir Thomas, was equally turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his present associates with the greatest part of the money in his pocket, he proceeded, in a manner not the most distinct, to give an account of what befel himself subsequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaise, he said, into which he was forced, drove, by several cross roads, about three or four miles from the place where they were first attacked; it then stopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and, pointing to a farm-house, which by the light of the moon was discernible at some distance, told him, that, if he went thither, he would find accommodation for the night, and might pursue his journey with safety in the morning.

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital from Harriet of her share of their common calamity, which she gave him in the few words the present state of her spirits could afford. When she had ended, Ryland fell on his knees, in gratitude to Sir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look infinitely expressive, and it was followed by a starting tear.

They now proceeded to the next stage on their way homeward; Sindall declaring, that, after what had happened, he would on no account leave Miss Annesly, till he had delivered her safe into the hands of her father. She heard this speech with a sigh so deep, that if Ryland had possessed much penetration, he would have made conjectures of something uncommon on her mind: but he was guiltless of imputing to others, what his honesty never experienced in himself. Sir Thomas observed it better, and gently chid it by squeezing her hand in his.

At the inn where they first stopped, they met with a gentleman, who made the addition of a fourth person to their party; being an officer who was going down to the same part of the country on recruiting orders, and happened to be a particular acquaintance of Sir Thomas Sindall: his name was Camplin.

He afforded to their society an ingredient, of which at present it seemed to stand pretty much in need; to wit, a proper share of mirth and humour, for which nature seemed, by a profusion of animal spirits, to have very well fitted him. She had not, perhaps, bestowed on him much sterling wit; but she had given him abundance of that counterfeit assurance, which frequently passes more current than the real. In this company, to which chance had associated him, he had an additional advantage from the presence of Ryland, whom he very soon

discovered to be of that order of men called butts, those easy cushions (to borrow a metaphor of Otway's) on whom the wits of the world repose and fatten.

Besides all this, he had a fund of conversation arising from the adventures of a life, which, according to his own account, he had passed equally in the perils of war and the luxuries of peace; his memoirs affording repeated instances of his valour in dangers of the field, his address in the society of the great, and his gallantry in connections with the fair.

But lest the reader should imagine, that the real portraiture of this gentleman was to be found in those lineaments which he drew of himself, I will take the liberty candidly, though briefly, to communicate some particulars relating to his quality, his situation, and his character.

He was the son of a man who called himself an attorney, in a village adjoining to Sir Thomas Sindall's estate. His father, Sir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my story, had found this same lawyer useful in carrying on some proceedings against his poor neighbours, which the delicacy of more established practitioners in the law might possibly have boggled at; and he had grown into consequence with the Baronet, from that pliancy of disposition which was suited to his service. Not that Sir William was naturally cruel or oppressive; but he had an exalted idea of the consequence which a great estate confers on its possessor, which was irritated beyond measure when any favourite scheme of his was opposed by a man of little fortune, however just or proper his reasons for opposition might be; and, though a *good sort of man*, as I have before observed, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with Master Tommy Sindall, was frequently at Sir William's in quality of a dependant companion to his son; and, before the Baronet died, he had procured him an ensign's commission in a regiment, which some years after was stationed in one of our garrisons abroad, where Camplin, much against his inclination, was under a necessity of joining it.

Here he happened to to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command, by certain little offices, which, though not strictly honourable in themselves, are sanctified by the favour and countenance of many honourable men; and so much did they attach his commander to the ensign, that the latter was very soon promoted by his interest to the rank of a lieutenant, and not long after was enabled to make a very advantageous purchase of a company.

With this patron also he returned to England, and was received at all times in a very familiar manner into his house; where he had the honour of carving good dishes, which he was sometimes permitted to taste; of laughing at jokes, which he was sometimes allowed to make; and carried an obsequious face into all companies, who were not treated with such extraordinary respect as to preclude his approach.

About this time his father, whose business in the country had not increased since the death of Sir William Sindall, had settled in London, where the reader will recollect the having met with him in a former chapter; but the captain, during his patron's residence there, lived too near St James's to make many visits to Gray's Inn; and after that gentleman left the town, he continued to move amidst a circle of men of fashion, with whom he contrived to live in a manner which has been often defined by the expression of, "nobody knows how:" which sort of life he had followed uninterruptedly without ever joining his regiment, till he was now obliged, by the change of a colonel, to take some of the duty in his turn, and was ordered a recruiting, as I have taken due occasion to relate.

In this company did Harriet return to her father. As the news of disaster is commonly speedy in its course, the good man had already been confusedly informed of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him, therefore, this meeting was so joyful, as almost to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the sensations of Harriet: she shrunk from the sight of a parent, of whose purity she now conceived herself unworthy, and fell blushing on his neck, which she bathed with a profusion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her sensibility of those woes which her unhappy brother had suffered; and he forbore to take notice of her distress, any otherwise than by maintaining a degree of cheerfulness himself, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow-travellers accompanied Miss Annesly to his house, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinson; saying he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad. Harriet indeed recollected to have heard her father mention such a one in their conversations before. Though a good deal younger than Annesly, he had been a very intimate school-fellow of his in London, from which place he was sent to the East Indies, and returned, as was common in those days, with some thousand pounds, and a good conscience, to his native country. A genuine plainness of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life, nor the subtleties of traffic, had been able to weaken in Rawlinson; and he set out, under the impression of both, immediately after his arrival in England, to visit a companion, whose virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whose

friendship he had not forgotten. Annesly received him with that welcome which his fireside ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimness of her grief, smiled on the friend of her father.

CHAP. XXV.

Something farther of Mr Rawlinson.

Rawlinson found his reception so agreeable, that he lengthened his visit much beyond the limits which he at first intended it; and the earnest request of Annesly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleasing, extended them still a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of observing the amiable dispositions of Harriet. He observed, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which seemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was satisfied to account for it, from the relation, which her father had given him, of the situation of his son, and that remarkable tenderness of which his daughter was susceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His esteem for Miss Annesly shewed itself by every mark of attention, which a regard for the other sex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in those matters than is common to many, would not have hesitated to pronounce, that Rawlinson was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither she nor her father had any wishes pointing that way, which had been one great index for discovery, they were void of any suspicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Annesly himself.

He did this with an openness and sincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend, that he had now made such a fortune as enabled him to live independently, and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whose good sense would improve what were worthy, and whose good-nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had discovered, he said, so much of both in the mind of Miss Annesly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthiest friend to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be insensible to beauty, yet he was wise enough to consider it as the least of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to ask a partial exertion of his interest in his favour, but only, as the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miss Harriet. "She has seen me," said he, "as I am; if not a romantic lover, I shall not be a different sort of being, should she accept of me for a husband; if she does not, I promise you, I shall be far from being offended, and will always endeavour to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not choosing to be my wife."

Annesly communicated this proposal to his daughter, with a fairness, worthy of that with which it had been entrusted to him: "I come not," said he, "my Harriet, as a despot to command, not as a father to persuade, but merely as the friend of Mr Rawlinson, to disclose his sentiments; that you should judge for yourself, in a matter of the highest importance to you, is the voice of reason and of nature; I blush for those parents who have thought otherwise. I would not even, with a view to this particular case, obtrude my advice; in general you have heard my opinion before, that the violence which we have been accustomed to apply to love, is not always necessary towards happiness in marriage; at the same time, that it is a treason of the highest kind in a woman to take him for her husband, whom a decent affection has not placed in that situation, whence alone she should choose one. But my Harriet has not merely been taught sentiments; I know she has learned the art of forming them; and here she shall be trusted entirely to her own."

The feelings of Harriet on this proposal, and the manner in which her father communicated it, were of so tender a kind, that she could not restrain her tears. There wanted, indeed, but little to induce her to confess all that had passed with Sindall, and throw herself on the clemency of her indulgent parent. Had she practised this sincerity, which is the last virtue we should ever part with, how happy had it been! But it required a degree of fortitude, as well as softness, to make this discovery; besides, that her seducer had, with the tenderest entreaties, and assurances of a speedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him something like a promise of secrecy.

Her answer to this offer of Mr Rawlinson's expressed her sense of the obligation she lay under to him, and to her father; she avowed an esteem for his character equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which she must feel for the man whom she could think of making her husband.

Rawlinson received his friend's account of this determination without discomposure. He said he knew himself well enough to believe, that Miss Annesly had made an honest and a proper declaration; and begged to have an interview with herself, to shew her that he conceived not the smallest resentment at her refusal, which, on the contrary, though it destroyed his hopes, had increased his veneration for her.

"Regard me not," said he to her when they met, "with that aspect of distance, as if you had offended or affronted me; let me not lose that look of kindness, which, as the friend of your father and yourself, I have formerly ex-

ed, in the customary manner, to plead, he stood up, and addressing himself to the judge:—

"I am now, my lord," said he, "in a situation of all others the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country, and I am called to confess or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender: I fly not to the subterfuge of villainy, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have disgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord, and await the judgment of that law, which, though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere."

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the court, and for some time stopped the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magistrate, worthy the tribunal of England, spoke to this effect:—

"I am sincerely sorry, young gentleman, to see one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public safety has been obliged to award an exemplary punishment. Much as I admire the heroism of your confession, I will not suffer advantage to be taken of it to your prejudice: reflect on the consequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity of a legal defence, and speak again, as your own discretion, or your friends, may best advise you."—"I humbly thank your lordship," said Annesly, "for the candour and indulgence which you shew me; but I have spoken the truth, and will not allow myself to think of retracting it."—"I am here," returned his lordship, "as the dispenser of justice, and I have nothing but justice to give; the province of mercy is in other hands: if, upon inquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Annesly was then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge, before whom he was tried, was not unmindful of his promise; and having satisfied himself, that, though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious, he assisted so warmly the applications which, through the interest of Sindall, (for Sindall was in this sincere,) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured, before his sister was suffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annesly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it in such a manner, as might least discompose that delicacy and tenderness of which her mind was so susceptible. The event answered his expectation; that good woman seemed possessed of as much address as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowledge of her brother's situation with so much prudence, that she bore it at first with resignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulness.

After that acknowledgment to Providence which she had been early instructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair, to whom her warmest gratitude was devoted. Besides that herself had the highest opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, since their acquaintance began, to sound forth his praises in the most extravagant strain; and, on the present occasion, her encomiums were loud, in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas therefore began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends; his own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship—of friendship, and no more; but the widow would often insinuate, that he felt more than he expressed; and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little raillery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth, as it would be sorry to lose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall as of one that was her lover; but she began to make such arrangements, as not to be surprised if he should.

One morning, when Sir Thomas had called to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bachelor. "What is your opinion, Miss Annesly?" said she; "is it not a shame for one of Sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress: he said, "The manners of the court ladies, whose example had stretched unhappily too far, were such as made it a sort of venture to be married." He then paused for a moment, sighed, and, fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would choose for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities than mere modesty about her, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged.

CHAP. XX.

An Accident, which may possibly be imagined somewhat more than accidental.

THOUGH the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils which they had experienced, served to enlighten the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son, (in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter,) to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king, and to bear what was a mitigation of his punishment, with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son, which he was prevented from bestowing personally, with a credit for any sum which he might have occasion for against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father, which this letter contained; and even in Annesly's prison there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting, and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these that Sindall observed to Harriet how little she possessed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London, that strangers were most solicitous to see; and proposed that very night to conduct her to the play-house, where the royal family were to be present, at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made answer, "that she could not think of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison."

Upon this, Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept Sir Thomas's invitation; he said, "she knew how often he chose to be alone, at times when he could most command society; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him fraught with the intelligence of the play."

"But there is something unbecoming in it," said Harriet, "in the eyes of others."

"That objection," replied Sindall, "will be easily removed; we shall go, accompanied by Mrs Eldridge, to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintances in town, are dressed so much in the incognito way, as never to be discovered."

Annesly repeated his entreaties, Mrs Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them; and all three urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome, and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the first entertainment of the sort at which Harriet had ever been present, yet the thoughts of her absent brother, in whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over, she begged of her conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of a longer absence from her brother, that the other's solicitations were at last overruled; and making shift to get through the crowd, they left the house, and set out in a hackney coach in their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them against a post, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had luckily put down the glass on that side but a moment before, to look at some object in the street, so that they escaped any mischief which might have ensued from the breaking of it; and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. This disaster happened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which, seeing the discomposure of the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room, till they could readjust themselves, and procure another coach from a neighbouring stand, for which she promised immediately to despatch one of her servants. All this while Sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopped by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned; and taking Harriet's hand with a look of the utmost tenderness, inquired if she felt no hurt from the fall; upon her answering, that, except the fright, she was perfectly well, "Then all is well," said he, pressing her hand to his bosom, which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs Eldridge declared she never tasted any thing between meals; and Harriet said, that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken: this, however, he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs Eldridge setting the

happened that Mrs Wistanly, who called in the afternoon to inquire after her young friend, had just left the very house where her message imported her visit to be made. This set her father on conjecturing, yet without much anxiety, and with no suspicion; but his fears were redoubled, when, having sat up till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, though it could not afford him sleep; at every bark of the village-dogs his heart bounded with the hopes of her return; but the morning arose, and did not restore him his Harriet.

His uneasiness had been observed by his servants, to whom he was too indulgent a master to have his interests considered by them with less warmth than their own. Abraham, therefore, who was coeval with his master, and had served him ever since he was married, had sallied forth by day-break in search of intelligence. He was met accidentally by a huntsman of Sir Thomas Sindall's, who informed him, that as he crossed the lane at the back of the village the morning before, he saw Miss Annesly leaning on Captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him towards a chaise and four, which stood at the end of it. Abraham's cheeks grew pale at this intelligence; because he had a sort of instinctive terror for Camplin, who was in use to make his awkward simplicity a fund for many jests and tricks of mischief, during his visits to Annesly. He hastened home to communicate this discovery to his master, which he did with a faultering tongue, and many ejaculations of fear and surprise. Annesly received it with less emotion, though not without an increase of uneasiness. "Yonder," said Abraham, looking through the window, "is the captain's little boy;" and he ran out of the room to bring him to an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confessed, that his master had sent him to hire a chaise, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning, and that he saw Miss Annesly go into it, attended by the captain, who had not, any more than Miss Harriet, been at home, or heard of since that time. This declaration deprived Annesly of utterance; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquisition, who, now mingling threats with his questions, drew from the boy the secret of his having privately delivered a letter, from his master to Miss Annesly, the very night preceding the day of their departure; and that a man of his acquaintance, who had stopt, about mid-day, at the ale-house where he was quartered, told him, by way of conversation, that he had met his master with a lady, whom he supposed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate on the road towards London. Abraham made a sign to the boy to leave the room.—"My poor dear young lady!" said he, as he shut the door, and the tears gushed from his eyes. His master's were turned upwards, to that Being to whom calamity ever directed them.—The maid-servant now entered the room, uttering some broken exclamations of sorrow, which a violent sobbing rendered inarticulate.—Annesly had finished his account with heaven; and, addressing her with a degree of calmness, which the good man could derive only thence, asked her the cause of her being afflicted in so unusual a manner. "Oh, sir!" said she, stifling her tears, "I have heard what the captain's boy has been telling; I fear it is but too true, and worse than you imagine! God forgive me, if I wrong Miss Harriet; but I suspect—I have suspected for some time"—she burst into tears again,—"that my young lady is with child."—Annesly had stretched his fortitude to the utmost—this last blow overcame it, and he fell senseless on the floor. Abraham threw himself down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagancies of grief. But the maid was more useful to her master; and having raised him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to shew some signs of reviving; when Abraham recollected himself so far as to assist his fellow-servant in carrying him to his chamber, and laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the sense of his misfortune.

Their endeavours for his recovery were seconded by Mrs Wistanly, who had made this early visit to satisfy some doubts which she, as well as Annesly, had conceived, even from the information of the preceding day. When he first regained the use of speech, he complained of a violent shivering, for which this good lady, from the little skill she possessed in physic, prescribed some simple remedies, and at the same time dispatched Abraham for an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who commonly attended the family.

Before this gentleman arrived, Annesly had received so much temporary relief from Mrs Wistanly's prescriptions, as to be able to speak with more ease, than the incessant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. "Alas!" said he, "Mrs Wistanly, have you heard of my Harriet?"—"I have, sir," said she, "with equal astonishment and sorrow; yet let me entreat you not to abandon that hope which the present uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myself to think, that things are so ill as your servants have informed me."—"My foreboding heart," said he, "tells me they are. I remember many circumstances now, which all meet to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs Wistanly, she was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps too much so—the will of heaven be done!"

The apothecary now arrived, who, upon examining into the state of his patient, ordered some warm applications, to remove that uni-

versal coldness he complained of; and left him with a promise of returning in a few hours, when he had finished some visits, which he was under a necessity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr Annesly altered for the worse; the cold, which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He therefore told Mrs Wistanly, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a physician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very distant, to see Mr Annesly, as his situation appeared to him to be attended with some alarming circumstances.

His fears of danger were justified by the event. When these gentlemen saw Mr Annesly in the evening, his fever was increased. Next day, after a restless night, they found every bad symptom confirmed; they tried every method which medical skill could suggest for his relief, but, during four successive days, their endeavours proved ineffectual; and at the expiration of that time, they told his friend, Mrs Wistanly, who had enjoyed almost as little sleep as the sick man whom she watched, that unless some favourable crisis should happen soon, the worst consequences were much to be feared.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The arrival of Mr Rawlinson. Annesly's discourse with him. That Gentleman's account of his Friend's illness, and its consequences.

At this melancholy period it happened that Mr Rawlinson arrived, in pursuance of that promise which Annesly had obtained from him, at the time of his departure for London.

There needed not that warmth of heart we have formerly described in this gentleman, to feel the accumulated distress to which his worthy friend was reduced. Nor was his astonishment at the account which he received of Harriet's elopement less, than his pity for the sufferings it had brought upon her father.

From the present situation of Annesly's family, he did not choose to incommode them with any trouble of provision for him. He took up his quarters, therefore, at the only inn, a paltry one indeed, which the village afforded, and resolved to remain there till he saw what issue his friend's present illness should have, and endeavour to administer some comfort, either to the last moments of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Annesly seemed to feel a sort of relief from the violence of his disease. He spoke with a degree of coolness which he had never before been able to command; and after having talked some little time with his physician, he told Abraham, who seldom quitted his bed-side, that he thought he had seen Mr Rawlinson enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confused slumber at the time, and might have mistaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him, that Mr Rawlinson had been there, that he had left the house but a moment before, and that he was to remain in the village for some time, he expressed the warmest satisfaction at the intelligence; and having made Abraham fetch him a paper which lay in his bureau sealed up in a particular manner, he dispatched him to the inn where his friend was with a message, importing an earnest desire to see him as soon as should be convenient.

Rawlinson had already returned to the house, and was by this time stealing up stairs, to watch the bed-side of his friend, for which task Mrs Wistanly's former unceasing solicitude had now rendered her unfit. He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he observed in his master; and was conducted to the side of the bed by that faithful domestic, who placed him in a chair, which the doctor had just occupied by his patient.

Annesly stretched out his hands, and squeezed that of Rawlinson between them for some time without speaking a word. "I bless God," said he at last, "that he has sent me a comforter, at a moment when I so much need one. You must by this time have heard, my friend, of that latest and greatest of my family misfortunes, with which Providence has afflicted me." ——"You know, my dear sir," answered Rawlinson, "that no one would more sincerely feel for your sorrows than I; but at present it is a subject too tender for you."——"Do not say so," replied his friend; "it will ease my labouring heart to speak of it to my Rawlinson; but, in the first place, I have a little business, which I will now dispatch. Here is a deed, making over all my effects to you, sir; and at your death, to any one you shall name your executor in that trust for my children—if I have any children remaining!—Into your hands I deliver it with a peculiar satisfaction, and I know there will not need the desire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their service.—Why should that word startle you? death is to me a messenger of consolation!" He paused.—Rawlinson put up the paper in silence; for his heart was too full to allow him the use of words for an answer.

"When I lost my son," continued Annesly, "I suffered in silence; and though it preyed on me in secret, I bore up against the weight of my sorrow, that I might not weaken in myself that stay which Heaven had provided for my Harriet.—She was then my only remaining comfort, saved like some precious treasure from the shipwreck of my family; and I fondly hoped, that my age might go down smoothly to its rest, amidst the endearments of a father's care.

—I have now lived to see the last resting-place which my soul could find in this world, laid waste and desolate!—yet to that Being, whose goodness is infinite, as his ways are inscrutable, let me bend in reverence! I bless his name, that he has not yet taken from me that trust in Him, which to lose is the only irremediable calamity; it is now indeed that I feel its efficacy most, when every ray of human comfort is extinguished. As for me—my deliverance is at hand; I feel something here at my heart that tells me, I shall not have long to strive with insufferable affliction. My poor deluded daughter——I commit to thee, Father of all! by whom the wanderings of thy unhappy children are seen with pity, and to whom their return cannot be too late to be accepted! If my friend should live to see her look back with contrition towards that path from which she has strayed, I know his goodness will lead her steps to find it.—Shew her her father's grave! yet spare her for his sake, who cannot then comfort or support her!"

The rest of this narration I will give the reader in Mr Rawlinson's own words, from a letter of his I have now lying before me, of which I will transcribe the latter part, beginning its recital at the close of this pathetic address of his friend.

"As I had been told," says this gentleman, "that he had not enjoyed one sound sleep since his daughter went away, I left him now to compose himself to rest, desiring his servant to call me instantly if he observed any thing particular about his master. He whispered me, 'that when he sat up with him the night before, he could overhear him at times talk wildly, and mutter to himself like one speaking in one's sleep; that then he would start, sigh deeply, and seem again to recollect himself.' I went back to his master's bed-side, and begged him to endeavour to calm his mind so much as not to prevent that repose which he stood so greatly in need of. 'I have prevailed on my physician,' answered he, 'to give me an opiate for that purpose, and I think I now feel drowsy from its effects.' I wished him good-night. 'Good-night,' said he,—'but give me your hand; it is perhaps the last time I shall ever clasp it!' He lifted up his eyes to heaven, holding my hand in his, then turned away his face, and laid his head upon his pillow.—I could not lay mine to rest. Alas! said I, that such should be the portion of virtue like Annesly's! yet to arraign the distribution of Providence, had been to forget that lesson which the best of men had just been teaching me;—but the doubtings, the darkness of feeble man, still hung about my heart.

"When I sent in the morning, I was told that he was still asleep, but that his rest was observed to be frequently disturbed by groans and startings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever done hitherto. I went myself to get more perfect intelligence; his faithful Abraham met me at the door.—'Oh sir,' said he, 'my poor master!'—'What is the matter?'—'I fear, sir, he is not in his perfect senses; for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake.'—He led me into the room, I placed myself directly before him; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine, did not seem to acknowledge its object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

"He muttered something in a very low voice.—'How does my friend?' said I.—He suffered me to take his hand, but answered nothing.—After listening some time, I could hear the name of Harriet. 'Do you want any thing, my dear sir?' He moved his lips, but I heard not what he said.—I repeated my question; he looked up piteously in my face, then turned his eye round as if he missed some object on which it meant to rest.—He shivered, and caught hold of Abraham's hand, who stood at the side of the bed opposite me. He looked round again, then uttered, with a feeble and broken voice, 'Where is my Harriet? lay your hand on my head—this hand is not my Harriet's—she is dead, I know;—You will not speak—my poor child is dead! Yet I dreamed she was alive, and had left me; left me to die alone!—I have seen her weep at the death of a linnet! poor soul, she was not made for this world—we shall meet in heaven!—Bless her! bless her!—there! may you be as virtuous as your mother, and more fortunate than your father has been!—My head is strangely confused!—but tell me, when did she die? you should have waked me, that I might have prayed by her.—Sweet innocence! she had no crimes to confess! I can speak but ill, for my tongue sticks to my mouth.——Yet—oh!—most Merciful, strengthen and support"—He shivered again—'into thy hands!'——He groaned, and died!"

Sindall! and ye who, like Sindall—but I cannot speak!—speak for me their consciences.

CHAP. XXIX.

What befel Harriet Annesly on her leaving her Father.

I AM not in a disposition to stop in the midst of this part of my recital, solicitous to embellish, or studious to arrange it. My readers shall receive it simple, as becomes a tale of sorrow; and I flatter myself they are at this moment readier to feel than to judge it.

They have seen Harriet Annesly, by the artifice of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin, tempted to leave the house of her father, in hopes of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and of receiving that only reparation for her injuries which it was now in his power to make.

But Sir Thomas never entertained the most distant thought of that marriage, with the hopes of which he had deluded her. Yet, though he was not subject to the internal principles of honour or morality, he was man of the world enough to know their value in the estimation of others. The virtues of Annesly had so much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's against him, under the disguise of sacred friendship and regard, would have given the interest and character of Sir Thomas such a blow, as he could not easily have recovered, nor conveniently borne. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he wished for some expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpose he had formed a scheme, which all the knowledge he had of the delicacy of Harriet's affection for him, did not prevent his thinking practicable, (for the female who once falls from innocence, is held to be sunk into perpetual debasement;) and that was, to provide a husband for her in the person of another. And for that husband he pitched on Camplin, with whose character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baseness which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for those pleasures which money alone can purchase, agreed to his proposals; they settled the dowry of his future wife, and the scheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the rest.

When they had been driven with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the postillions, for about eight or nine miles, they stopt at an inn, where they changed horses. Harriet expressed her surprise at their not having already reached the place where Sir Thomas waited them; on which Camplin told her, that it was not a great way off, but that the roads were very bad, and that he observed the horses to be exceedingly jaded.

After having proceeded some miles farther, on a road still more wild and less frequented, she repeated her wonder at the length of the way; on which Camplin, entreating her pardon for being concerned in any how deceiving her, confessed that Sir Thomas was at a place much farther from her father's than he had made her believe; which deceit he had begged of him (Camplin) to practise, that she might not be alarmed at the distance, which was necessary, he said, for that plan of secrecy Sir Thomas had formed for his marriage. Her fears were sufficiently roused at this intelligence, but it was now too late to retreat, however terrible it might be to go on.

Some time after, they stopt to breakfast, and changed horses again, Camplin informing her that it was the last time they should have occasion to do so. Accordingly, in little more than an hour, during which the speed of their progress was nowise abated, they halted at the door of a house, which Harriet, upon coming out of the chaise, immediately recollected to be that fatal one to which Sindall had before conveyed her. She felt, on entering it, a degree of horror, which the remembrance of that guilty night she had before passed under its roof, could not fail to suggest; and it was with difficulty she dragged her trembling steps to a room above stairs, whither the landlady, with a profusion of civility, conducted her.

"Where is Sir Thomas Sindall?" said she, looking about with terror on the well-remembered objects around her. Camplin, shutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmost tenderness and respect, that Sir Thomas was not then in the house, but had desired him to deliver her a letter, which he now put into her hands for her perusal. It contained what follows:

"It is with inexpressible anguish I inform my ever-dearest Harriet, of my inability to perform engagements, of which I acknowledge the solemnity, and which necessity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonstrances of my love; and having accidentally discovered my attachment for you, he insists upon my immediately setting out on my travels, a command, which, in my present situation, I find myself obliged to comply with. I feel, with the most poignant sorrow and remorse, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the loveliest of her sex. I would therefore endeavour, if possible, to conceal the shame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view I have laid aside all selfish considerations so much, as to yield to the suit of Mr Camplin that hand, which I had once the happiness of expecting for myself. This step the exigency of your present circumstances renders highly eligible, if your affections can bend themselves to a man, of whose honour and good qualities I have had the strongest proofs, and who has generosity enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the noblest passion of the mind, which has subjected you to the obloquy of the undiscerning multitude. As Mrs Camplin, you will possess the love and affection of that worthiest of my friends, together with the warmest esteem and regard of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble servant,

THOMAS SINDALL."

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet, whose spirits had just supported her to the end of it, lay now lifeless at his feet. After several successive faintings, from which Camplin, the landlady, and other assistants, with difficulty recovered her, a shower of tears came at last to her relief, and

she became able to articulate some short exclamations of horror and despair! Camplin threw himself on his knees before her. He protested the most sincere and disinterested passion, and that, if she would bless him with the possession of so many amiable qualities as she possessed, the uniform endeavour of his life should be to promote her happiness.—"I think not of thee!" she exclaimed; "O Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain!" Camplin again interrupted her with protestations of his own affection and regard. "Away!" said she, "and let me hear no more! Or, if thou wouldst shew thy friendship, carry me to that father from whom thou stolest me. You will not—but if I can live so long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him."

She was running towards the door; Camplin gently stopped her. "My dearest Miss Annesly, said he, "recollect yourself but a moment; let me conjure you to think of your own welfare, and of that father's whom you so justly love. For these alone, could Sir Thomas Sindall have thought of the expedient which he proposes. If you will now become the wife of your adoring Camplin, the time of the celebration of our marriage need not be told to the world. Under the sanction of that holy tie, every circumstance of detraction will be overlooked, and that life may be made long and happy, which your unthinking rashness would cut off from yourself and your father." Harriet had listened little to this speech, but the swelling of her anger had subsided; she threw herself into a chair, and burst again into tears. Camplin drew nearer, and pressed her hand in his; she drew it hastily from him. "If you have any pity," she cried, "I intreat you, for Heaven's sake, to leave me." He bowed respectfully, and retired, desiring the landlady to attend Miss Annesly, and endeavour to afford her some assistance and consolation.

She had, indeed, more occasion for her assistance than he was then aware of, the violent agitation of her spirits having had such an effect on her, that, though she wanted a month of her time, she was suddenly seized with the pains of child-birth, and they were but just able to procure a woman who acted as a midwife in the neighbourhood, when she was delivered of a girl. Distracted as her soul was, this new object drew forth its instinctive tenderness; she mingled tears with her kisses on its cheeks, and forgot the shame attending its birth, in the natural meltings of a mother.

For about a week after her delivery she recovered tolerably well, and indeed those about her spared no pains or attention to contribute towards her recovery; but, at the end of that period, an accident threw her into the most dangerous situation. She was lying in a slumber, with a nurse watching her, when a servant of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whom his master had employed very actively in the progress of his designs on Miss Annesly, entered the room with a look of the utmost consternation and horror; the nurse beckoned to him to make no noise, signifying, by her gestures, that the lady was asleep; but the opening of the door had already awakened her, and she lay listening, when he told the cause of his emotion. It was the intelligence, which he had just accidentally received, of Mr Annesly's death. The effect of this shock on his unfortunate daughter may be easily imagined; every fatal symptom, which sudden terror or surprise causes in women at such a season of weakness, was the consequence, and next morning a delirium succeeded them.

She was not, however, without intervals of reason, though these were but intervals of anguish much more exquisite. Yet she would sometimes express a sort of calmness and submission to the will of Heaven, though it was always attended with the hopes of a speedy relief from the calamities of her existence.

In one of these hours of recollection, she was asked by her attendants, whose pity was now moved at her condition, if she chose to have any friend sent for who might tend to alleviate her distress; upon which she had command enough of herself to dictate a letter to Mrs Wistanly, reciting briefly the miseries she had endured, and asking, with great diffidence however of obtaining, if she could pardon her offences so far, as to come and receive the parting breath of her once innocent and much-loved Harriet. This letter was accordingly dispatched, and she seemed to feel a relief from having accomplished it; but her reason had held out beyond its usual limits of exertion, and immediately after, she relapsed into her former unconnectedness.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, Camplin, according to his instructions, had proposed sending it away, under the charge of a nurse, whom the landlady had procured, to a small hamlet where she resided, at a little distance. But this the mother opposed with such earnestness, that the purpose had been delayed till now, when it was given up to the care of this woman, accompanied with a considerable sum of money to provide every necessary for its use, in the most ample and sumptuous manner.

When Mrs Wistanly received the letter we have mentioned above, she was not long in doubt as to complying with its request. Her heart bled for the distresses of that once amiable friend, whom virtue might now blame, but goodness could not forsake. She set out therefore immediately in a chaise, which Camplin had provided for her, and reached the house, to which it conveyed her on the morning of the following day; her impatience not suffering her to consider either the danger or inconvenience of travelling all night. From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

Mrs Wistanly's recital. Conclusion of the First Part.

"When I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice, enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of songs, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad: it was she herself sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpsichord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that she stopt in the midst of a quick and lively movement she had begun, and, looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful, that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long; I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; she paid no regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing stedfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to articulate certain imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them out into words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone.——

"'You saved my life once, sir, and I could then thank you, because I wished to preserve it;—but now—no matter, he is happier than I would have him.—I would have nursed the poor old man till he had seen some better days! Bless his white beard!—look there! I have heard how they grow in the grave!—Poor old man!'——

"You weep, my dear sir; but had you heard her speak these words! I can but coldly repeat them.

"All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands, which her frenzy had caused, grew languid as of one breathless and worn out: about midnight she dropped asleep.

"I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the morning, she gave signs of having recovered her senses, by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At first, indeed, her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the request of her letter: 'Tis an office of unmerited kindness, which,' said she, (and I could observe her let fall a tear,) 'will be the last your unwearied friendship for me will have to bestow.' I answered, that I hoped not. 'Ah! Mrs Wistanly,' she replied, 'can you hope so? you are not my friend, if you do.' I wished to avoid a subject which her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kissing her hand, which she had stretched out to me as she spoke.

"At that moment we heard some unusual stir below stairs, and, as the floor was thin and ill laid, the word *child* was very distinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this she started up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond description, exclaimed, 'Oh! my God! what of my child!'—She had scarcely uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and shewed sufficiently, by her countenance, that she had some dreadful tale to tell. By signs I begged her to be silent.—'What is become of my infant?' cried Harriet.—'No ill, madam,' answered the woman, faultering, 'is come to it, I hope.'—'Speak,' said she, 'I charge you, for I will know the worst: speak, as you would give peace to my departing soul!' springing out of bed, and grasping the woman's hands with all her force.——It was not easy to resist so solemn a charge.—'Alas!' said the landlady, 'I fear she is drowned; for the nurse's cloak and the child's wrapper have been found in some ooze which the river had carried down below the ford.' She let go the woman's hands, and wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to heaven till their sight was lost in the sockets.—We were supporting her, each of us holding one of her arms.—She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered with a voice that sounded hollow, as if sunk within her:

"'Power omnipotent! who wilt not lay on thy creatures calamity beyond their strength to bear! if thou hast not yet punished me enough, continue to pour out the phials of thy wrath upon me, and enable me to support what thou inflictest! But if my faults are expiated, suffer me to rest in peace, and graciously blot out the offences which thy judgments have punished here!'—She continued in the same posture for a few moments; then leaning on us as if she meant to rise, bent her head forward, and drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms."

Such was the conclusion of Mrs Wistanly's tale of woe!

Spirits of gentleness and peace! who look with such pity as angels feel, on the distresses

of mortality! often have ye seen me labouring under the afflictions which Providence had laid upon me. Ye have seen me in a strange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, sick, and naked; ye have seen me shivering over the last faggot which my last farthing had purchased, moistening the crust that supported nature with the tears which her misery shed on it! yet have ye seen me look inward with a smile, and overcome them.—If such shall ever be my lot again, so let me alleviate its sorrows; let me creep to my bed of straw in peace, after blessing God that I am not a Man of the World.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.——HOR.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

I was born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home. Though the country that gave me birth gave me but few friends, and of those few the greatest part were early lost, yet the remembrance of her was present with me in every clime to which my fate conducted me; and the idea of those, whose ashes reposed in that humble spot, where they had often been the companions of my infant sports, hallowed it in my imagination with a sort of sacred enthusiasm. I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that visit to the lady mentioned in the First Part, which procured me the information I have there laid before my readers, till I found myself once more obliged to quit it for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs Wistanly was more solemn and affecting than common souls will easily imagine it could have been, upon an acquaintance accidental in its beginning, and short in its duration; but there was something tender and melancholy in the cause of it, which gave an impression to our thoughts of one another, more sympathetic perhaps than what a series of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before we parted, I could not help asking the reason of her secrecy with regard to the story of Annesly and his daughter. In answer to this she informed me, that, besides the danger to which she exposed herself by setting up in opposition to a man, in the midst of whose dependants she proposed ending her days, she was doubtful if her story would be of any service to the memory of her friend: That Camplin (as she supposed by the direction of Sir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad) had universally given out, that Miss Annesly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a false one, the character of that young lady stood no worse, than if the truth were divulged to those, most of whom wanted discernment, as well as candour, to make the distinctions which should enable them to do it justice.

Several years elapsed before I returned to that place, whence, it is probable, I shall migrate no more. My friend, Mrs Wistanly, was one of the persons after whom I first inquired on my arrival. I found her subject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter distresses of age; with the same powers of reason, and the same complacency of temper, I had seen her before enjoy. "These," said she, "are the effects of temperance without austerity, and ease without indolence: I have nothing now to do, but to live without the solicitude of life, and to die without the fear of dying."

At one of our first interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady, who, besides a great share of what is universally allowed the name of beauty, had something in her appearance which calls forth the esteem of its beholders, without their pausing to account for it. It has sometimes deceived me, yet I am resolved to trust it to the last hour of my life; at that time I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had spoken the young lady's eulogium before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs Wistanly repeated it to me after she was gone. "That is one of my children," said she, "for I adopt the children of virtue; and she calls me her mother, because I am old, and she can cherish me."—"I could have sworn to her goodness," I replied, "without any information besides what her countenance afforded me."—"'Tis a lovely one," said she, "and her mind is not flattered in its portrait: though she is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourse, yet she is a frequent visitor at my little dwelling; her name is Sindall."—"Sindall," I exclaimed.—"Yes," said Mrs Wistanly, "but she is not therefore the less amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad soon after you left this place; but for several years he did not reside here, having made a purchase of another estate in a neighbouring county, and busied himself during that time, in superintending the improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him, who, it seems, was left to his care by her father, a friend of Sir Thomas's, who died abroad; and she has lived with his aunt, who keeps house for him, ever since that period."

The mention of Sir Thomas Sindall naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate, Annesly. Mrs Wistanly told me, she had often been anxious in her inquiries about his son William, the only remaining branch of her friend's family; but that neither she, nor Mr Rawlinson, with whom she had

corresponded on the subject, had been able to procure any accounts of him; whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantation to which he was transported in pursuance of his mitigated sentence.

She farther informed me, "that Sindall had shown some marks of contrition at the tragical issue of the scheme he had carried on against the daughter's innocence and the father's peace; and to make some small atonement to the dead for the injuries he had done to the living, had caused a monument to be erected over their graves in the village church-yard, with an inscription, setting forth the piety of Annesly, and the virtues and beauty of Harriet. But, whatever he might have felt at the time," continued she, "I fear the impression was not lasting."

From the following chapters, containing some farther particulars of that gentleman's life, which my residence in his neighbourhood, and my acquaintance with some of the persons immediately concerned in them, gave me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs Wistanly's conclusion was a just one.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

CHAP. I.

Some account of the Persons of whom Sir Thomas Sindall's Family consisted.

The Baronet's family consisted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the Introduction, together with a cousin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was considered as presumptive heir of the Sindall estate, and whose education had been superintended by Sir Thomas. This young gentleman had lately returned from the university, to which his kinsman had sent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is usually the case, sanguine in his favour; and, what is something less usual, they were not disappointed. Beside the stock of learning, which his studies had acquired him, he possessed an elegance of manner, and a winning softness of deportment, which a college life does not often bestow, but proceeded in him from a cause the least variable of any, a disposition instinctively benevolent, and an exquisite sensibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on Sir Thomas Sindall; and their exercise could only be indulged so far as his cousin gave them leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall family, had a considerable patrimony left him by a parent, who had acquired it in the sure and common course of mercantile application. With this, and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmost wish, if he had confined his wishes to what are commonly considered the blessings of life; but, though he was not extravagant to spend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In short, he was of that order of men, who are known by the name of projectors; and wasted the means of present enjoyment, in the pursuit of luxury to come. To himself indeed the loss was but small; while his substance was mouldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died amidst the horrors of a prison, smiling at the prospect of ideal wealth and visionary grandeur.

But with his family it was otherwise; his wife, who had often vainly endeavoured to prevent, by her advice, the destructive schemes of her husband, at last tamely yielded to her fate, and died soon after him of a broken heart, leaving an only son, the Bolton who is now introduced into my story.

The distresses of his father had been always ridiculed by Sir Thomas Sindall, as proceeding from a degree of whim and madness, which it would have been a weakness to pity; his aunt, Mrs Selwyn, joined in the sentiment; perhaps it was really her own: but at any rate she was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew Sir Thomas, and never had much regard for her sister Bolton, for some reasons no less just than common. In the first place, her sister was handsomer than she; secondly, she was sooner married; and, thirdly, she had been blessed with this promising boy, while Mrs Selwyn became a widow, without having had a child.

There appeared then but little prospect of protection to poor Bolton from this quarter; but, as he had no other relation in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the Baronet to admit the boy into his house. His situation, indeed, was none of the most agreeable; but the happy dispositions which nature had given him, suited themselves to the harshness of his fortune; and, in whatever society he was placed, he found

himself surrounded with friends: there was not a servant in the house, who would not risk the displeasure of their master, or Mrs Selwyn, to do some forbidden act of kindness to their little favourite, Harry Bolton.

Sir Thomas himself, from some concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy; his indifference was conquered by degrees, and at last he began to take upon himself the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only this to fix his attachment; benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management and assistance, have something so particular in their nature, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify. Yet I mean not to rob Sindall of the honour of his beneficence; it shall no more want my praise, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

CHAP. II.

Some farther particulars of the Persons mentioned in the foregoing Chapter.

Bolton, however, felt that uneasiness which will ever press upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependence; he had therefore frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmost modesty, a desire to be put into some way of life, that might give him an opportunity of launching forth into the world, and freeing his cousin from the incumbrance of a useless idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promises of indulging so laudable a desire; but day after day elapsed without his putting any of them in execution; the truth was, that he had contracted a sort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult matter to bring himself to the resolution of parting with him.

He contented himself with employing the young man's genius and activity in the direction and superintendence of his country affairs; he consulted him on plans for improving his estate, and intrusted him with the care of their execution: he associated him with himself in matters of difficult discussion as a magistrate; and in the sports of the field, he was his constant companion.

It was a long time before Mrs Selwyn, from some of the reasons I have hinted, could look on Harry with a favourable eye. When Sir Thomas first began to take notice of him, she remonstrated the danger of spoiling boys by indulgence, and endeavoured to counterbalance the estimation of his good qualities, by the recital of little tales which she now and then picked up against him.

It was not till some time after his return from the university, that Harry began to gain ground in the lady's esteem. That attachment and deference to the softer sex, which, at a certain age, is habitual to ours, is reckoned effeminacy amongst boys, and fixes a stain upon their manhood. Before he went to the university, Harry was under this predicament; but, by the time of his return, he had attained the period of refinement, and shewed his aunt all those trifling civilities, which it is the prerogative of the ladies to receive; and which Mrs Selwyn was often more ready to demand, than some males of her acquaintance were to pay. In truth, it required a knowledge of many feminine qualities, which this lady doubtless possessed, to impress the mind with an idea of that courtesy which is due to the sex; for her countenance was not expressive of much softness, the natural strength of her features being commonly heightened by the assistance of snuff, and her conversation generally turning on points of controversy in religion and philosophy, which, requiring an intense exertion of thought, are therefore, I presume, from the practice of the fair in general, no way favourable to the preservation or the improvement of beauty.

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for investigating truth, that Bolton drew an advantage in his approaches towards her esteem. As he was just returned from the seat of learning, where discussions of that sort are common, she naturally applied to him for assistance in her researches: by assistance, I mean opposition; it being the quality of that desire after knowledge with which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing so much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with opposite ones, till they pommel, and belabour one another without mercy; the contest having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertion, commonly appears to have gained strength, as well as honour, from the rencounter.

Bolton indeed did not possess quite so much of this quality as his antagonist: he could not, in common good-breeding, refuse her challenge; but he often maintained the conflict in a manner rather dastardly for a philosopher. He gave, however, full audience to the lady's arguments; and if he sometimes shewed an unwillingness to reply, she considered it as a testimony of her power to silence. But she was generous in her victories: whenever she conceived them completely obtained, she celebrated the prowess of her adversary, and allowed him all that wisdom which retreats from the fortress it cannot defend.

There was, perhaps, another reason, as forcible as that of obliging Mrs Selwyn, or attaining the recondite principles of philosophy, which increased Bolton's willingness to indulge that lady in becoming a party to her disquisitions. There was a spectatress of the combat, whose company might have been purchased at the expence of sitting to hear Aquinas himself dispute upon

theology—Miss Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted, in the Introduction, with my prepossession in her favour, and the character Mrs Wistanly gave in justification of it. They were deceived by neither.

With remarkable quickness of parts, and the liveliest temper, she possessed all that tenderness which is the chief ornament of the female character; and, with a modesty that seemed to shrink from observation, she united an ease and a dignity, that universally commanded it. Her vivacity only rose to be amiable; no enemy could ever repeat her wit, and she had no friend who did not boast of her good-humour.

I should first have described her person: my readers will excuse it; it is not of such minds that I am most solicitous to observe the dwellings: I have hinted before, and I repeat it, that her's was such a one, as no mind need be ashamed of.

Such was the attendant of Mrs Selwyn, whose company the good lady particularly required at those seasons, when she unveiled her knowledge in argument, or pointed her sagacity to instruction. She would often employ Bolton and Miss Lucy to read her certain select passages of books, when a weakness in her own sight made reading uneasy to her: the subjects were rarely of the entertaining kind, yet Harry never complained of their length. This she attributed to his opinion of their usefulness; Lucy called it good-nature. He thought so himself at first; but he soon began to discover, that it proceeded from some different cause; for when Miss Lucy was, by any accident, away, he read with very little complacency. He never suspected it to be love: much less did Lucy; they owned each other for friends; and when Mrs Selwyn used to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy sister; yet he was often not displeased to remember, that she was not his sister indeed.

CHAP. III.

A Natural consequence of some particulars contained in the last.

The state of the mind may be often disguised, even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it.

Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him sigh and blush.

He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him, in the melancholy of lonely recesses, and half-worn paths, and his day-dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object.

He had strayed, in one of those excursions, about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre, in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade.

The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the water-fall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons, who inhabited the neighbouring copse.

Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. "I will give you some music in return," said he; and drew from his pocket a small-piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening-walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air which himself had composed; he thought he had played it by chance: but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close.

She was indeed listening to its close; for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute; they had something of fairy music in them that suited the scene, and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat, though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered, that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. "I know," said she, "you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray touch that little melancholy tune again." He began, but he played very ill. "You blow it," said she, "not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it."—She put it to her mouth, but she wanted the skill to give it voice.—"There cannot be much art in it;"—she tried it again—"and yet it will not speak at my bidding."—She looked stedfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses, with which the poets make Diana greet her sister huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise.

Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. "What do you mean, Mr Bolton?"

said she, dropping the flute to the ground.—"'Twas a forfeiture," he replied, stammering, and blushing excessively, "for attempting to blow my flute."—"I don't understand you," answered Lucy, and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time rivetted to the spot; when he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, "I cannot bear your anger," said he, "though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offence of him, whose respect is equal to his love."—"Your love, Mr Bolton!"—"I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed me from the prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul; till this moment I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill."—He paused—she was looking fixedly on the ground, drawing her hand softly from his, which refused involuntarily to quit its hold.—"May I not hope?" said he—"You have my pardon, Mr Bolton."—"But"—"I beg you," said Lucy, interrupting him, "to leave this subject; I know your merit, Mr Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand."—"Pity then, and forgive me."—She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips—she blushed,—and blushed in such a manner——They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh, and that blush, would not have been understood.

CHAP. IV.

Bolton is separated from Miss Sindall.

There was too much innocence in the breast of Lucy, to suffer it to be furnished with disguise. I mean not to throw any imputation on that female delicacy, which, as Milton expresses it,

"—would be woo'd, and not unsought be won."

This, in truth, cannot be called art, because nature has given it to all her females. Let it simply proceed from modesty, and it will never go too far; but the affectation of it is ever the consequence of weakness in the head, or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miss Sindall to have been subject to neither; she did not therefore assume the pride of indifference which she did not feel, to the attachment of so much worth as Bolton's, and he had soon the happiness to find, that his affection, which every day increased, was not lavished without hope of a return.

But he did not seem to be so fortunate, meanwhile, in the estimation of every person in the family: Sir Thomas Sindall had not of late shown that cordiality towards Bolton, with which he had been wont to favour him. As Harry was unconscious of any reason he could have given for it, this alteration in his cousin's behaviour was, for some time, altogether unnoticed by him; and, when at last he was forced to observe it, he attributed it to no particular cause, but considered it as merely the effect of some accidental and temporary chagrin; nor did he altogether change his opinion, even when Lucy suggested to him her fears on the subject, and entreated him to recollect, if he had, in any respect, disobliged his cousin, whose behaviour seemed to her to indicate some disgust conceived particularly against him.

Not long after, the Baronet informed his family of his purpose of changing their place of residence, for some time, from Sindall-park, to his other estate, where, he said, he found his presence was become necessary; and at the same time communicated to Bolton his desire, that he should remain behind, to superintend the execution of certain plans which he had laid down with regard to the management of some country business at the first mentioned place. Harry thought this sufficiently warranted his expressing a suspicion, that his company had not, of late, been so agreeable to Sir Thomas as it used to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him. "Offended me, my dear boy!" replied Sir Thomas; "Never in the least.—From what such an idea could have arisen, I know not; if from my leaving you here behind when we go to Bilswood, it is the most mistaken one in the world: 'tis but for a few months, till those affairs I talked to you of are finished; and I hope there to have opportunity of showing, that, in your absence, I shall be far from forgetting you."

During the time of their stay at Sindall-park, he behaved to Harry in so courteous and obliging a manner, that his suspicions were totally removed; and he bore with less regret than he should otherwise have done, a separation from his Lucy, which he considered as temporary; besides, that his stay behind was necessary to him, whose countenance and friendship, his attachment to that young lady had now rendered more valuable in his estimation. Love increases the list of our dependencies; I mean it not as an argument against the passion; that sex, I trust, whose power it establishes, will point its vassals to no pursuit but what is laudable.

Their farewell scene passed on that very spot, which I have described in the last chapter, as witness to the declaration of Bolton's passion. Their farewell—but where the feelings say much, and the expression little, description will seldom succeed in the picture.

Their separation, however, was alleviated by the hope that it was not likely to be of long continuance: Sir Thomas's declaration, of his intending that Harry should follow them in a few months, was not forgotten; and the intermediate days were swallowed up, in the antici-

pation of the pleasures which that period should produce.

In the mean time, they took something from the pain of absence by a punctual correspondence. These letters I have seen: they describe things little in themselves; to Bolton and Lucy they were no trifles, but by others their importance would not be understood. One recital only I have ventured to extract for the perusal of the reader; because I observe, that it strongly affected them, who, in this instance, were interested no more than any to whom the feelings it addresses are known; and some of my readers, probably, have the advantage of not being altogether unacquainted with the persons of whom it speaks.

CHAP. V.

An Adventure of Miss Sindall's at Bilwood.

To assume her semblance, is a tribute which vice must often pay to virtue. There are popular qualities which the world looks for, because it is aware, that it may be sometimes benefited by their exertion. Generosity is an excellence, by the apparent possession of which I have known many worthless characters buoyed up from their infamy; though with them it was, indeed, but thoughtless profusion; and, on the other hand, I have seen amiable men marked out with a sneer by the million, from a temperance or reservedness of disposition, which shuns the glare of public, and the pleasures of convivial life, and gives to modesty and gentle manners the appearance of parsimony and meanness of spirit.

The imputation of merit with mankind, Sindall knew to be a necessary appendage to his character; he was careful, therefore, to omit no opportunity of stepping forth to their notice as a man of generosity. There was not a gentleman's servant in the county, who did not talk of the knight's munificence in the article of vails; and a park-keeper was thought a happy man, whom his master sent with a haunch of venison to Sir Thomas. Once a-year too he feasted his tenants, and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood, on the large lawn in the front of his house, where the strong-beer ran cascade-wise from the mouth of a leaden Triton.

But there were objects of compassion, whose relief would not have figured in the eye of the public, on whom he was not so remarkable for bestowing his liberality. The beggars, he complained, were perpetually stealing his fruit, and destroying his shubbery; he, therefore, kept a wolf-dog to give them their answer at the gate; and some poor families in the village on his estate had been brought to beggary by prosecutions for poaching, an offence which every country gentleman is bound, in honour, to punish with the utmost severity of the law; and cannot, therefore, without a breach of that honour, alleviate by a weak and ill-judged exercise of benevolence.

Miss Lucy, however, as she could not so strongly feel the offence, would sometimes contribute to lessen the rigour of its punishment, by making small presents to the wives and children of the delinquents. Passing, one evening, by the door of a cottage, where one of those pensioners on her bounty lived, she observed, standing before it, a very beautiful lap-dog, with a collar and bell, ornamented much beyond the trappings of any animal that could belong to the house. From this circumstance her curiosity was excited to enter, when she was not a little surprised to find a young lady in a most elegant undress, sitting on a joint-stool by the fire, with one of the children of the family on her lap. The ladies expressed mutual astonishment in their countenances at this meeting, when the good woman of the house running up to them, and clasping a hand of each in her's, "Blessings," said she, "thousands of blessings on you both! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes never looked on."—The infant clapped its hands as if instinctively.—"Dear heart!" continued its mother, "look, if my Tommy be not thanking you too! well may he clap his hands; if it had not been for your gracious selves, by this time his hands would have been cold clay! (mumbling his fingers in her mouth, and bathing his arms with her tears.) When you strictly forbade me to tell mortal of your favours, oh! how I longed to let each of you know, that there was another lady in the world as good as herself."

The stranger had now recovered herself enough to tell Miss Lucy, how much it delighted her to find, that a young lady, of her figure, did not disdain to visit affliction, even amongst the poor and the lowly. "That reflection," answered the other, "applies more strongly to the lady who makes it, than to her who is the occasion of its being made. I have not, madam, the honour of your acquaintance; but methinks, pardon my boldness, that I feel as if we were not strangers; at least, I am sure that I should reckon it a piece of singular good fortune, if this interview could entitle me to call you stranger no longer." Their landlady cried and laughed by turns; and her two guests were so much pleased with this meeting, that they appointed a renewal of it, at an hour somewhat earlier of the subsequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time of appointment; when she learned, that the stranger was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whom a difference of disposition from that of Sir Thomas Sindall, arising at last to a particular coolness, had entirely estranged for many years from the Baronet, and prevented all intercourse between the families.

When this lady arrived, she brought such

tidings along with her, that I question, if in all the sumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found so much sincerity of joy, as within the ragged and mouldering walls of the hovel which she graced with her presence. She informed the grateful mistress of it, that, by her intercession with some justices of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's husband was brought, his punishment had been mitigated to a small fine, which she had undertaken to pay, and that he would very soon be on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family at this intelligence was such as they could not, nor shall I, attempt to express. His deliverance was indeed unexpected, because his crime was great: no less than that of having set a gin in his garden, for some cats that used to prey on a single brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciously hanged a hare, which the Baronet's game-keeper next morning discovered in it.

His wife and little ones seemed only to be restrained by the respected presence of their guests, from running out to meet a husband and a father restored to them from captivity. The ladies, observing it, encouraged them in the design; and having received the good woman's benediction on her knees, they walked out together; and leaving the happy family on the road to the prison, turned down a winding romantic walk, that followed the mazes of a rill in an opposite direction.

Lucy, whose eyes had been fixed with respectful attention on her fair companion, ever since her arrival at the cottage, now dropped a tear from each. "You will not wonder at these tears, madam," said she, "when you know that they are my common sign of joy and admiration; they thank you on behalf of myself and my sex, whose peculiar beauty consists in those gentle virtues you so eminently possess; my heart feels not only pleasure, but pride, in an instance of female worth so exalted. Though the family in which I live, from some cause unknown to me, have not the happiness of an intercourse with yours, yet your name is familiar to my ear, and carries with it the idea of every amiable and engaging quality."—"Nor am I," returned the other, "a stranger to the name, or the worth, of Miss Sindall; and I reckon myself singularly fortunate, not only to have accidentally made an acquaintance with her, but to have made it in that very style, which effectually secures the esteem her character had formerly impressed me with."—"Beneficence indeed," replied Lucy, "is a virtue, of which the possession may entitle to an acquaintance with one to whom that virtue is so particularly known."—"It is no less a pleasure than a duty," rejoined her companion; "but I, Miss Sindall, have an additional incitement to the exercise of it, which perhaps, as the tongue of curiosity is at one time as busy as its ear is attentive at another, you may ere this have heard of. That ancient building, to which the walk we are on will, in a few minutes, conduct us, was formerly in the possession of one, in whose bosom resided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity. He, Miss Sindall,—why should I blush to tell it?—in the sordid calculation of the world, his attachment was not enviable; the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with sorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! your feelings, Miss Lucy, will understand this—the dear youth left me executrix of that philanthropy which death alone could stop in its course. To discharge this trust, is the business of my life; for I hold myself bound to discharge it."

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle surrounded with trees, and fenced by a rail, in front of an antique-looking house, the gate of which was ornamented with a rudely sculptured crest, cyphered round with the initials of some name, which time had rendered illegible; but a few paces before it, was placed a small urn, of modern workmanship, and on a tablet beneath, was written,

To the Memory
of
William Harley.

Lucy stepped up to read this inscription; "Harley!" said she; "how I blush to think, that I have scarcely ever heard of the name!"—"Alas!" said Miss Walton, "his actions were not of a kind that is loudly talked of: but what is the fame of the world? by him its voice could not now be heard!"—There was an ardent earnestness in her look, even amidst the melancholy with which her countenance was impressed. "There is a blank at the bottom of the tablet," said Lucy. Her companion smiled gloomily at the observation, and, leaning on the urn in a pensive attitude, replied, "that it should one day be filled up."

They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place: Lucy was somewhat alarmed at the sound; but her fears were removed, when she discovered it to proceed from a venerable old man, who, advancing towards them, accosted Miss Walton by her name, who, in her turn, pronounced the word Peter! in the tone of surprise. She stretched out her hand, which he clasped in his, and looked in her face with a certain piteous wistfulness, while a tear was swelling in his eye. "My dear lady," said he, "I have travelled many a mile since I saw your ladyship last: by God's blessing I have succeeded very well in the business your ladyship helped me to set up; and, having some dealings with a tradesman in London, I have been as far as that city and back again; and, said I to myself,

if I could venture on such a journey for the sake of gain, may I not take a shorter for the sake of thanking my benefactress, and seeing my old friends in the country? and I had a sort of yearning to be here, to remember good Mrs Margery, and my dear young master.—God forgive me for weeping, for he was too good for this world!" —The tears of Miss Walton and Lucy accompanied his.—"Alack-a-day!" continued Peter, "to think how things will come to pass! that there tree was planted by his own sweet hand! —I remember it well, he was then but a boy; I stood behind him, holding the plants in my apron thus:—'Peter,' said he, as he took one to stick it in the ground, 'perhaps I shall not live to see this grow!'—'God grant your honour may,' said I, 'when I am dead and gone!' and I lifted up the apron to my eyes, for my heart grew big at his words; but he smiled in my face, and said, 'We shall both live, Peter, and that will be best.' Ah! I little thought then, Miss Walton, I little thought!"—and he shook his thin grey locks!—The heart of apathy itself could not have withstood it; Miss Walton's and Lucy's, melting and tender at all times, were quite overcome.

They stood for some time silent; Miss Walton at last recollected herself: "Pardon me, Miss Sindall," said she, "I was lost in the indulgence of my grief: let us leave this solemn scene, I have no right to tax you with my sorrows."—"Call not their participation by that name," answered Lucy, "I know the sacredness of sorrow; yours are such as strengthen the soul while they melt it."

CHAP. VI.

A change in Bolton's situation.

The reader will pardon the digression I have made; I would not, willingly, lead him out of his way, except into some path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation which Bolton entertained, of seeing his Lucy at a period not very remote.

But that period was not destined to arrive so soon. When he expected Sir Thomas's commands, or rather his permission, to visit the family at Bilswood, he received a letter from that gentleman, purporting, that he had at last been able to put him in the way of attaining that independence he had so often wished for, having just procured him a commission in a regiment then stationed in Gibraltar; that though he, (Sir Thomas,) as well as Mrs Selwyn and Lucy, was exceedingly desirous to have an opportunity of bidding him farewell, yet he had prevailed on himself to waive that pleasure, from the consideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was absolutely necessary that he should join his regiment immediately. He inclosed letters of introduction to several gentlemen of his acquaintance in London, remitted him drafts on that place, for a considerable sum, to fit him out for his intended expedition, and begged that he might lose no time in repairing thither for that purpose. He ended with assuring him of the continuance of his friendship, which, he declared, no distance of time or place could alienate or impair.

The effect which this letter had upon Bolton, as he was then circumstanced, my readers can easily imagine. There was another accompanied it; a note from his Lucy: she intended it for comfort, for it assumed the language of consolation; but the depression of her own spirits was visible, amidst the hopes with which she meant to buoy up those of Bolton.

With this letter for its text, did his imagination run over all the delights of the past, and compare them with the disappointment of the present. Yet those tender regrets which the better part of our nature feels, have something in them to blunt the edge of that pain they inflict, and confer on the votaries of sorrow a sensation that borders on pleasure. He visited the walks which his Lucy had trod, the trees under which she had sat, the prospects they had marked together, and he would not have exchanged his feelings for all that luxury could give, or festivity inspire. Nor did he part with the idea after the object was removed; but, even on the road to London, to which place he began his journey next morning, 'twas but pulling out his letter again, humming over that little melancholy air which his Lucy had praised, and the scene was present at once. It drew indeed a sigh from his bosom, and an unmanly tear stood in his eye; yet the sigh and the tear were such, that it was impossible to wish it removed.

CHAP. VII.

His arrival, and situation in London.

When Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied, without delay, to those persons for whom he had letters from Sir Thomas Sindall, whose instructions the Baronet had directed him to follow, in that course of military duty which he had now enabled him to pursue.

In the reception he met with, it is not surprising that he was disappointed. He looked for that cordial friendship, that warm attachment, which is only to be found in the smaller circles of private life, which is lost in the bustle and extended connexion of large societies. The letters he presented were read with a civil indifference, and produced the unmeaning professions of ceremony and politeness. From some of those to whom they were addressed, he had invita-

tions, which he accepted with diffidence, to feasts which he partook with disgust; where he sat, amidst the profusion of ostentatious wealth, surrounded with company he did not know, and listening to discourse in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain honest tradesman, to whom he happened to carry a commission from Mrs Wistanly, was the only person who seemed to take an interest in his welfare. At this man's house he received the welcome of a favoured acquaintance, he eat of the family-dinner, and heard the jest which rose for their amusement: for ceremony did not regulate the figure of their table; nor had fashion banished the language of nature from their lips. Under this man's guidance he transacted any little business his situation required, and was frequently conducted by him to those very doors, whose lordly owners received him in that manner, which grandeur thinks itself entitled to assume, and dependence is constrained to endure.

After some days of inquiry and solicitude, he learned, that it was not necessary for him to join his regiment so speedily as Sir Thomas's letter had induced him to believe.

Upon obtaining this information, he immediately communicated it to the Baronet, and signified, at the same time, a desire of improving that time, which this respite allowed him for his stay in England, in a visit to the family at Bilswood. But with this purpose his cousin's ideas did not at all coincide; he wrote Harry an answer, disapproving entirely his intentions of leaving London, and laid down a plan for his improvement in military science, which could only be followed in the metropolis. Here was another disappointment; but Harry considered it his duty to obey.

What he felt, however, may be gathered from the following letter, which he wrote to Miss Sindall, by the post succeeding that which brought him the instructions of Sir Thomas.

"As I found, soon after my arrival here, that the necessity of joining my regiment immediately was superseded, I hoped by this time to have informed my dearest Lucy of my intended departure from London, to be once more restored to her and the country.

"I have suffered the mortification of another disappointment: Sir Thomas's letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter; I confess the reasonableness of his opinion; but reason and Sir Thomas cannot feel like Bolton.

"When we parted last, we flattered ourselves with other prospects; cruel as the reflection is, I feel a sort of pleasure in recalling it, especially when I venture to believe that my Lucy has not forgotten our parting.

"To-morrow is Christmas day; I call to remembrance our last year's holidays; may these be as happy with you, though I am not to partake them! Write me every particular of these days of jollity; fear not, as your last letter expresses it, tiring me with trifles; nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myself at Bilswood; here I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing amidst the busy crowd that surrounds me: your letters give me some interest in myself, because they shew me that I am something to my Lucy; she is every thing to her

BOLTON."

CHAP. VIII.

Filial Piety.

BOLTON had a disposition towards society that did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourse. He was every one's friend in his heart, till some positive demerit rendered a person unworthy of his good-will.

He had not long possessed his lodgings in town, till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady; the latter he found to be the representative of the family, from a power of loquacity very much superior to her husband, who seemed to be wonderfully pleased with his wife's conversation, and very happy under what might not improperly be termed her government.

To Mrs Terwitt, therefore, (for that was the lady's name,) did Bolton address his approaches towards an acquaintance, and from her he had the good fortune to find them meet with a favourable reception. They were so intimate the second week of his residence in the house, that she told him the best part of the transactions of her life, and consulted him upon the disposal of her eldest daughter in marriage, whom a young tradesman, she said, had been in suit of ever since the Easter-holidays preceding. "We can give her," added she, "something handsome enough for a portion; and the old gentleman above stairs has promised her a present of a hundred pounds on her wedding-day, provided she marries to please him."

"The gentleman above stairs?" said Bolton; "how have I been so unlucky as never to have heard of him before?"

"He is not at present in town," replied the landlady; "having gone about a fortnight ago to Bath, whence he is not yet returned. Indeed, I fear his health requires some stay at that place, for he has been but poorly of late; heaven preserve his life, for he is a good friend of ours, and of many one's else who stand in need of his friendship. He has an estate, sir, of a thousand pounds a-year, and money besides, as I have been told, yet he chooses to live private, as you will see, and spends, I believe, the most of his income in charitable actions."

"I did indeed," said Harry, "observe a

young man come to the door this morning at an early hour, and I heard him ask if the gentleman was returned; but I did not then know that he meant any person who lodged here."—"Ay, sure enough he meant Mr Rawlinson," said Mrs Terwitt, "and I wish he may not feel his absence much, for he has called here frequently of late, and the last time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty observed that the tears gushed from his eyes."—"When he calls again," said Bolton, "I beg that I may be informed of it."

Next morning he heard somebody knock at the door, much about the time he had seen the young man approach it the preceding day. Upon going to the window, he observed the same stripling, but his dress was different; he had no coat to cover a thread-bare waistcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know that he was aware of his being at the door, and resumed his own station at the window. The youth repeated his inquiries after Mr Rawlinson, and, upon receiving the same answer, cast up to heaven a look of resignation, and retired.

Bolton slipped down stairs, and followed him; his lodgings were situated near Queen Square; the lad took the country-road, and went on without stopping till he reached Pancras churchyard. He stood, seemingly entranced, over a new-covered grave at one end of it. Harry placed himself under cover of a tomb hard by, where he could mark him unperceived.

He held his hands clasped in one another, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Bolton stole from out his hiding-place, and approached towards the spot. The poor lad began to speak, as if addressing himself to the dead beneath.

"Thou canst not feel their cruelty; nor shall the winds of winter chill thee, as they do thy wretched son:—Inhuman miscreants! but these shall cover thee."—He threw himself on the ground, and spread his arms over the grave, on which he wept.

Bolton stooped down to raise him from the earth: he turned, and gazed on him, with a look wildered and piteous. "Pardon a stranger, young man," said Bolton, "who cannot but be interested in your sorrow; he is not entitled to ask its cause, yet his heart swells with the hope of removing it."—"May Heaven requite you," replied the stranger, "for your pity to a poor orphan! Oh! sir, I have not been used to beg, and even to receive charity is hard upon me; did I mean to move compassion, I have a story to tell—You weep already, sir; hear me, and judge if I deserve your tears.

"Here lies my father, the only relation whom misfortune had left to own me; but Heaven had sent us a friend in that best of men, Mr Rawlinson. He came accidentally to the knowledge of our sufferings, and took on himself the charge of relieving them, which the cruelty of our own connexions had abandoned; but alas! when, by his assistance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was seized with that illness of which he died. Some small debts, which his short time in business had not yet allowed him to discharge, were put in suit against him by his creditors. His sickness and death, which happened a few days ago, did but hasten their proceedings; they seized, sir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr Rawlinson was out of town, and I fancy he never received those letters I wrote to him to Bath. I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but these rags on my back, I sold to bury the best of fathers; but my little all was not enough; and the man whom I employed for his funeral, took yesterday, from off these clods, the very sod which had covered him, because I had not wherewithal to pay its price." Bolton fell on his neck, and answered him with his tears.

He covered the dust of the father, and clothed the nakedness of the son; and, having placed him where it was in his power to make future inquiries after his situation, left him to bless Providence for the aid it had sent, without knowing the hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth pressed to his lips at parting, and begged earnestly to know the name of his benefactor. "I am a friend," said Bolton, "of Mr Rawlinson, and humanity."

CHAP. IX.

A very alarming Accident; which proves the means of Bolton's getting acquainted with his Fellow-lodger.

When Bolton returned, in the evening, from those labours of charity he had undertaken, he found that the family were abroad, supping, in a body, with the daughter's lover; the maid sat up to wait their home-coming; and Bolton, who had more liberty, but much less inclination to sleep, betook himself to meditation.

It was now near midnight, and the hum of Betty's spinning-wheel, which had frequently intermitted before, became entirely silent, when Bolton was alarmed with a very loud knocking of the watchman at the door, and presently a confused assemblage of voices crying out, "Fire, Fire!" echoed from one end of the street to the other. Upon opening his window, he discovered too plainly the reason of the alarm; the flames were already appearing at the windows of the ground-floor, to which they had probably been communicated by the candle, which the maid had burning by her in the kitchen below.

She had now at last awaked, and was running about before the door of the house, wringing her hands, and speaking incoherently to the few who

were assembled by the outcry, without having recollection enough to endeavour to save any thing belonging to herself or her master.

Bolton, who had more the possession of his faculties, entreating the assistance of some watchmen, whom the occasion had drawn together, made shift to convey into the street a few things which he took to be the most valuable; desiring Betty to be so much mistress of herself, as to keep an eye upon them for her master's benefit.

She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and despair, till at last, starting as it were into the remembrance of something forgot, she cried out vehemently, "Oh, my God! where is Mr Rawlinson?"

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her question, and pushing through the flames, which had now taken hold of the staircase, forced his way into the bed-chamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening, and, being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow-lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze, and, on attempting to rise, was stifled with the smoke that poured in at every cranny of the floor, and fell senseless at his bedside, where Bolton found him upon entering the room.

On endeavouring to carry him down stairs, he found it had now become impracticable, several of the steps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down in flaming brands, since the moment before, when he had ascended.

He had presence of mind enough left to observe, that the back-part of the house was not so immediately affected by the flames; he carried Mr Rawlinson therefore into a room on that side, and, having beat out the sash, admitted air enough to revive him. The latter presently recollected his situation, and asking Harry if it was possible to get down stairs, heard him answer in the negative with remarkable composure. "As for me," said he, "I shall lose but few of my days; but I fear, sir, your generous concern for a stranger has endangered a life much more valuable than mine: let me beg of you to endeavour to save yourself, which your strength and agility may enable you to do, without regarding a poor, worn-out, old man, who would only encumber you in the attempt." Bolton, with a solemn earnestness, declared, that no consideration should tempt him to such a desertion.

He had before this vainly endeavoured to procure a ladder, or some other assistance, from the people below; the confusion of the scene prevented their affording it: he considered, therefore, if he could not furnish some expedient from within, and having untied the cordage of a bed which stood in the room, he found it would make a sufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he fastened round Mr Rawlinson's waist, in such a way that his arms should support part of the weight of his body, and sliding it over the edge of the window, so as to cause somewhat more resistance in the descent, he let him down, in that manner, till he was within reach of some assistants below, who caught him in their arms; then fastening the end of the rope round the post of the bed, he slid so far down upon it himself, that he could safely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr Rawlinson to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with some clothes belonging to the landlord, he returned to see what progress the fire had been making, when he found, that, happily, from a piece of waste ground's lying between the house where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got so much under, as to be in no danger of spreading any farther.

Upon going back to Mr Rawlinson, he found him sitting in the midst of the family with whom he had lodged, ministering comfort to their distresses: the unfortunate Betty, whom, as she stood self-condemned for her neglect, he considered as the greatest sufferer, he had placed next him. "You shall not," said he, addressing himself to the old folks, "interrupt the happiness of my friend Nancy, or her lover here, with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your losses, provided your good humour is not of the number.

"But who," continued the old gentleman, "shall reward Mr Bolton for the service he has done us all?"—"May Heaven reward him!" cried Mrs Terwitt, and all her audience answered, "Amen!"—"You pray well," said Mr Rawlinson, "and your petition is heard; on him, to whom the disposition of benevolence is given, its recompence is already bestowed."

CHAP. X.

Effects of his acquaintance with Mr Rawlinson.

Such was Bolton's introduction to Mr Rawlinson's acquaintance; and, from the circumstance of its commencement, my readers will easily believe, that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinson saw his own virtues warm and active in the bosom of his young friend; while Harry contemplated, with equal delight, that serenity, which their recollection bestowed on the declining age of Rawlinson.

In one of his visits to the old gentleman, some time after the accident related in the foregoing chapter, he found with him that very youth, whose sorrow, over the grave of his father, he had so lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midst of their

recital as Bolton entered the room, and had just mentioned, with regret, his ignorance of his benefactor, when the door opened and discovered him. Bolton could not help blushing at the discovery; the other, starting from his seat, exclaimed, "It is he! it is himself!" threw himself on his knees before Harry, with tears in his eyes, and poured out some broken expressions of the warmest gratitude. "It was you then," said Mr Rawlinson, "who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears; but I will thank Heaven, that there are some such men to preserve my veneration for the species."—"I trust, my dear sir," said Bolton, "that there are many to whom such actions are habitual."—"You are a young man," interrupted the other, "and it is fit you should believe so; I will believe so too, for I have sometimes known what it is to enjoy them.—Go, my boy," turning to the lad, "and wish for the luxury of doing good; remember Mr Bolton, and be not forgetful of Providence."

"The father of that young man," said Mr Rawlinson, when he was gone, "was a school-fellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthiest creatures in the world; but, from a milkiness of disposition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of suspicion, he suffered himself to become a dupe to the artifices of some designing men; and when, some time ago, I discovered his place of abode in an obscure village in the country, I found him stripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy, who has just now left us, whose mother, it seems, had died when he was a child. Yet, amidst the distresses of his poverty, I found that easiness of temper, which had contributed to bring them on, had not forsaken him; he met me with a smile of satisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of some wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of disappointment. He seemed, indeed, to feel for his child; but comforted himself at the same time with the reflection, that he had bred him to expect adversity with composure, and to suffer poverty with contentment. He died, poor man, when I had put him in a way of living with some comfort; nor had I even an opportunity of doing the common offices of friendship to his last moments, my health having obliged me to go down to Bath, whence I had removed to Bristol, and did not receive any accounts of his illness till my return to London. I am in your debt, Mr Bolton, for some supplies to his son; let me know what those were, that we may clear the account." Bolton replied, that he hoped Mr Rawlinson could not wish to deprive him of the pleasure he felt from the reflection of having assisted so much filial piety in distress. "It shall be in your own way," said the old gentleman; "I am not such a niggard as to grudge you the opportunity; yet I cannot but regret my absence, when I should have closed the eyes of poor Jennings. He was the last of those companions of my childhood, whose history in life I had occasion to be acquainted with; the rest, Mr Bolton, had already fallen around me, and I am now left within a little of the grave, without a friend (except one, whom accident has acquired me in you) to smooth the path that leads to it; but that is short, and therefore it matters not much. At my age, nature herself may be expected to decline; but a lingering illness is shortening her date. I would do therefore what good I can, in the space that is left me, and look forward, if I may be allowed, to make some provision for the service of futurity. Here are two papers, sir, which, on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your custody. That in the parchment-cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorise you to open; the other, marked 'Trust-deed by Mr Annesly,' I can explain to you now. That man, Mr Bolton, who is now a saint in Heaven, was prepared for it by the severest calamities on earth: the guilt and misfortunes of two darling children cut short the remnant of a life, whose business it was to guide, and whose pleasure to behold, them in the paths of virtue and of happiness. At the time of his death they were both alive; one, alas! did not long survive her father; what has become of her brother, I have never been able to learn; but this trust, put into my hands in their behalf, may still be of importance to him or his, and to you therefore I make it over for that purpose; for though, by Mr Annesly's settlement, the subject of the trust accrues to me on the failure of his own issue, yet would I never consider it as mine, while the smallest chance remained of his son, or the descendants of his son, surviving; and even were the negative certain, I should then only look on myself as the steward of my friend, for purposes which his goodness would have dictated, and it becomes his trustee to fulfil. In such a charge I will not instruct my executor; I have been fortunate enough to find one whose heart will instruct him."

Bolton, while he promised an execution of this trust worthy of the confidence reposed in him, could not help expressing his surprise at Mr Rawlinson's choice of him for that purpose. "I do not wonder," replied the other, "that you should think thus, for thus has custom taught us to think. I have told you how friendless and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, shall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the sympathy of virtue?"

CHAP. XI.

A remarkable Event in the History of Bolton.—His behaviour in consequence of it.

The provisions which Mr Rawlinson had made, for an event of which he had accustomed himself to think with composure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the conversation with Bolton, which I have just recorded.

Bolton was affected with the most lively sorrow for his death. His friendship, though but lately acquired, had something uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry, who had returned it in the most unreserved manner, felt the want both of that kindness which soothed, and that wisdom which instructed him.

Upon opening the sealed paper which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr Rawlinson, it was found to be that gentleman's will, devising his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr Bolton. The reason given for this, in the body of the paper itself, was expressed in the following words: "Because I know no man who has deserved more of myself; none who will deserve more of mankind, in the disposal of what I have thus bequeathed him."

Bolton was fully sensible of the force of this recommendation to the exercise of a virtue which he had always possessed, and had only wanted power to practise. He acted as the almoner of Mr Rawlinson, and justified his friend's method of benefaction, (for so this disposal of his affairs might be called,) by joining with the inclination to do good, that choice of object and that attention to propriety, which dignifies the purpose, and doubles the use of beneficence.

Having settled accounts of this kind in town, (amongst which those of young Jennings and the Terwitt family were not forgotten,) he set out for that estate which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr Rawlinson. With what ideas he made this visit, and in what manner he expressed them on his arrival, I shall allow his own words to describe, in the following letter to Miss Sindall.

"*Wilbrook.*

"My Lucy will not blame me for want of attention, because she has heard of, what the world will call, my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not address those short letters of recital, which I was obliged to write to Sir Thomas. She will not doubt her Henry's remembrance at all times; it is only with relation to those we love that prosperity can produce happiness, and our virtues themselves are nourished from the consciousness of some favourite suffrage. The length of this letter shall make up for a silence occasioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of business for the present; I have been forming some projects for the future: the idea of my Lucy was absent from neither.

"After the death of Mr Rawlinson, the friend of mankind as well as of your Harry, there were some offices of duty which the successor of such a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could discover no relation of his but one, (whose fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinsman, stood not now in need of that kinsman's acknowledgment,) yet there were numbers whom humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me, and their provision a debt which I was called upon to discharge: this kept me some time in London. I have another family here whom it was also necessary to remember; I have been among them a week, and we have not been unhappy.

"When I looked into the conveyances of this estate, I found it had been once before transferred, in a manner not very common in the disposal of modern property. Its owner, immediately preceding Mr Rawlinson, was a friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India some years later than he, and, by his assistance, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune. The greatest part of this he remitted to his former benefactor in England, to be laid out on some purchase near the place of his nativity, which it seems was a village but a few miles distant from Wilbrook. This estate was then in the possession of a gentleman, whose London expences had squandered the savings of four or five generations, and, after having exhausted every other resource, he was obliged to sell this inheritance of his family. Mr Rawlinson gave him the price he asked, and made a present of a considerable sum besides to a very deserving woman, who had the misfortune to be the wife of this spendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchase. A fever carried him off in his passage to England, and he bequeathed his estate to him, by whose former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

"The new proprietor took a singular method of improving its value. He lowered the rents, which had been raised to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, most of whom had been driven from the unfriendly soil, to make room for desperate adventurers, who undertook for rents they could never be able to pay. To such a man was I to succeed, and I was conscious how much was required of his successor.

"The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants and their families to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception, and some large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr Rawlinson had furnished his cupboard, were ranged on the large table

at the end of it. Without doors stood a cask of excellent strong beer for any one of inferior quality who chose to drink of it, dispensed by an old, but jolly-looking servant, whose face was the signal of welcome.

"I received my guests as friends and acquaintance; asked the names of their children, and praised the bluffness of the boys, and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the most matronly wives in the wicker-chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the lowest place myself, stationed the rest of the company according to their age on either side.

"The dinner had all the appearance of plainness and of plenty: amongst other dishes, four large pieces of roast-beef were placed at uniform distances, and a plumb-pudding of a very uncommon circumference was raised conspicuous in the middle. I pressed the bashful among the girls, commended the frankness of their fathers, and pledged the jolliest of the set in repeated draughts of strong beer.

"But, though this had the desired effect with some, I could observe in the countenances of others evident marks of distrust and apprehension. The cloth, therefore, was no sooner removed, and the grace-cup drunk, than I rose up in my place, and addressed my guests to the following purpose:

"The satisfaction, my worthy friends, with which I now meet you, is damped by the recollection of that loss we have sustained in the death of your late excellent master. He was to me, as to you, a friend and a father; so may heaven supply the want to me, as I will endeavour to fill his place to you! I call you to witness, that I hold his estate by no other title.

"I have given orders to my steward to renew such of your leases as are near expiring, at the rent which you have heretofore paid. If there is an article of encouragement or convenience wanting to any of you, let him apply to myself, and I will immediately inquire into it. No man is above the business of doing good.

"It is customary, I believe, on such occasions, for the tenant to pay a certain fine or premium to the landlord: I too, my friends, will expect one; you and your families shall pay it me—be industrious, be virtuous, be happy."

"An exclamation of joy and applause, which the last part of my speech had scarcely been able to stifle, now burst around me. I need not tell my Lucy what I felt; her heart can judge of my feelings; she will believe me when I say, that I would not have exchanged them for the revenue of a monarch.

"The rest of the day was spent in all the genuine festivity of happy spirits. I had enlarged a room adjoining to the hall, by striking down a partition at one end; and closed the entertainment with a dance, which I led up myself with the rosy-cheeked daughter of one of my principal tenants.

"This visit I have already returned to several of those honest folks. I found their little dwellings clean and comfortable, and happiness and good-humour seemed the guests of them all. I have commonly observed cleanliness and contentment to be companions amongst the lower ranks of the country people; nor is it difficult to account for this; there is a self-satisfaction in contented minds, which disposes to activity and neatness; whereas the reckless lassitude that weighs down the unhappy, seldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and slatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatness which I found in the farm-houses on my estate; and made their owners presents of various household ornaments, by way of encouragement.

"I know the usual mode of *improving* estates; I was told by some sagacious advisers in London, that mine was *improveable*: but I am too selfish to be contented with money; I would increase *the love of my people*.

"Yesterday, and to-day, I have been employed in surveying the grounds adjoining to the house. Nature here reigns without controul; for Mr Rawlinson did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him say, that he conceived a certain esteem for an old tree, or even an old wall, that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but these beauties I view not with so partial an eye as the scenes I left at Sindall-park. Were my Lucy here to adorn the landscape!—but the language of affection like mine is not in words. She will not need them to believe how much I am her

HENRY BOLTON."

CHAP. XII.

A change in the Family of Sir Thomas Sindall.—Some account of a Person whom that Event introduces to Miss Lucy's acquaintance.

THE answer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter, contained a piece of intelligence material to the situation of Miss Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs Selwyn.

Though that lady was not possessed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom she had always shewn as much kindness as her nature allowed her to bestow on any one, felt a very lively sorrow for her death, even exclusive of the immediate consequences which herself was to expect from that event.

These indeed were apparently momentous. Mrs Selwyn had been her guardian and protectress from her infancy; and though Sir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the bosom of Lucy, that revolted against the idea of continuing in

his house after his aunt's decease. By that lady's will, she was entitled to a legacy of six hundred pounds; by means of this sum she had formed a scheme, which, though it would reduce her to a state very different from the ease and affluence of her former circumstances, might yet secure her from the irksomeness of dependence, or the accusation of impropriety: this was, to appropriate two-thirds of the interest of her capital to the payment of an annual sum for her board with Mrs Wistanly.

It was now that Bolton felt the advantage of independence, from the hopes of being useful to Lucy; but he had her delicacy to overcome: she would not throw herself, at this moment of necessity, into the arms of a man whom fortune had now placed above her. She adhered to her first resolution.

But the kindness of Sir Thomas Sindall rendered it unnecessary; for, a short time after Mrs Selwyn's death, when Miss Sindall communicated to him her intention of leaving his house, he addressed her in the following terms: "I have always looked upon you, Miss Lucy, as a daughter, and, I hope, there has been no want of tenderness or attention, on the side of my aunt or myself, to have prevented you regarding us as parents. At the same time, I know the opinions of the world; mistaken and illiberal as they often are, there is a deference which we are obliged to pay them; in your sex the sense of decorum should be ever awake; even in this case, I would not attempt to plead against its voice; but I hope I have hit on a method which will perfectly reconcile propriety and convenience. There is a lady, a distant relation of our family, whom a marriage, such as the world terms imprudent, banished in early life from the notice or protection of it; but, though they could refuse their suffrage to the match, they could not controul its happiness; and, during the life of Mr Boothby, (for that was her husband's name,) she experienced all the felicity of which wedlock is susceptible. Yet on her husband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the state of his affairs was found to be such, that she stood but too much in need of that assistance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, I was a boy; and I scarce ever heard of her name till I was apprised of her misfortunes. Whatever services I have been able to do her, I have found repaid by the sincerest gratitude, and improved to the worthiest purposes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wish her place supplied by Mrs Boothby; she has done me the favour to accept of my invitation, and I expect her here this evening. Of any thing like authority in this house, Miss Lucy, you shall be always independent; but I flatter myself, she has qualities sufficient to merit your friendship." Lucy returned such an answer as the kindness and delicacy of this speech deserved; and it was agreed, that, for the present, her purpose of leaving Bilswood should be laid aside.

In the evening the expected lady arrived; she seemed to be about the age of fifty, with an impression of melancholy on her countenance, that appeared to have worn away her beauty before the usual period: some traces, however, still remained, and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which was but seldom, discovered a brilliancy not extinguished by her sorrow.

Her appearance, joined to the knowledge of her story, did not fail to attract Miss Sindall's regard: she received Mrs Boothby with an air, not of civility, but friendship; and the other shewed a sense of the obligation conferred on her, by a look of that modest, tender sort, which equally acknowledges and solicits our kindness.

With misfortune a good heart easily makes an acquaintance. Miss Sindall endeavoured, by a thousand little assiduities, to shew this lady the interest she took in her welfare. That reserve, which the humility of affliction, not an unsocial spirit, seemed to have taught Mrs Boothby, wore off by degrees; their mutual esteem increased as their characters opened to each other; and, in a short time, their confidence was unreserved, and their friendship appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs Boothby had now the satisfaction of pouring the tale of her distresses into the ear of sympathy and friendship. Her story was melancholy, but not uncommon; the wreck of her husband's affairs by a mind too enlarged for his fortune, and an indulgence of inclinations laudable in their kind, but faulty in relation to the circumstances of their owner.

In the history of her young friend's life, there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only say, that she remembered herself, from her infancy, an orphan, under the care of Sir Thomas Sindall and his aunt; that she had lived with them in a state of quiet and simplicity, without having seen much of the world, or wishing to see it. She had but one secret to disclose in earnest of her friendship; it faltered for some time on her lips; at last she ventured to let Mrs Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton.

From this intelligence, the other was led to an inquiry into the situation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not suited to the feelings of Miss Sindall; and the sincerity of her friendship declared the fears which her prudence suggested.

She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed, by the sudden acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence; and hinted the inconstancy of attachments, formed in the period of romantic enthusiasm, in the

scenes of rural simplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. From all this followed conclusions, which it was as difficult as disagreeable for the heart of Lucy to form: it could not untwist those tender ties which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itself and him.

CHAP. XIII.

Certain opinions of Mrs Boothby.—An attempt to account for them.

From the particulars of her own story, and of Bolton's, Mrs Boothby drew one conclusion common to both; to wit, the goodness of Sir Thomas Sindall. This, indeed, a laudable gratitude had so much impressed on her mind, that the praises she frequently bestowed on him, even in his own presence, would have savoured of adulation to one, who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom she would often repeat her eulogium of the Baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herself had received, and to join her acknowledgments to those of her friend. Yet there was a want of warmth in her panegyric, for which Mrs Boothby would sometimes gently blame her; and one day, when they were on that subject, she remarked, with a sort of jocular air, the difference of that attachment which Miss Sindall felt, in return for so much unwearied kindness as Sir Thomas had shewn her, and that which a few soft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr Bolton.

Miss Sindall seemed to feel the observation with some degree of displeasure; and answered, blushing, that she considered Sir Thomas as a parent, whom she was to esteem and revere, not as one for whom she was to entertain any sentiments of a softer kind.

"But suppose," replied the other, "that he should entertain sentiments of a softer kind for you."—"I cannot suppose it."—"There you are in the wrong; men of sense and knowledge of the world, like Sir Thomas, are not so prodigal of unmeaning compliment as giddy young people, who mean not half of what they say; but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and will retain the impression so much the longer, as it is grafted on maturity of judgment. I am very much mistaken, Miss Lucy, if the worthiest of men is not your lover."—"Lover! Sir Thomas Sindall my lover!"—"I profess, my dear, I cannot see the reason of that passionate exclamation; nor why that man should not be entitled to love you, who has himself the best title to be beloved."—"I may reverence Sir Thomas Sindall; I may admire his goodness; I will do any thing to shew my gratitude to him; but to love him—good heavens!"

"There is, I know," rejoined Mrs Boothby, "a certain romantic affection, which young people suppose to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accustomed to admire a set of opinions, which they term sentimental, opposed to others, which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themselves an ideal system in those matters, which, from the nature of things, must always be disappointed. You will find, Miss Sindall, when you have lived to see a little more of the world, the insufficiency of those visionary articles of happiness, that are set forth with such parade of language in novels and romances, as consisting in sympathy of soul, and the mutual attraction of hearts, destined for each other."

"You will pardon me," said Lucy, "for making one observation, that you yourself are an instance against the universal truth of your argument; you married for love, Mrs Boothby."—"I did so," interrupted she, "and therefore I am the better able to inform you of the short duration of that paradise such a state is supposed to imply. We were looked upon, Miss Lucy, as patterns of conjugal felicity; but folks did little know how soon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the same time, Mr Boothby was a good-natured man; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than most of your couples who marry for love are at the end of a twelvemonth. I am now but too well convinced, that those are the happiest matches which are founded on the soberer sentiments of gratitude and esteem."

To this concluding maxim Lucy made no reply. It was one of those which she could not easily bear to believe; it even tinctured the character of the person who made it, and she found herself not so much disposed to love Mrs Boothby as she once had been.

For this sort of reasoning, however, that lady had reasons which it may not be improper to explain to the reader, if indeed the reader has not already discovered them without the assistance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was now verging towards that time of life, when

"The heyday of the blood is tame,"

was still as susceptible as ever of the influence of beauty. Miss Lucy I have already mentioned as possessing an uncommon share of it; and chance had placed her so immediately under his observation and guardianship, that it was scarce possible for him not to remark, and, having remarked, not to desire it. In some minds, indeed, there might have arisen suggestions of honour and conscience unfavourable to the use of that

opportunity which fortune had put in his power; but these were restraints which Sir Thomas had so frequently broken, as in a great measure to annihilate their force.

During the life of his aunt, there were other motives to restrain him; those were now removed; and being solicitous to preserve the advantage which he drew from Miss Sindall's residence in his house, he pitched on Mrs Boothby to fill Mrs Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect assistance, by means of the influence she would naturally gain over the mind of one who was in some sort to become her ward. As I am willing at present to believe that lady's character a fair one, I shall suppose that he concealed from her the kind of addresses with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain, there was but one kind which the principles of Sir Thomas allowed him to make.

One obstacle, however, he foresaw in the attachment which he had early discovered her to have towards Bolton. This, on the most favourable supposition of the case, he might easily represent to Mrs Boothby, equally hurtful to Lucy's interest, and destructive of his own wishes; and if she was prevailed on to espouse his cause, it may account for those lessons of prudence which she bestowed upon Miss Sindall.

Besides this, the Baronet did not scruple to use some other methods, still more dishonourable, of shaking her confidence in his cousin. He fell upon means of secretly intercepting that young gentleman's letters to Lucy. From this he drew a double advantage; both of fastening a suspicion on Harry's fidelity, and acquiring such intelligence as might point his own machinations to defeat the purposes which that correspondence contained.

CHAP. XIV.

A Discovery interesting to Miss Sindall.

Under those circumstances of advantage in which Sir Thomas Sindall stood, it did not seem a matter of extreme difficulty to accomplish that design which I have hinted to my readers in the preceding chapter. Let him, whose indignation is roused at the mention of it, carry his feelings abroad into life; he will find other Sindalls, whom the world has not marked with its displeasure; in the simplicity of my narrative, what is there that should set up this one to his hatred or his scorn? Let but the heart pronounce its judgment, and the decision will be the same.

Hitherto Sir Thomas had appeared as the parent and guardian of Lucy; and though at times certain expressions escaped him, which the quickness of more experienced, that is, less innocent, minds would have discovered to belong to another character; yet she, to whom they were addressed, had heard them without suspicion. But she was now alarmed by the suggestions of Mrs Boothby; these suggestions it is possible the Baronet himself had prompted. He knew the force of that poison which is conveyed in those indirect approaches, when a woman's vanity is set on the watch by the assistance of a third person. She who imagines she hears them with indifference, is in danger; but she who listens to them with pleasure, is undone.

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the Baronet's experience had promised him; she heard them with a sort of disgust at Mrs Boothby, and something like fear of Sir Thomas.

Her uneasiness increased as his declarations began to be more pointed; though they were then only such as some women, who had meant to give them no favourable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than displeased with; but Miss Sindall was equally void of the art by which we disguise our own sentiments, and the pride we assume from the sentiments of others.

To her virtues Sir Thomas was no stranger; they were difficulties which served but as spurs in his pursuit: That he continued it with increasing ardour, may be gathered from two letters, which I subjoin for the information of the reader. The first is addressed,

TO MRS WISTANLY.

"My dear Madam,

"I fear you begin to accuse me of neglect; but there are reasons why I cannot so easily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would scarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almost the only friend I am possessed of. Alas! I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

"Sir Thomas Sindall—how shall I tell it!—he has ceased to be that guardian, that protector, I esteemed him; he says he loves, he adores me;——I know not why it is, but I shudder when I hear these words from Sir Thomas Sindall.

"But I have better reason for my fears; he has used such expressions of late, that, though I am not skilled enough in the language of his sex to understand their meaning fully, yet they convey too much for his honour and for my peace.

"Nor is this all.—Last night I was sitting in the parlour with him and Mrs Boothby, (of whom I have much to tell you;) I got up, and stood up in the bow-window, looking at the rays of the moon, which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was something of enviable tranquillity in the scene; I sighed as I looked.—'That's a deep one,' said Sir Thomas, patting me on the shoulder behind: I turned round somewhat in a flurry, when I perceived

that Mrs Boothby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door; Sir Thomas placed himself with his back to it. 'Where is Mrs Boothby?' said I, though I trembled so, that I could scarcely articulate the words.—'What is my sweet girl frightened at?' said he; 'here are none but love and Sindall.' He fell on his knees, and repeated a great deal of jargon, (I was so confused I know not what,) holding my hands all the while fast in his. I pulled them away at last; he rose, and clasping me round the waist, would have forced a kiss; I screamed out, and he turned from me. 'What's the matter?' said Mrs Boothby, who then entered the room. 'A mouse running across the carpet frightened Miss Lucy,' answered Sir Thomas. I could not speak, but I sat down on the sofa, and had almost fainted. Sir Thomas brought me some wine and water, and, pressing my hand, whispered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much punished by its effects; but he looked so, while he spoke this!

"Oh! Mrs Wistanly, with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happiness I have passed in your little dwelling, when we were at Sindall-park. I remember I often wished, like other foolish girls, to be a woman; methinks I would now gladly return to the state of harmless infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is surrounded with both. Could you receive me again under your roof? there is something hallowed resides beneath it.—Yet this may not now be so convenient—I know not what to say—here I am miserable. Write to me, I entreat you, as speedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or assistance; and never before were they so necessary to your faithful

L. SINDALL."

To this letter Miss Sindall received no answer; in truth, it never reached Mrs Wistanly; the servant to whom she intrusted its conveyance having, according to instructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his master, Sir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs Wistanly found herself unable to assist her in her present distress, or, what she imagined more probable, that age had now weakened her faculties so much, as to render her callous even to that feeling which should have pitied it. She next turned her thoughts upon Miss Walton; the manner of her getting acquainted with whom I have related in the fifth chapter; but she learned that Mr Walton had, a few days before, set out with his daughter on a journey to the continent, to which he had been advised by her physicians, as she had, for some time past, been threatened with symptoms of a consumptive disorder. These circumstances, and Sir Thomas's farther conduct in the interval, induced her to address the following letter to Bolton; though she began to suspect, from the supposed failure of his correspondence, that the suggestions she had heard of his change of circumstances having taught him to forget her, had but too much foundation in reality.

TO HENRY BOLTON, ESQ.

"Is it true, that, amidst the business or the pleasures of his new situation, Harry Bolton has forgotten Lucy Sindall? Forlorn as I now am—but I will not complain—I would now less than ever complain to you.—Yet it is not pride, it is not—I weep while I write this!

"But, perhaps, though I do not hear from you, you may yet remember her, to whom you had once some foolish attachment. It is fit that you think of her no more; she was then indeed a dependent orphan, but there was a small challenge of protection from friends, to whom it was imagined her infancy had been intrusted. Know, that this was a fabricated tale; she is, in truth, a wretched foundling, exposed in her infant-state by the cruelty or necessity of her parents, to the inclemency of a winter-storm, from which miserable situation Sir Thomas Sindall delivered her. This he has but a little since told me, in the most ungenerous manner, and from motives which I tremble to think on.—Inhuman that he is! Why did he save me then?

"This Mrs Boothby too! Encompassed as I was with evils, was I not wretched enough before? yet this new discovery has been able to make me more so. My head grows dizzy when I think on it!—to be blotted out from the records of society!—What misery or what vice have my parents known! yet now to be the child of a beggar, in poverty and rags, is a situation I am forced to envy.

"I had one friend from whom I looked for some assistance. Mrs Wistanly, from infirmity, I fear, has forgotten me; I have ventured to think on you. Be but my friend, and no more; talk not of love, that you may not force me to refuse your friendship. If you are not changed indeed, you will be rewarded enough when I tell you, that, to remove me from the dangers of this dreadful place, will call forth more blessings from my heart, than any other can give, that is not wrung with anguish like that of the unfortunate

L. SINDALL."

CHAP. XXV.

She receives a letter from Bolton.—A new alarm from Sir Thomas Sindall.

IT happened that the messenger to whom the charge of the foregoing billet was committed, was

a person, not in that line of association which the Baronet had drawn around her; consequently it escaped interception.

When Bolton received it, he was not only alarmed with the intelligence it contained, but his fears were doubly roused from the discovery it made to him, of his letters not being suffered to reach Miss Sindall. He dispatched his answer, therefore, by a special messenger, who was ordered to watch an opportunity of delivering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed. This he found no easy matter to accomplish; nor would he perhaps have been able to effect it at all, but for an artifice to which he had recourse, of hiring himself on a job in Sir Thomas's garden, for which his knowledge in the business happened to qualify him. He had indeed been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall-park, and had there been well enough known to Miss Lucy, who was herself a gardener for amusement; and, after leaving that place, having gone to the neighbourhood of London for improvement, he was met and hired by his former acquaintance, Mr Bolton.

The very next evening after he had got into this station, he observed Miss Sindall enter the garden alone. This was an opportunity not to be missed; on pretence, therefore, of fetching somewhat from the end of the walk she was on, he passed her, and pulled off his hat with a look significant of prior acquaintance. Lucy observed him, and, feeling a sort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began some talk with him respecting his former situation, and the changes it had undergone. She asked him many questions about their old neighbours at Sindall-park, and particularly Mrs Wistanly; when she was soon convinced of her misapprehension with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects; Jerry (so the gardener was familiarly called) having seen her in his way to Bilswood, and heard her speak of Miss Lucy with the most tender concern. "And what was your last service, Jerry?" said she.—"I wrought for Mr Bolton, madam."—"Mr Bolton!"—"And I received this paper from him for your ladyship, which I was ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't please your ladyship." She took the letter with a trembling impatience, and, whispering that she would find an opportunity of seeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruse it. She found it to contain what follows:—

"I have not words to tell my ever dearest Lucy, with what distracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her suspicions of my faith, must have been the work of no common treachery: when she knows that I wrote to her three several times without receiving any answer, she will, at the same time, acquit me of inconstancy, and judge of my uneasiness.

"That discovery which she has lately made, is nothing to her or to me. My Lucy is the child of heaven, and her inheritance every excellence it can bestow.

"But her present situation—my God! what horrible images has my fancy drawn of it! For heaven's sake, let not even the most amiable of weaknesses prevent her escaping from it into the arms of her faithful Bolton. I dispatch a messenger with this instantly. I shall follow him myself, the moment I have made some arrangements, necessary for your present safety and future comfort. I shall be in the neighbourhood of Bilswood, for I am forbidden to enter the house, Sir Thomas having taken occasion, from my resigning a commission which would have fixed me ingloriously in a garrison abroad, that I might be of some use to my country at home, to write me a letter in the angriest terms, renouncing me, as he expresses it, for ever. I see, I see the villainy of his purpose; 'tis but a few days hence, and I will meet him in the covert of his falsehood, and blast it. Let my Lucy be but just to herself and to

BOLTON."

She had scarcely read this, when Mrs Boothby entered the room. The Baronet had, for some days, quitted that plan of intimidation, which had prompted him to discover to Lucy the circumstance of her being a wretched foundling, supported by his charity, for a behaviour more mild and insinuating; and Mrs Boothby, who squared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miss Sindall a message from a young lady in the neighbourhood, an acquaintance of hers, begging her company, along with Mrs Boothby's, to a party of pleasure the day after. "And really, Miss Sindall," said she, with an air of concern, "I must enforce the invitation from a regard to your health, as you seem to have been drooping for some days past." Lucy looked her full in the face, and sighed: that look she did not choose to understand, but repeated her question as to their jaunt to-morrow. "Miss Venhurst will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her."—"What you please," replied the other; "if Miss Venhurst is to be of the party, I have no objection." The consent seemed to give much satisfaction to Mrs Boothby, who left her with a gentle tap on the back, and an unusual appearance of kindness in her aspect.

Lucy read her letter again; she had desired Bolton to think of her no more; but there is in the worthiest hearts a little hypocrisy attending such requests: she found herself happy in the thought that he had not forgotten her.

When she opened her bureau, to deposit this

fresh testimony of his attachment, she observed the corner of a piece of paper, which had been thrust into a fissure occasioned by the shrinking of the wood. Her curiosity was excited by this circumstance; and, unfolding the paper, she found it to contain——

TO MISS SINDLE.

"MADM,

"I writ this from a sincear regaird to yur welfer. Sir Tho. Sindle has a helitch plott against yur vartue, and has imployde Mrs Buthbie, whu is a wooman of a notoreus karicter in Londun, to asist him. They wil putt yu on a jant tomoro on pretens of seeing Mss Venhrst, butt it is fals: for she is not to be thair, and they only wants to inveegle yu for a wicket purpes. therefor bi advyzd by a frinde, and du not go.

"Yur secrt welwishar,

"R. S."

Amazement and horror filled the mind of Lucy as she read this; but, when the first perturbation of her soul was over, she bethought herself of endeavouring to find out her friend in the author of this epistle, whose compassion seemed so much interested in her behalf. She remembered, that one of the servants, who was sometimes employed to ride out with her, was called Robert, which agreed with the first initial of the subscription of the note she had received. At supper, therefore, though she wore a look of as much indifference as possible, she marked, with a secret attention, the appearance of this man's countenance. Her belief of his being the person, who had communicated this friendly intelligence, was increased from her observation; and she determined to watch an opportunity of questioning him with regard to it.

CHAP. XVI.

Miss Sindall has an Interview with Robert.—A resolution she takes in consequence of it.

AFTER a night of wakeful anxiety, she was called in the morning by Mrs Boothby, who told her, that breakfast waited, as it was near the hour they proposed setting out on their jaunt. "Miss Venhurst," continued she, "has sent to let you know, that she is prevented from calling here as she promised, but that she will meet us on the road."—"I am sorry," answered Lucy, with a counterfeited coolness, "that I should be forced to disappoint her in my turn; but I rested so ill last night, and my head aches so violently, that I cannot possibly attend her."—"Not go!" exclaimed Mrs Boothby; "why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party; besides, I have not time to acquaint the Venhurst family, and it will look so odd."—"It would look odder," said Lucy, "if I should go abroad when I am really so very much indisposed."—"Nay, if you are *really* so much indisposed," answered the other, "I will send our apology, late as it is."—"But you shall not stay at home to attend me," interrupted Lucy.—"Indeed but I shall," replied Mrs Boothby; "it was on your account only that I proposed going. Keep your chamber, and I will send you up some tea immediately."—And she left the room for that purpose.

Her attention indeed was but too vigilant for the scheme which Lucy had formed, of examining Robert about that note she had found in her bureau; but accident at last furnished her with the opportunity she sought. Mrs Boothby having left her, in order to preside at dinner, sent this very servant with a plate of something to her patient above stairs. He would have delivered it to one of the maids at the door; but Lucy, hearing his voice, desired that he might come in, on pretence of talking to him about a young horse she had employed him to ride for her, and, sending the maid on some errand, put the paper into his hand, and asked him if he was the person to whom she was indebted for a piece of information so momentous. The fellow blushed, and stammered, and seemed afraid to confess his kindness. "For God's sake," said Lucy, "do not trifle with my misery; there is no time to lose in evasions; what do you know of Sir Thomas's designs against me?"—"Why, for certain, madam," said he, "servants should not blab their masters' secrets; but your ladyship is so sweet a lady, that I could not bear to see you so deceived. Sir Thomas's valet-de-chamb is a chum of mine, and he told me, after having made me promise to keep it a profound secret, that his master designed to entice you on a party with Mrs Boothby; that they were to stop at a solitary farm-house of his, and there Sir Thomas"——"Forbear the shocking recital!" cried Lucy.—"To be sure it is shocking," said Robert, "and so I said to Jem, when he told me; but he answered, (your ladyship will forgive me for repeating his words,) that it mattered not much; for she is nothing better, said he, than a beggarly foundling, whom my master and I picked up, one stormy night, on the road, near his hunting-place there at Hazleden; and, having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs Selwyn, pretending that she was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his, who died abroad; and his aunt, believing the story, brought her up for all the world like a lady, and left her forsooth a legacy at her death; but, if all were as it should be, she would be following some draggle-tailed gypsey, instead of flaunting in her fineries here."—"Would that I were begging my bread, so

I were but out of this frightful house!"—"I wish you were," said Robert, simply; "for I fear there are more plots hatching against you than you are aware of: is not Mrs Boothby's Sukey to sleep to-night in the room with your ladyship?"—"I consented, on Mrs Boothby's importunity, that she should."—"Why then," continued he, "I saw Jem carry a cast gown of Mrs Boothby's, she had formerly given to Sukey, but which she asked back from the girl on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his master's dressing-room; and when I asked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and said, it was for somebody to masquerade in to-night."—"Gracious God!" cried Lucy, "whither shall I turn me?—Robert, if ever thou would'st find grace with Heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection!"—She had thrown herself on her knees before him.—"What can I do for your ladyship?" said he, raising her from the ground. —"Take me from this dreadful place," she exclaimed, holding by the sleeve of his coat, as if she feared his leaving her.—"Alas!" answered Robert, "I cannot take you from it."—She stood for some moments wrapt in thought, the fellow looking piteously in her face.—"It will do!" she cried, breaking from him, and running into her dressing-closet.—"Look, Robert, look here; could I not get from this window on the garden-wall, and so leap down into the outer court?" —"But supposing your ladyship might, what would you do then?"—"Could not you procure me a horse?—Stay—there is one of the chaise-horses at grass in the paddock—do you know the road to Mrs Wistanly's?"—"Mrs Wistanly's!"—"For heaven's sake, refuse not my request; you cannot be so cruel as to refuse it."—"I would do much to serve your ladyship; but if they should discover us——" "Talk not of ifs, my dear Robert;—but soft—I will manage it thus—no, that can't be either—the servants are in bed by eleven."—"Before it, an't please your ladyship."—"If you could contrive to have that horse saddled at the gate so soon as all is quiet within, I can get out and meet you."—"I don't know what to say to it." —Somebody from below cried, Robert—Lucy was down on her knees again.—"Stay, I conjure you, and answer me."—"For God's sake rise," said he, "and do not debase yourself to a poor servant, as I am."—"Never will I rise till you promise to meet me at eleven."—"I will, I will (and the tears gushed into his eyes,) whatever be the consequence." Sukey appeared at the door, calling, Robert, again;—he ran down stairs; Lucy followed him some steps insensibly, with her hands folded together in the attitude of supplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her scheme in execution, she suffered all that fear and suspense could inflict. She wished to see again the intended companion of her escape; but the consciousness of her purpose stopped her tongue when she would have uttered some pretence for talking with him. At times her resolution was staggered by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight; but her imagination presently suggested the danger of her stay, and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude against the less.

The hour of eleven at last arrived. Mrs Boothby, whose attendance was afterwards to be supplied by that of her maid, had just bid her good-night, on her pretending an unusual drowsiness, and promised to send up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dressing-closet, and, fastening the door, got up on a chair at the window, which she had taken care to leave open some time before, and stepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough a-top to admit of her walking along it. When she got as far as the gate, she saw, by the light of the moon, Robert standing at the place of appointment: he caught her in his arms when she leaped down. "Why do you tremble so?" said she, her own lips quivering as she spoke. "Is the horse ready?"—"Here," answered Robert, stammering, "but——" "Get on," said Lucy, "and let us away, for heaven's sake!"—He seemed scarce able to mount the horse; she sprung from the ground on the pad behind him. "Does your ladyship think," said Robert, faintly, as they left the gate, "of the danger you run?"—"There is no danger but within those hated walls."—"'Twill be a dreadful night;" for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance. "Fear not," said she, "we cannot miss our way."—"But if they should overtake us——" "They shall not, they shall not overtake us!"—Robert answered with a deep sigh.—But they were now at some distance from the house, and striking out of the highway into a lane, from the end of which a short road lay over a common to the village in which Mrs Wistanly lived, they put on a very quick pace, and in a short time Lucy imagined herself pretty safe from pursuit.

CHAP. XVII.

Bolton sets out for Bilswood.—A recital of some accidents in his journey.

As I flatter myself that my readers feel some interest in the fate of Miss Sindall, I would not leave that part of my narration which regarded her, till I had brought it to the period of her escape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give some account of Mr Bolton.

According to the promise he had made to Lucy, he set out for Bilswood, on the second day after the date of that letter she received from him by the hands of his gardener. That

faithful fellow had orders to return, after delivering it, and on procuring what intelligence he could of the family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from Sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish; as to the rest, he was only able to learn something, confusedly, of the Baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out, therefore, for the place of appointment on the evening of that day, and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton, having learned what particulars Jerry could inform him of, desired him to return in the morning to his work in Sir Thomas's garden, and remain there till he should receive farther orders; then, leaving his horses and servants for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jerry had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Bilswood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowledge of the way; but soon after his leaving the inn the moon was totally darkened, and it rained with such violence, accompanied with incessant peals of thunder, that, in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake. When he endeavoured to regain the road, he found himself entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that side whence he had turned; and, after several fruitless efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to desist from the attempt, and tread back the steps he had made, till he returned to the open part of the heath. Here he stood, uncertain what course to take; when he observed at a distance the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing somewhat nearer, he found a little winding track that seemed to point towards the place; and after following it some time, he could discern an object which he took for the house to which it led.

The lightning, which now flashed around him, discovered on each hand the earth raised into mounds that seemed graves of the dead, and here and there a bone lay mouldering on the walk he trod. A few paces farther, through a narrow Gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a length of vault within. To this Bolton approached, not without some degree of fear; when he perceived at the farther end a person, in a military uniform, sitting by a fire he had made of some withered brushwood piled up against the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow sound of his feet.—"Who is there?" cried the stranger, turning at the noise, and half unsheathing a hanger which he wore at his side. "A friend," replied Harry, bowing, "who takes the liberty of begging a seat by your fire."—"Your manner," said the other, "belies your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what shelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the mansion, for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is such a one as makes even this gloomy shelter enviable; and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, because they lighted some bits of dry straw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moss-grown altar, and the frequent figures of the cross, I suppose these are the remains of some chapel devoted to ancient veneration. Sit down on this stone, if you please, sir, and our offering shall be a thankful heart over some humble fare which my knapsack contains." As he spoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of ale. Bolton expressed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repast. "I fear, sir," said his companion, "you will sup poorly; but I have known what it is to want even a crust of bread.—You look at me with surprise; but, though I am poor, I am honest."—"Pardon me," answered Harry, "I entertain no suspicion; there is something that speaks for you in this besom, and answers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent, for the future, those hardships, which, I fear, you have formerly endured." The soldier held forth the bit of bread which he was putting to his mouth. "He, to whom this fare is luxury, can scarcely be dependent; yet my gratitude to you, sir, is equally due;—if I have felt misfortune, I have deserved it."—He sighed, and Harry answered him with a sigh.—"I see a sort of question in your face, sir; and I know not why it is, there are some faces I cannot easily resist. If my story outlasts the storm, it will take from the irksomeness of its duration."

CHAP. XVIII.

The Stranger relates the History of his Life.

"It is now upwards of twenty years since I left my native country. You are too young, sir, to have gained much knowledge of mankind; let me warn you, from sad experience, to beware of those passions which at your age I was unable to resist, and which, in the commerce of the world, will find abundant occasion to overcome incautious and inexperienced youth. Start not when I tell you, that you see before you one, whom the laws of his country had doomed to expiate his crimes by death, though, from the

mercy of his prince, that judgment was mitigated into a term of transportation, some time ago elapsed. This punishment I incurred from the commission of a robbery, to which some particular circumstances, joined to the poverty consequent on dissipation and extravagance, had tempted me.

"The master to whom my service was adjudged in the West Indies, happened to die soon after my arrival there. I got my freedom, therefore, though it was but to change it for a service as severe as my former: I was enlisted in a regiment then stationed in the island, and, being considered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was constantly exposed to every hardship which the strictest duty, or the most continual exposure to the dangers of the climate, could inflict. Had I revealed my story, and taken advantage of that distinction which my birth and education would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I might have prevented most of the evils both of my former and present situation; but I set out, from the first, with a fixed determination, of suffering every part of my punishment, which the law allots to the meanest and most unfriended. All the severities, therefore, which were now imposed upon me, I bore without repining; and, from an excellent natural constitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they served to render me still more patient of fatigue, and less susceptible of impression from the vicissitudes of the weather; and from a sullen disregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inspired me, my soul became as fearless as my body robust. These qualities made me be taken notice of by some of the officers in the regiment, and afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on some Indian expeditions, were still more serviceable, and more attractive of observation. By these means I began to obliterate the disgrace which my situation at enlisting had fixed upon me; and, if still regarded as a ruffian, I was at least acknowledged to be a useful one. Not long after, on occasion of a piece of service I performed for an officer on an advanced guard, that was attacked by a party of hostile Indians, I was promoted to a halberd. The stigma, however, of my transportation was not yet entirely forgotten, and by some it was the better remembered, because of my present advancement. One of those, with whom I had never been on good terms, was particularly offended at being commanded, as he termed it, by a jail-bird; and one day, when I was on guard, had drawn on the back of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too gross to be tamely put up with; having sought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me satisfaction by fighting me. But this, from the opinion conceived of my strength and ferocity, he did not chuse to accept; on which I gave him so severe a drubbing, that he was unable to mount guard in his turn, and the surgeon reported that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes as a punishment. When their sentence was communicated to me, I petitioned that it might be changed into death; but my request was refused. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred lashes, (for the sentence was to be executed at different periods,) and next morning was to suffer as many more. The remainder, however, I resolved, if possible, to escape by an act of suicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution by the want of opportunity; as I had been stripped of every the smallest weapon of offence, and was bound with ropes to one of the posts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheless, about midnight, to reach the fire-place with my feet, and having drawn out thence a live ember, disposed it immediately under the most combustible part of the bed. It had very soon the effect I desired; the room was set on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes, with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment the desire of life was rekindled by the possibility of escaping; the flames bursting out fiercely at one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the soldiers, whom the fire had awaked, was principally turned to that quarter, and I had an opportunity of stealing off unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts which had been built for our accommodation on the outside of one of our frontier forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit; but, as there it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection if I ventured to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen, I had formed the resolution of endeavouring to join the Indians, whose scouting parties I had frequently seen at a small distance from our out-posts. I held therefore in a direction which I judged the most probable for falling in with them, and a very little after day-break discovered a party, seated after the manner of their country, in a ring, with the ashes of their newly-extinguished fire in the middle. I advanced slowly to the place, which I had almost reached before I was perceived. When they discovered me, they leaped up on their feet, and, seizing their arms, screamed out the war-whoop, to alarm the different small parties who had passed the night in resting-places near them. One of them, presenting his piece, took aim at me; but I fell on my knees, shewed them my defenceless state, and held out my hands, as if imploring their mercy and protection. Upon this, one of the

oldest among them made a sign to the rest, and advancing towards me, asked me in broken French, mixed with his own language, of which too I understood something, what was my intention, and whence I came? I answered as distinctly as I could to these interrogatories; and shewing the sores on my back, which I gave him to understand had been inflicted at the fort, made protestations, both by imperfect language and significant gestures, of my friendship to his countrymen, and hatred to my own. After holding a moment's conversation with the rest, he took my hand, and, leading me a little forward, placed me in the midst of the party. Some of them examined me attentively, and, upon some farther discourse together, brought the baggage, with which two prisoners, lately made from some adverse tribe, had been loaded, and laid it upon me. This burden, which to any man would have been oppressively heavy, you may believe, was much more intolerable to me, whose flesh was yet raw from the lashes I had received; but as I knew that fortitude was an indispensable virtue with the Indians, I bore it without wincing, and we proceeded on the route which the party I had joined were destined to pursue. During the course of our first day's march, they often looked stedfastly in my face, to discover if I shewed any signs of uneasiness. When they saw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees, and at last, the senior chief, who had first taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether, and, at the same time, chewing some herbs he found in the wood, applied them to my sores, which in a few days were almost entirely healed. I was then entrusted with a tomahawk, and shortly after with a gun, to the dexterous use of both which weapons I was frequently exercised by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It lasted some months, in which time I had also become tolerably acquainted with their language. At the end of this excursion, in which they warred on some other Indian nations, they returned to their own country, and were received with all the barbarous demonstrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their prisoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the kindred of those who had been slain by the nations to which the captives belonged, assembled to see them. Each singled out his expiatory prisoner, and, having taken him home to his hut, such as chose that kind of satisfaction adopted them in place of the relations they had lost; with the rest they returned to their former place of meeting, and began to celebrate the festival of their revenge. You can hardly conceive a species of inventive cruelty, which they did not inflict on the wretches whom fortune had thus put into their power; during the course of which, not a groan escaped from the sufferers; but while the use of their voices remained, they sung in their rude, yet forcible manner, the glory of their former victories, and the pleasure they had received from the death of their foes; concluding always with the hopes of revenge from the surviving warriors of their nation. Nor was it only for the pleasure of the reflection that they caroled thus the triumphs of the past; for I could observe, that, when at any time the rage of their tormentors seemed to subside, they poured forth those boastful strains in order to rekindle their fury, that intenseness of pain might not be wanting in the trial of their fortitude. I perceived the old man whom I have before mentioned, keep his eye fixed upon me during the solemnity; and frequently, when an extreme degree of torture was borne with that calmness which I have described, he would point, with an expressive look, to him on whom it was inflicted, as if he had desired me to take particular notice of his resolution. I did not then fully comprehend the meaning of this; but I afterwards understood it to have been a preparatory hint of what I myself was to endure; for the next morning, after the last surviving prisoner had expired, I was seized by three or four Indians, who stripped me of what little clothes I had then left, tied me in a horizontal posture between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground, and, after the whole tribe had danced round me to the music of a barbarous howl, they began to re-act upon me nearly the same scene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain select number had stuck his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound, they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gun-powder, the salts of which gave me the most exquisite pain. Nor did the ingenuity of these practised tormentors stop here; they afterwards laid quantities of dry gun-powder on different parts of my body, and set fire to them, by which I was burnt in some places to the bone.—But I see you shudder at the horrid recital; suffice it then to say, that these, and some other such experiments of wanton cruelty, I bore with that patience, with which nothing but a life of hardship, and a certain obduracy of spirit, proceeding from a contempt of existence, could have endowed me.

"After this trial was over, I was loosed from my bonds, and set in the midst of a circle, who shouted the cry of victory; and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with some spirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid applications of different simples to my mangled body. When I was so well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and acknowledging me for his son, gave me a name, and fastened round my neck a belt of wampum. 'It is thus,' said he, 'that the valiant are tried, and thus are they rewarded; for how shouldst

thou be as one of us, if thy soul were as the soul of little men? He only is worthy to lift the hatchet with the Cherokees, to whom shame is more intolerable than the stab of the knife, or the burning of the fire.'

CHAP. XIX.

A continuation of the Stranger's Story.

"In this society I lived till about a year and a half ago; and it may seem extraordinary to declare, yet it is certainly true, that, during the life of the old man who had adopted me, even had there been no legal restraint on my return to my native country, scarce any inducement could have tempted me to leave the nation to which he belonged, except perhaps the desire of revisiting a parent, and a sister, whom I had left in England sunk beneath that ignominy, which the son and the brother had drawn on his guiltless connections. When we consider the perfect freedom subsisting in this rude and simple state of society, where rule is only acknowledged for the purpose of immediate utility to those who obey, and ceases whenever that purpose of subordination is accomplished; where greatness cannot use oppression, nor wealth excite envy; where the desires are native to the heart, and the languor of satiety is unknown; where, if there is no refined sensation of delight, there is also no ideal source of calamity; we shall the less wonder at the inhabitants feeling no regret for the want of those delicate pleasures of which a more polished people is possessed. Certain it is, that I am far from being a single instance of one, who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind so accommodated, by the habit of a few years, to Indian manners, as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption loosened, indeed, my attachment to it; that event happened a short time before my departure from America.

"The composure with which the old man met his dissolution, would have done honour to the firmest philosopher of antiquity. When he found himself near his end, he called me to him, to deliver some final instructions respecting my carriage to his countrymen; he observed, at the close of his discourse, that I retained so much of the European, as to shed some tears while he delivered it.—'In those tears,' said he, "there is no wisdom, for there is no use; I have heard that, in your country, men prepare for death, by thinking on it while they live; this also is folly, because it loses the good, by anticipating the evil: we do otherwise, my son, as our fathers have better instructed us, and take from the evil by reflecting on the good. I have lived a thousand moons, without captivity, and without disgrace; in my youth I did not fly in battle, and in age, the tribes listened while I spake. If I live in another land after death, I shall remember these things with pleasure; if the present is our only life, to have done thus is to have used it well. You have sometimes told me of your countrymen's account of a land of souls; but you were a young man when you came among us, and the cunning among them may have deceived you; for the children of the French king call themselves after the same God that the English do; yet their discourses concerning him cannot be true, because they are opposite one to another. Each says, that God shall burn the others with fire; which could not happen if both were his children. Besides, neither of them act as the sons of Truth, but as the sons of Deceit; they say their God heareth all things, yet do they break the promises which they have called upon him to hear; but we know that the spirit within us listeneth, and what we have said in its hearing, that we do. If in another country the soul liveth, this witness shall live with it; whom it hath here reproached, it shall there disquiet; whom it hath here honoured, it shall there reward. Live, therefore, my son, as your father hath lived; and die as he dieth, fearless of death.'

"With such sentiments the old man resigned his breath; and I blushed for the life of Christians, while I heard them.

"I was now become an independent member of the community; and my behaviour had been such, that I succeeded to the condition of my father, with the respect of a people amongst whom honour is attainable only by merit. But his death had dissolved that tie which gratitude, and indeed affection for the old man, had on my heart; and the scene of his death naturally awakened in me the remembrance of a father in England, whose age might now be helpless, and call for the aid of a long-lost son to solace and support it. This idea, once roused, became every day more powerful, and at last I resolved to communicate it to the tribe, and tell them my purpose of returning home.

"They heard me without surprise or emotion; as indeed it is their great characteristic not to be easily awakened to either. 'You return,' said one of the elders, 'to a people who sell affection to their brethren for money; take therefore with you some of the commodities which their traders value. Strength, agility, and fortitude, are sufficient to us; but with them they are of little use; and he who possesses wealth having no need of virtue, among the wealthy it will not be found. The last your father taught you, and amongst us you have practised; the first he had not to leave, nor have we to bestow; but take as many beaver-skins as you can carry on your journey, that it may reach that parent whom, you tell us, you go to cherish.'

"I returned thanks to the old man for his counsel, and to the whole tribe for their kindness; and having, according to his advice, taken a few of the furs they offered me, I resumed the tattered remains of the European dress which I had on when I escaped from the fort, and took the nearest road to one of our back-settlements, which I reached, without any accident, by the assistance of an Indian, who had long shewn a particular attachment to me, and who now attended me on my way. 'Yonder smoke,' said my conductor, 'rises from the dwellings of your countrymen. You now return to a world which I have heard you describe as full of calamity; but the soul you possess is the soul of a man; remember, that to fortitude there is no sting in adversity, and in death no evil to the valiant.'

"When he left me, I stood for some minutes, looking back, on one hand, to the wilds I had passed, and on the other, to the scenes of cultivation which European industry had formed; and it may surprise you to hear, that though there wanted not some rekindling attachment to a people amongst whom my first breath had been drawn, and my youth spent, yet my imagination drew, on this side, fraud, hypocrisy, and sordid baseness; while on that seemed to preside honesty, truth, and savage nobleness of soul.

"When I appeared at the door of one of the houses in the settlement that was nearest me, I was immediately accosted by its master, who, judging from the bundle of furs which I carried, that I had been trading among the Indians, asked me, with much kindness, to take up my lodging with him. Of this offer I was very glad to accept, though I found a scarcity of words to thank my countryman for his favour; as, from want of use, my remembrance of the English language had been so much effaced, as not only to repress fluency, but even to prevent an ordinary command of expression; and I was more especially at a loss for ceremonious phraseology, that department of language being unknown in the country whence I was just returned. My landlord was not a little astonished, when I could at last make shift to inform him of my having passed so many years among the Indians. He asked a thousand questions about customs which never existed, and told me of a multitude of things, of which all the time I had lived in that country, I had never dreamed the possibility. Indeed, from the superiority of his expression, joined to that fund of supposed knowledge which it served to communicate, a bystander would have been led to imagine, that he was describing, to some ignorant guest, a country with whose manners he had been long conversant, and among whose inhabitants he had passed the greatest part of his life. At length, however, his discourse centered upon the fur-trade, and naturally glided from that to an offer of purchasing my beaver-skins. These things, I was informed by my courteous entertainer, had fallen so much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them; that himself had lost by some late bargains in that way; but that, to oblige a stranger, the singularity of whose adventures had interested him in his behalf, he would give me the highest price at which he had heard of their being sold for a long time past. This I accepted without hesitation, as I had neither language nor inclination for haggling; and having procured as much money by the bargain as, I imagined, would more than carry me to a seaport, I proceeded on my journey, accompanied by an inhabitant of Williamsburg, who was returned from an annual visit to a settlement on the back-frontiers, which he had purchased in partnership with another, who constantly resided upon it. He seemed to be naturally of an inquisitive disposition; and having learned from my former landlord, that I had lived several years with the Indians, tormented me all the while our journey lasted, with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But as he was less opinionative of his own knowledge in the matter than my last English acquaintance, I was the more easily prevailed on to satisfy his curiosity, though at the expence of a greater number of words than I could conveniently spare; and, at last, he made himself entirely master of my story, from the time of my leaving the regiment in which I had served, down to the day on which I delivered my recital. When I mentioned my having sold my beaver-skins for a certain sum, he started aside, and then lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expressed his astonishment how a Christian could be guilty of such monstrous dishonesty, which, he said, was no better than one would have expected in a *Savage*; for that my skins were worth at least three times the money. I smiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the intelligence with a calmness that seemed to move his admiration. He thanked God that all were not so ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune; and, cordially grasping my hand, begged me to make his house at Williamsburg my own, till such time as I could procure my passage to England."

CHAP. XX.

Conclusion of the Stranger's Story.

"Pursuant to this friendly invitation, I accompanied him to his house on our arrival in that place. For some days my landlord behaved to me in the most friendly manner, and furnished me, of his own accord, with linen and wearing apparel; several articles of which, though necessaries in the polished society of

those amongst whom I now resided, my ideas of Indian simplicity made me consider superfluous.

"During this time I frequently attended him at his store, while he was receiving consignments of goods, and assisted him and his servants in the disposal and assortment of them. At first he received this assistance as a favour; but I could observe, that he soon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to bear a hand, as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for my pride to submit to. At last, when he ventured to tax me with some office of menial servility, I told him I did not consider myself his dependant any farther than gratitude for his favours demanded, and refused to perform it. Upon which he let me know, that he looked upon me as his servant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my resentment, and confirmed my refusal. I desired him to give me an account of what money he had expended, in those articles with which he had supplied me, that I might pay him out of the small sum I had in my possession, and, if that was not sufficient, I would rather sell my new habiliments, and return to my rags, than be indebted for a farthing to his generosity. He answered, that he would clear accounts with me by and by. He did so, by making oath before a magistrate, that I was a deserter from his Majesty's service, and, according to my own confession, had associated with the savages, enemies of the province. As I could deny neither of those charges, I was thrown into prison, where I should have been in danger of starving, had not the curiosity of some of the townsfolks induced them to visit me, when they commonly contributed some trifle towards my support; till at length, partly, I suppose, from the abatement of my accuser's anger, and partly from the flagrancy of detaining me in prison without any provision for my maintenance, I was suffered to be enlarged; and a vessel being then ready to sail for England, several of whose hands had deserted her, the master agreed to take me on board for the consideration of my working the voyage. For this indeed I was not in the least qualified as to skill; but my strength and perseverance made up, in some operations, for the want of it.

"As this was before the end of the war, the ship in which I sailed happened to be taken by a French privateer, who carried her into Brest. This, to me, who had already anticipated my arrival at home, to comfort the declining age of a parent, was the most mortifying accident of any I had hitherto met with; but the captain, and some passengers who were aboard of us, seemed to make light of their misfortune. The ship was insured, so that in property the owners could suffer little; as for ourselves, said they, the French are the politest enemies in the world, and, till we are exchanged, will treat us with that civil demeanour, so peculiar to their nation. We are not (addressing themselves to me) among *Savages*, as you were.—How it fared with them, I know not; I and other inferior members of the crew were thrust into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathsome; where, from the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the most horrible degree; and the allowance for our provision was not equal to twopence a day. To hard living I could well enough submit, who had been frequently accustomed, among the Cherokees, to subsist, three or four days, on a stalk of Indian corn, moistened in the first brook I lighted on; but the want of air and exercise I could not so easily endure. I lost the use of my limbs, and lay motionless on my back, in a corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and supported, in that wretched state, only by the infrequent humanity of some sailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread softened in stinking water. The natural vigour of my constitution, however, bore up against this complicated misery, till, upon the conclusion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was set at liberty, I had not strength to enjoy it; and after my companions were gone, was obliged to crawl several weeks about the streets of Brest, where the charity of some well-disposed Frenchmen bestowed now and then a trifle upon the *pauvre sauvage*, as I was called, till I recovered the exercise of my limbs, and was able to work my passage in a Dutch merchant ship bound for England. The mate of this vessel happened to be a Scotchman, who hearing me speak the language of Britain, and having inquired into the particulars of my story, humanely attached himself to my service, and made my situation much more comfortable than any I had for some time experienced. We sailed from Brest with a fair wind, but had not been long at sea till it shifted, and blew pretty fresh at east, so that we were kept for several days beating up the Channel; at the end of which it increased to so violent a degree, that it was impossible for us to hold a course, and the ship was suffered to scud before the storm. At the close of the second day, the wind suddenly chopped about into a westerly point, though without any abatement of its violence; and very soon after day-break of the third, we were driving on the south-west coast of England, right to the leeward. The consternation of the crew became now so great, that if any expedient had remained to save us, it would have scarce allowed them to put it in practice. The mate, who seemed to be the ablest sailor on board, exhorted them at least to endeavour running the ship into a bay, which opened a

little on our starboard quarter, where the shore was flat and sandy; comforting them with the reflection, that they should be cast on friendly ground, and not among *Savages*. His advice and encouragement had the desired effect; and notwithstanding the perils with which I saw myself surrounded, I looked with a gleam of satisfaction on the coast of my native land, which for so many years I had not seen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almost across the basin into which, with infinite labour, we were directing our course; and the ship struck upon them, about the distance of half a league from the shore. All was now uproar and confusion. The long-boat was launched by some of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandishing their long knives, threatened with instant death any one who should attempt to follow them, as she was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed there remained at this time in the ship only two sailors, the mate and myself; the first were washed overboard while they hung on the ship's side attempting to leap into the boat, and we saw them no more; nor had their hard-hearted companions a better fate; they had scarcely rowed a cable's length from the ship, when the boat overset, and every one on board her perished. There now remained only my friend the mate and I, who, consulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ship till she should split, and endeavour to save ourselves on some broken plank which the storm might drive on shore. We had just time to come to this resolution, when, by the violence of a wave that broke over the ship, her main-mast went by the board, and we were swept off the deck at the same instant. My companion could not swim; but I had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greatest degree of expertness. I was therefore more uneasy about the honest Scotchman's fate than my own; and quitting the mast, of which I had caught hold on its fall, swam to the place where he first rose to the surface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able so far to recollect himself as to cling by a part of the shrouds of our floating main-mast, to which I bore him. In our passage to the shore on this slender float, he was several times obliged to quit his hold, from his strength being exhausted; but I was always so fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former situation, till at last we were thrown upon the beach near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ship had struck. I was not so much spent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate safe out of the water, and advancing to a crowd of people, whom I saw assembled near us, began to entreat their assistance for him in very pathetic terms; when, to my utter astonishment, one of them struck at me with a bludgeon, while another making up to my fellow-sufferer, would have beat out his brains with a stone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and dashed it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he instantly drew, and made a furious stroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the same time, seizing his wrist, gave it so sudden a wrench, that the weapon dropped to the ground. I instantly possessed myself of it, and stood astride my companion with the aspect of an angry lioness guarding her young from the hunter. The appearance of strength and fierceness which my figure exhibited, kept my enemies a little at bay, when fortunately we saw advancing a body of soldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighbourhood had prevailed on to march to the place for the preservation of any of the crew whom the storm might spare, or any part of the cargo that might chance to be thrown ashore. At sight of this detachment the crowd dispersed, and left me master of the field. The officer very humanely took charge of my companion and me, brought us to his quarters in the neighbourhood, and accommodated me with these very clothes which I now have on. From him I learned, that those Englishmen, who (as our mate, by way of comfort observed) were not *savages*, had the idea transmitted them from their fathers, that all wrecks became their property by the immediate hand of God; and as, in their apprehension, that denomination belonged only to ships from which there landed no living thing, their hostile endeavours against the Scotchman's life and mine, proceeded from a desire of bringing our vessel into that supposed condition.

"After having weathered so many disasters, I am at last arrived near the place of my nativity. Fain would I hope, that a parent and a sister, whose tender remembrance, mingled with that of happier days, now rushes on my soul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after those hardships to which its ungoverned passions have subjected me. Like the prodigal son, I bring no worldly wealth along with me; but I return with a mind conscious of its former errors, and seeking that peace which they destroyed. To have used prosperity well, is the first favourite lot of Heaven; the next is his, whom adversity has not smitten in vain."

CHAP. XXI.

Bolton and his Companion meet with an uncommon Adventure.

When the stranger had finished his narration, Bolton expressed, in very strong terms,

his compassion for the hardships he had suffered. "I do not wish," said he, "to be the prophet of evil; but if it should happen, that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be disappointed, it will give me the truest pleasure to shelter a head on which so many vicissitudes have beat, under that roof of which Providence has made me master."—He was interrupted by the trampling of horses at a distance; his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately roused; the stranger observed his confusion. "You seem uneasy, sir," said he; "but they are not the retreats of houseless poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack."—"You mistake," answered Harry, who was now standing at the door of the chapel, "the ground of my alarm; at present I have a particular reason for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own personal safety." He listened;—the noise grew fainter; but he marked, by the light of the moon, which now shone out again, the direction whence it seemed to proceed, which was over an open part of the common. "They are gone this way," he cried, with an eagerness of look, grasping one of the knotty branches which the soldier's fire had spared. "If there is danger in your way," said his companion, "you shall not meet it alone." They sallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a distance, the twinkling of lights in motion: their pace was quickened at the sight; but in a few minutes those were extinguished, the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced, however, on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared, when, in one of the pauses of the storm, they heard shrieks, in a female voice, that seemed to issue from some place but a little way off. They rushed forward in the direction of the sound, till they were stopped by a pretty high wall. Having made shift to scramble over this, they found themselves in the garden belonging to a low-built house, from one of the windows of which they saw the glimmer of a candle through the openings of the shutters; but the voice had ceased, and all was silent within. Bolton knocked at the door, but received no answer; when, suddenly, the screaming was repeated with more violence than before. He and his companion now threw themselves with so much force against the door, as to burst it open. They rushed into the room whence the noise proceeded; when the first object that presented itself to Bolton was Miss Sindall on her knees, her clothes torn, and her hair dishevelled, with two servants holding her arms, imploring mercy of Sir Thomas, who was calling out in a furious tone, "Damn your pity, rascals; carry her to bed by force."—"Turn, villain," cried Harry, "turn and defend yourself!" Sindal started at the well-known voice, and pulling out a pistol, fired it within a few feet of the other's face; he missed, and Bolton pushed forward to close with him; when one of the servants, quitting Miss Sindall, threw himself between him and his master, and made a blow at his head with the butt-end of a hunting-whip; this Harry catched on his stick, and in return levelled the fellow with the ground. His master now fired another pistol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance struck up the muzzle just as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The Baronet had his sword now drawn in the other hand, and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious pass at the soldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the second lounge, Sir Thomas's violence threw him on the point of his adversary's weapon, which entered his body a little below the breast. He staggered a few paces backwards, and clapping one hand on the place, leaned with the other on a table that stood behind him, and cried out, that he was a dead man. "My God!" exclaimed the stranger, "are not you Sir Thomas Sindall?"—"Sir Thomas Sindall!" cried a woman, who now entered half-dressed, with the mistress of the house. "It is, it is Sir Thomas Sindall," said the landlady; "for God's sake, do his honour no hurt."—"I hope," continued the other, with a look of earnest wildness, "you have not been a-bed with that young lady!"—She waited not a reply—"for, as sure as there is a God in heaven, she is your own daughter!"—Her hearers stood aghast as she spoke.—Sindall stared wildly for a moment, then, giving a deep groan, fell senseless at the feet of the soldier, who had sprung forward to support him. What assistance the amazement of those about him could allow, he received, and, in a short time, began to recover; but as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon; in the mean time, the soldier procured some lint, and gave it a temporary dressing. He was now raised from the ground, and supported in an elbow chair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman: "Speak," said he, "while I have life to hear thee." On the faces of her audience sat astonishment, suspense, and expectation; and a chilly silence prevailed, while she delivered the following recital.

CHAP. XXII.

A prosecution of the Discovery mentioned in the last Chapter.

"I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God and this lady forgive me! but heaven is my witness, that I was thus far on my way to con-

fess all to your honour, (turning to Sir Thomas Sindall,) that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

"You will remember, sir, that this young lady's mother was delivered of her at the house of one of your tenants, where Mr Camplin (I think that was his name) brought her for that purpose. I was intrusted with the charge of her as her nurse, along with some trinkets, such as young children are in use to have, and a considerable sum of money, to provide any other necessaries she should want. At that very time I had been drawn in to associate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whose stolen goods I had often received into my house, and helped to dispose of. Fearing therefore that I might one day be brought to an account for my past offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the same time the temptation of such a booty before me, I formed a scheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr Camplin: it was, to make things appear as if my charge and I had been lost in crossing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpose, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and sleech, and left them close to the overflow of the stream, a little below the common ford. With shame I confess it, as I have often since thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that she might not be a burden to me in my flight; but she looked so innocent and sweet, while she clasped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpose.

"Having endeavoured in this manner to account for my disappearing, so as to prevent all further inquiry, I joined a party of those wretches, whose associate I had some time been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their assistance, too, I was put on a method of disguising my face so much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was very little chance, it would have been scarce possible for them to recollect it. My booty was put into the common stock, and the child was found useful to raise compassion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

"After I had continued in this society the best part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a scheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for several of my companions had been banished, or confined to hard labour in the interval) to break into the house of a wealthy farmer, who, we understood, had a few days before received a large sum of money on a bargain for the lease of an estate, which the proprietor had redeemed. Our project was executed with success; but a quarrel arising about the distribution of the spoil, one of the gang deserted, and informed a neighbouring justice of the whole transaction, and the places of our retreat. I happened to be a fortune-telling in this gentleman's house when this informer came to make the discovery; and, being closetted with one of the maid servants, overheard him inquiring for the justice, and desiring to have some conversation with him in private. I immediately suspected his design, and having got out of the house, eluded pursuit by my knowledge in the bye-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to disburden myself of the child, as she not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be discovered: but, abandoned as I had then become, I found myself attached to her by that sort of affection which women conceive for the infants they suckle. I would not, therefore, expose her in any of these unfrequented places through which I passed in my flight, where her death must have been the certain consequence; and, two or three times, when I would have dropped her at some farmer's door, I was prevented by the fear of discovery. At last I happened to meet with your honour. You may recollect, sir, that the same night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar asked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you stopped to have one of your horse's shoes fastened. I was that beggar; and hearing from a boy who held your horse, that your name was Sir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting-seat you had in the neighbourhood, I left the infant on a narrow part of the road a little way before you, where it was impossible you should miss of finding her, and stood at the back of a hedge to observe your behaviour when you came up. I saw you make your servant pick up the child, and place her on the saddle before him. Then having, as I thought, sufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as fast as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But, being some time after apprehended on suspicion, and not able to give a good account of myself, I was advertised in the papers, and discovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which some of the gang had been already condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was cast for transportation. Before I was put on board the ship that was to carry me and several others abroad, I wrote a few lines to your honour, acquainting you with the circumstances of my behaviour towards your daughter; but this, I suppose, as it was entrusted to a boy who used to go on errands for the prisoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from transportation, and betook myself to my old course of life again. But I happened to be seized with the small-pox, that raged in a village I passed through; and partly from the violence of the distemper, partly from the want of proper care in the first stages of it, was brought

so low, that a physician, whose humanity induced him to visit me, gave me over for lost. I found that the terrors of death on a sick-bed, had more effect on my conscience than all the hardships I had formerly undergone, and I began to look back with the keenest remorse on a life so spent as mine had been. It pleased God, however, that I should recover; and I have since endeavoured to make some reparation for my past offences by my penitence.

"Among other things, I often reflected on what I had done with regard to your child; and being some days ago accidentally near Sindall-park, I went thither, and tried to learn something of what had befallen her. I understood, from some of the neighbours, that a young lady had been brought up from her infancy with your aunt, and was said to be the daughter of a friend of yours, who had committed her to your care at his death. But, upon inquiring into the time of her being brought to your house, I was persuaded that she must be the same I had conjectured; imputing the story of her being another's, to your desire of concealing that she was yours, which I imagined you had learned from the letter I wrote before my transportation; till meeting, at a house of entertainment, with a servant of your honour's, he informed me, in the course of our conversation, that it was reported you were going to be married to the young lady who had lived so long in your family. On hearing this I was confounded, and did not know what to think; but when I began to fear that my letter had never reached you, I trembled at the thought of what my wickedness might occasion, and could have no ease in my mind, till I should set out for Bilswood to confess the whole affair to your honour. I was to-night overtaken by the storm near this house, and prevailed on the landlady, though it seemed much against her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago, I was waked with the shrieks of some person in distress; and upon asking the landlady, who lay in the same room with me, what was the matter? she bid me be quiet, and say nothing; for it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance, who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had stolen a sum of money from his house, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of something I cannot describe; and I was terrified when I overheard some part of your discourse, and guessed what your intentions were: I rose, therefore, in spite of the landlady, and had got thus far dressed, when we heard the door burst open, and presently a noise of fighting above stairs. Upon this we ran up together; and to what has happened since, this company has been witness."

CHAP. XXIII.

Miss Sindall discovers another Relation.

It is not easy to describe the sensations of Sindall or Lucy, when the secret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the last were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder, while her father turned upon her an eye of tenderness, chastened with shame. "O, thou injured innocence!" said he, "for I know not how to call thee child, canst thou forgive those—Good God! Bolton, from what hast thou saved me!" Lucy was now kneeling at his feet.—"Talk not, sir," said she, "of the errors of the past; methinks I look on it as some horrid dream, which it dizzies my head to recollect. My father?—Gracious God! have I a father?—I cannot speak; but there are a thousand things that beat here. Is there another parent to whom I should also kneel?" Sir Thomas cast up a look to heaven, and his groans stopped, for a while, his utterance;—"O, Harriet! if thou art now an angel of mercy, look down and forgive the wretch that murdered thee!"—"Harriet!" exclaimed the soldier, starting at the sound, "what Harriet?—what Harriet?"—Sindall looked earnestly in his face—"O, heavens!" he cried, "art thou—sure thou art!—Annesly?—look not, look not on me—thy sister—but I shall not live for thy upbraidings—thy sister was the mother of my child!—Thy father—to what does this moment of reflection reduce me!—Thy father fell with his daughter, the victims of that villainy which overcame her innocence!" Annesly looked sternly upon him, and anger for a moment inflamed his cheeks; but it gave way to softer feelings.—"What, both! both!"—and he burst into tears.

Bolton now stepped up to this new-acquired friend. "I am," said he, "comparatively but a spectator of this fateful scene; let me endeavour to comfort the distress of the innocent, and alleviate the pangs of the guilty. In Sir Thomas Sindall's present condition, resentment would be injustice. See here, my friend," pointing to Lucy, "a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father." Annesly gazed upon her.—"She is, she is," he cried, "the daughter of my Harriet!—that eye, that lip, that look of sorrow!"—He flung himself on her neck; Bolton looked on them enraptured; and even the languor of Sindall's face was crossed with a gleam of momentary pleasure.

Sir Thomas's servant now arrived, accompanied by a surgeon, who, upon examining and dressing his wound, was of opinion, that in itself it had not the appearance of imminent danger, but that, from the state of his pulse, he was apprehensive of a supervening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept

as quiet as possible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Bolton's, the latter informed him of the state in which Sir Thomas's mind must be, from the discoveries that the preceding hour had made to him. Upon which the surgeon begged that he might, for the present, avoid seeing Miss Sindall or Miss Annesly, or talking with any one on the subject of those discoveries: but he could not prevent the intrusion of thought, and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving sort of slumber, in which he would often start, and mutter the words, Harriet, Lucy, Murder, and Incest!

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of those luxurious interviews, which absence, and hardships during that absence, procure to souls formed for each other. She related to him all her past distresses, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herself, indeed, was not then mistress of it all; the story at large was this:—

The servant, whose attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been discovered in that conference which produced her resolution of leaving Bilswood, by Mrs Boothby's maid, who immediately communicated to her mistress her suspicions of the plot going forward between Miss Sindall and Robert. Upon this the latter was severely interrogated by his master, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the words she had overheard of the young lady and him, he confessed her intention of escaping by his assistance. Sir Thomas, drawing his sword, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the instructions he should then receive; these were, to have the horse saddled at the hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miss Sindall the confession he had made, on the road which Sir Thomas now marked out for him. With this, after the most horrid denunciations of vengeance in case of a refusal, the poor fellow was fain to comply; and hence his terror, when they were leaving the house. They had proceeded but just so far on their way, as Sir Thomas thought proper for the accomplishment of his design, when he, with his valet-de-chambre, and another servant, who were confidants of their master's pleasures, made up to them, and, after pretending to upbraid Lucy for the imprudence and treachery of her flight, he carried her to this house of one of those profligate dependants, whom his vices had made necessary on his estate.

When she came to the close of this recital, the idea of that relation in which she stood to him from whom these outrages were suffered, stopped her tongue; she blushed and faultered.—"This story," said she, "I will now forget for ever—except to remember that gratitude which I owe to you." During the vicissitudes of her narration, he had clasped her hand with a fearful earnestness, as if he had shared the dangers she related; he pressed it to his lips.—"Amidst my Lucy's present momentous concerns, I would not intrude my own; but I am selfish in the little services she acknowledges; I look for a return."—She blushed again—"I have but little art," said she, "and cannot disguise my sentiments; my Henry will trust them on a subject, which at present I know his delicacy will forbear."

Annesly now entered the room, and Bolton communicated the trust he was possessed of in his behalf, offering to put him in immediate possession of the sum which Mr Rawlinson had bequeathed to his management, and which that gentleman had more than doubled since the time it had been left by Annesly's unfortunate father. "I know not," said Annesly, "how to talk of those matters, unacquainted as I have been with the manners of polished and commercial nations; when I have any particular destination for money, I will demand your assistance. In the mean time, consider me as a minor, and use the trust already reposed in you, for my advantage, and the advantage of those whom misfortune has allied to me."

CHAP. XXIV.

Sir Thomas's situation—The expression of his penitence.

Next morning Sindall, by the advice of his surgeon, was removed in a litter to his own house, where he was soon after attended by an eminent physician in aid of that gentleman's abilities. Pursuant to his earnest entreaties, he was accompanied thither by Annesly and Bolton. Lucy, having obtained leave of his medical attendants, watched her father in the character of nurse.

They found on their arrival, that Mrs Boothby, having learned the revolutions of the preceding night, had left the place, and taken the road towards London. "I think not of her," said Sir Thomas; "but there is another person whom my former conduct banished from my house, whom I now wish to see in this assemblage of her friends, the worthy Mrs Wistanly." Lucy undertook to write her an account of her situation, and to solicit her compliance with the request of her father. The old lady, who had still strength and activity enough for doing good, accepted the invitation, and the day following she was with them at Bilswood.

Sir Thomas seemed to feel a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having the company of those he had injured assembled under his roof. When he was told of Mrs Wistanly's arrival, he desired to see her; and taking her hand, "I have

sent for you, madam," said he, "that you may help me to unload my soul of the remembrance of the past." He then confessed to her that plan of seduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Annesly, and the honour of his sister. "You were a witness," he concluded, "of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to destroy; you are now come to behold the retribution of Heaven on the guilty. By that hand whom it commissioned to avenge a parent and a sister, I am cut off in the midst of my days."—"I hope not, sir," answered she; "your life, I trust, will make a better expiation. In the punishments of the Divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, serves equally the purpose of universal benignity, with the dispensation of good."—"I feel," replied Sir Thomas, "the force of that observation: the pain of this wound; the presentiment of death which it instils; the horror with which the recollection of my incestuous passion strikes me; all these are in the catalogue of my blessings. They indeed take from me the world; but they give me myself."

A visit from his physician interrupted their discourse; that gentleman did not prognosticate so fatally for his patient; he found the frequency of his pulse considerably abated, and expressed his hopes, that the succeeding night his rest would be better than it had been. In this he was not mistaken; and next morning the doctor continued to think Sir Thomas mending; but himself persisted in the belief that he should not recover.

For several days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to lose it; but afterwards he was seized with hectic fits at stated intervals, and when they left him, he complained of a universal weakness and depression. During all this time Lucy was seldom away from his bed-side: from her presence he derived peculiar pleasure; and sometimes, when he was so low as to be scarce able to speak, would mutter out blessings on her head, calling her his saint, his guardian angel!

After he had exhausted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of some of the ablest of the faculty, they acknowledged all farther assistance to be vain, and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. He received this intelligence with the utmost composure, as an event which he had expected from the beginning, thanked the physician for his candour, and desired that his friends might be summoned around him, while he had yet strength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he saw them assembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper, which he told him was his will. "To this," said he, "I would not have any of those privy, who are interested in its bequests; and therefore I had it executed at the beginning of my illness, without their participation. You will find yourself, my dear Harry, master of my fortune, under a condition, which, I believe, you will not esteem a hardship. Give me your hand; let me join it to my Lucy's;—there!—if Heaven receives the prayer of a penitent, it will pour its richest blessings upon you.

"There are a few provisions in that paper, which Mr Bolton, I know, will find a pleasure in fulfilling. Of what I have bequeathed to you, Mrs Wistanly, the contentment you enjoy in your present situation makes you independent; but I intend it as an evidence of my consciousness of your deserving.—My much injured friend, for he was once my friend, (addressing himself to Annesly,) will accept of the memorial I have left him.—Give me your hand, sir; receive my forgiveness for that wound which the arm of Providence made me provoke from yours; and when you look on a parent's and a sister's tomb, spare the memory of him whose death shall then have expiated the wrongs he did you!"—Tears were the only answer he received.—He paused a moment; then looking round with something in his eye more elevated and solemn, "I have now," said he, "discharged the world: mine has been called a life of pleasure; had I breath, I could tell you how false the title is; alas! I knew not how to live. Merciful God! I thank thee—thou hast taught me how to die."

At the close of this discourse, his strength, which he had exerted to the utmost, seemed altogether spent; and he sunk down in the bed, in a state so like death, that for some time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his speech appeared to be lost; he could just make a feeble sign for a cordial that stood on the table near his bed: he put it to his lips, then laid his head on the pillow, as if resigning himself to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the scene; her friend, Mrs Wistanly, led her almost fainting out of the room; "That grief, my dear Miss Sindall," said she, "is too amiable to be blamed; but your father suggested a consolation which your piety will allow: of those who have led his life, how few have closed it like him!"

THE CONCLUSION.

Early next morning Sir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inquest on his body; the jury brought in their verdict, self-defence. But there was a judge in the bosom of Annesly, whom it was more difficult to satisfy; nor could he for a long time be brought to pardon himself that blow, for which the justice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their last duty to Sir Thomas's remains, the family removed to Sindall-park. Mrs Wistanly was prevailed on to leave her

own house for a while, and preside in that of which Bolton was now master. His delicacy needed not the ceremonial of fashion to restrain him from pressing Miss Sindall's consent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapsed, he received from her uncle that hand, which Sir Thomas had bequeathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happiness is equal to their merit: I am often a witness of it; for they honour me with a friendship which I know not how I have deserved, unless by having few other friends. Mrs Wistanly and I are considered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is universal; the country smiles around them with the effects of their goodness. This is indeed the only real superiority which wealth has to bestow; I never envied riches so much, as since I have known Mr Bolton.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apothegm; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*.

END OF THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ;

A TALE.

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE formerly taken the liberty of holding some prefatory discourse with my readers, on the subject of those little histories which accident enabled me to lay before them. This is probably the last time I shall make use of their indulgence; and, even if this Introduction should be found superfluous, it may claim their pardon, as the parting address of one, who has endeavoured to contribute to their entertainment.

I was favoured last summer with a visit from a gentleman, a native of France, with whose father I had been intimately acquainted when I was last in that country. I confess myself particularly delighted with an intercourse, which removes the barrier of national distinction, and gives to the inhabitants of the world the appearance of one common family. I received, therefore, this young Frenchman into that humble shed, which Providence has allowed my age to rest in, with peculiar satisfaction; and was rewarded for any little attention I had in my power to shew him, by acquiring the friendship of one, whom I found to inherit all that paternal worth which had fixed my esteem, about a dozen years ago, at Paris. In truth, such attention always rewards itself; and, I believe, my own feelings, which I expressed to this amiable and accomplished Frenchman on his leaving England, are such as every one will own, whose mind is susceptible of feeling at all. He was profuse of thanks, to which my good offices had no title, but from the inclination that accompanied them—*Ici, Monsieur,* (said I, for he had used a language more accommodated than ours to the lesser order of sentiments, and I answered him as well as long want of practice would allow me in the same tongue,)—*Ici, Monsieur, obscur et inconnu, avec beaucoup de bienveillance, mais peu de pouvoir, je ne goûte pas d'un plaisir plus sincere, que de penser, qu'il y a, dans aucun coin du monde, un cœur honnête qui se souvient de moi avec reconnoissance.*

But I am talking of myself, when I should be giving an account of the following papers. This gentleman, discoursing with me on the subject of those letters, the substance of which I had formerly published under the title of the *Man of the World,* observed, that if the desire of searching into the records of private life were common, the discovery of such collections would cease to be wondered at. "We look," said he, "for the Histories of Men, among those of high rank; but memoirs of sentiment and suffering may be found in every condition.

"My father," continued my young friend, "made, since you saw him, an acquisition of that nature, by a whimsical accident. Standing one day at the door of a grocery-shop, making inquiry as to the lodgings of some person of his acquaintance, a little boy passed him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, which he offered for sale to the master of the shop, for the ordinary uses of his trade; but they differed about the price, and the boy was ready to depart, when my father desired a sight of the papers, saying to the lad with a smile, that, perhaps, he might deal with him for his book; upon reading a sentence or two, he found a style much above that of the ordinary manuscripts of a grocery-shop, and gave the boy his price at a venture, for the whole. When he got home, and examined the parcel, he found it to consist of letters put up, for the most part, according to their dates, which he committed to me, as having, he said, better eyes, and a keener curiosity, than his. I found them to contain a story in detail, which, I believe, would interest one of your turn of thinking a good deal. If you chuse to undergo the trouble of the perusal, I shall take care to have them sent over to you by the first opportunity I can find, and if you will do the Public the favour to digest them, as you did those of *Annesly* and his children,—" My young Frenchman speaks the language of compliment; but I do not choose to translate any farther. It is enough to say, that I received his papers some time ago, and that they are those which I have translated, and now give to the world. I had, perhaps, treated them as I did the letters he mentioned; but I found it a difficult task to reduce them into narrative, because they are made up of sentiment, which narrative would destroy. The only power I have exercised over them, is that of omitting letters, and passages of letters, which seem to bear no relation to the story I mean to communicate. In doing this, however, I confess I have been cautious: I love myself (and am apt, therefore, from a common sort of weakness, to

imagine that other people love) to read nature in her smallest character, and am often more apprized of the state of the mind, from very trifling, than from very important circumstances.

As, from age and situation, it is likely I shall address the public no more, I cannot avoid taking this opportunity of thanking it for the reception it has given to those humble pages which I formerly introduced to its notice. Unknown and unpatronized, I had little pretensions to its favour, and little expectation of it; writing, or arranging the writings of others, was to me only a favourite amusement, for which a man easily finds both time and apology. One advantage I drew from it, which the humane may hear with satisfaction; I often wandered from my own woe, in tracing the tale of another's affliction; and, at this moment, every sentence I write, I am but escaping a little farther from the pressure of sorrow.

Of the merits or faults of the composition, in the volumes of which I have directed the publication, a small share only was mine; for their tendency I hold myself entirely accountable, because, had it been a bad one, I had the power of suppressing them; and from their tendency, I believe, more than any other quality belonging to them, has the indulgence of their readers arisen. For that indulgence I desire to return them grateful acknowledgments as an editor; I shall be proud, with better reason, if there is nothing to be found in my publications, that may forfeit their esteem as a man.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ;

A TALE.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Julia de Roubigné to Maria de Roncilles.

"The friendship of your Maria, misfortune can never deprive you of."—These were the words with which you sealed that attachment we had formed in the blissful period of infancy. The remembrance of those peaceful days we passed together in the convent, is often recalled to my mind, amidst the cares of the present. Yet do not think me foolish enough to complain of the want of those pleasures which affluence gave us; the situation of my father's affairs is such as to exclude luxury, but it allows happiness; and, were it not for the recollection of what he once possessed, which now and then intrudes itself upon him, he could scarce form a wish that were not gratified in the retreat he has found.

You were wont to call me the little philosopher; if it be philosophy to feel no violent distress from that change which the ill fortune of our family has made in its circumstances, I do not claim much merit from being that way a philosopher. From my earliest days I found myself unambitious of wealth or grandeur, contented with the enjoyment of sequestered life, and fearful of the dangers which attend an exalted station. It is therefore more properly a weakness, than a virtue, in me, to be satisfied with my present situation.

But, after all, my friend, what is it we have lost? We have exchanged the life of gaiety, of tumult, of pleasure they call it, which we led in Paris, when my father was a rich man, for the pure, the peaceful, the truly happy scenes, which this place affords us, now he is a poor one. Dependence and poverty alone are suffered to complain; but they know not how often greatness is dependent, and wealth is poor. Formerly, even during the very short space of the year we were at Belville, it was vain to think of that domestic enjoyment I used to hope for in the country; we were people of too much consequence to be allowed the privilege of retirement, and, except those luxurious walks I sometimes found means to take—with you, my dear, I mean—the day was as little my own, as in the midst of our winter-hurry in town.

The loss of this momentous law-suit has brought us down to the level of tranquillity. Our days are not now pre-occupied by numberless engagements, nor our time anxiously divided for a rotation of amusements; I can walk, read, or think, without the officious interruption of polite visitors; and, instead of talking eternally of others, I find time to settle accounts with myself.

Could we but prevail on my father to think thus!—Alas! his mind is not formed for contracting into that narrow sphere, which his fortune has now marked out for him. He feels adversity a defeat, to which the vanquished submit, with pride in their looks, but anguish in their hearts. He is cut off from the enjoyment of his present state, while he puts himself under the cruel necessity of dissembling his regret for the loss of the former.

I can easily perceive how much my dearest mother is affected by this. I see her constantly on the watch for every word and look that may discover his feelings; and she has, too often, occasion to observe them unfavourable. She endeavours, and commonly succeeds in her endeavour, to put on the appearance of cheerfulness; she even tries to persuade herself, that she has reason to be contented; but, alas! an effort to be happy is always but an increase of our uneasiness.

And what is left for your Julia to do? In truth, I fear, I am of little service. My heart is too much interested in the scene, to allow me that command over myself, which would make

me useful. My father often remarks, that I look grave; I smile, (foolishly I fear,) and deny it; it is, I believe, no more than I used to do formerly; but we were then in a situation that did not lead him to observe it. He had no consciousness in himself to prompt the observation.

How often do I wish for you, Maria, to assist me! There is something in that smile of yours, (I paint it to myself at this instant,) which care and sorrow are unable to withstand; besides the general effect produced by the intervention of a third person, in a society, the members of which are afraid to think of one another's thoughts.—Yet you need not answer this wish of mine; I know how impossible it is for you to come hither at present. Write to me as often as you can; you will not expect order in my letters, nor observe it in your answers; I will speak to you on paper when my heart is full, and you will answer me from the sympathy of yours.

LETTER II.

Julia to Maria.

I AM to vex my Maria with an account of trifles, and those, too, unpleasant ones; but she has taught me to think, that nothing is insignificant to her, in which I am concerned, and insists on participating, at least, if she cannot alleviate my distresses.

I am every day more and more uneasy about the chagrin which our situation seems to give my father. A little incident has just now plunged him into a fit of melancholy, which all the attention of my mother, all the attempts at gaiety which your poor Julia is constrained to make, cannot dissipate or overcome.

Our old servant Le Blanc is your acquaintance; indeed he very soon becomes acquainted with every friend and visitor of the family; his age prompting him to talk, and giving him the privilege of talking.

Le Blanc had obtained permission, a few days since, to go on a visit to his daughter, who is married to a young fellow, serving in the capacity of coachman at a gentleman's in the neighbourhood of Belville. He returned last night, and, in his usual familiar manner, gave us an account of his expedition this morning.

My father inquired after his daughter; he gave some short answer as to her; but I could see by his face, that he was full of some other intelligence. He was standing behind my father, resting one hand on the back of his chair; he began to rub it violently, as if he would have given the wood a polish by the friction. "I was at Belville, sir," said he. My father made no reply; but Le Blanc had got over the difficulty of beginning, and was too much occupied by the idea of the scene, to forbear attempting the picture.

"When I struck off the high road," said he, "to go down by the old avenue, I thought I had lost my way; there was not a tree to be seen. You may believe me as you please, sir; but, I declare, I saw the rooks, that used to build there, in a great flock over my head, croaking, for all the world, as if they had been looking for the avenue too. Old Lasune's house, where you, miss, (turning to me,) would frequently stop in your walks, was pulled down, except a single beam at one end, which now serves for a rubbing-post to some cattle that graze there; and your roan horse, sir, which the Marquis had of you in a present, when he purchased Belville, had been turned out to grass among the rest, it seems, for there he was, standing under the shade of the wall; and, when I came up, the poor beast knew me, as any Christian would, and came neighing up to my side, as he was wont to do. I gave him a piece of bread I had put in my pocket in the morning, and he followed me for more, till I reached the very gate of the house; I mean what was the gate when I knew it; for there is now a rail run across, with a small door, which Le Sauvre told me they call Chinese. But, after all, the Marquis is seldom seen there to enjoy these fine things; he lives in town, Le Sauvre says, eleven months in the year, and only comes down to Belville, for a few weeks, to get money to spend in Paris."

Here Le Blanc paused in his narration. I was afraid to look up to see its effect upon my father; indeed the picture which the poor fellow had innocently drawn, had too much affected myself.—Lasune's house! my Maria remembers it; but she knows not all the ties which its recollection has upon me.

I stole, however, a sidelong glance at my father. He seemed affected, but disdain was mixed with his tenderness; he gathered up his features, as it were to hide the effect of the recital. "You saw Le Sauvre then?" said he coolly.—"Yes," answered Le Blanc; "but he is wonderfully altered since he was in your service, sir. When I first discovered him, he was in the garden, picking some greens for his dinner; he looked so rueful when he lifted up his head and saw me! Indeed I was little better myself, when I cast my eyes around. It was a sad sight to see! for the Marquis keeps no gardener, except Le Sauvre himself, who has fifty things to do besides, and only hires another hand or two for the time he resides at Belville in the summer. The walks, that used to be trimmed so nicely, are covered with mole-hills; the hedges are full of great holes, and Le Sauvre's chickens were basking in the flower-beds. He took me into the house, and his wife seemed glad to see her old acquaintance, and the children clambered up to kiss me, and Jeanot

asked me about his god-mother, meaning you, madam; and his little sister inquired after her handsome mistress, as she used to call you, miss. 'I have got,' said Nanette, 'two new mistresses, that are much finer drest than she, but they are much prouder, and not half so pretty;' meaning two of the Marquis's daughters, who were at Belville for a few days, when their father was last there. I smiled to hear the girl talk so, though, heaven knows, my heart was sad. Only three of the rooms are furnished, in one of which Le Sauvre and his family were sitting; the rest had their windows darkened with cobwebs, and they echoed so when Le Sauvre and I walked through them, that I shuddered, as if I had been in a monument."

"It is enough, Le Blanc," said my mother in a sort of whisper. My father asked some indifferent question about the weather. I sat, I know not how, looking piteously, I suppose; for my mother tapped my cheek with the word Child! emphatically pronounced. I started out of my reverie, and finding myself unable to feign a composure which I did not feel, walked out of the room to hide my emotion. When I got to my own chamber, I felt the full force of Le Blanc's description; but to me it was not painful: it is not on hearts that yield the soonest that sorrow has the most powerful effects; it was but giving way to a shower of tears, and I could think of Belville with pleasure, even in the possesion of another.—They may cut its trees, Maria, and alter its walks, but cannot so deface it as to leave no traces for the memory of your Julia:—Methinks I should hate to have been born in a town; when I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends of whom the remembrance warms my heart. To me, even to me, who have lost their acquaintance, there is something delightful in the melancholy recollection of their beauties; and, here, I often wander out to the top of a little broom-covered knoll, merely to look towards the quarter where Belville is situated.

It is otherwise with my father. On Le Blanc's recital he has brooded these three days. The effect it had on him is still visible in his countenance; and, but an hour ago, while my mother and I were talking of some other subject, in which he was joining by monosyllables, he said, all at once, that he had some thoughts of sending to the Marquis for his roan horse again, since he did not chuse to keep him properly.

They, who have never known prosperity, can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys which we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed. Must we then tremble, my friend, in the possession of present pleasures, from the fear of their embittering futurity? or does Heaven thus teach us that sort of enjoyment, of which the remembrance is immortal? Does it point out those as the happy, who can look on their past life, not as the chronicle of pleasure, but as the record of virtue?

Forgive my preaching; I have leisure and cause to preach. You know how faithfully, in every situation,

I am yours.

LETTER III.

Julia to Maria.

"I WILL speak to you on paper, when my heart is full."—Misfortune thinks itself entitled to speak, and feels some consolation in the privilege of complaining, even where it has nothing to hope from the utterance of complaint.

Is it a want of duty in me to mention the weakness of a parent? Heaven knows the sincerity of the love I bear him! Were I indifferent about my father, the state of his mind would not much disquiet me; but anxiety for his happiness carries me, perhaps, a blameable length in that censure, which I cannot help feeling, of his incapacity to enjoy it.

My mother too! if he knew how much it preys upon her gentle soul, to see the impatience with which he suffers adversity!—Yet, alas! unthinking creature that I am, I judge of his mind by my own; and while I venture to blame his distress, I forget that it is entitled to my pity.

This morning he was obliged to go to the neighbouring village to meet a procureur from Paris on some business, which, he told us, would detain him all day. The night was cold and stormy, and my mother and I looked often earnestly out, thinking on the disagreeable ride he would have on his return. "My poor husband!" said my mother, as the wind howled in the lobby beneath. "But I have heard him say, mamma, that, in these little hardships, a man thinks himself unfortunate, but is never unhappy; and you may remember he would always prefer riding to being driven in a carriage, because of the enjoyment which, he told us, he should feel from a clean room and a cheerful fire when he got home." At the word *carriage*, I could observe my mother sigh; I was sorry it had escaped me; but at the end of my speech, we looked both of us at the hearth, which I had swept but the moment before; the faggots were crackling in the fire, and my little Fidele lay asleep before it.—He pricked up his ears and barked, and we heard the trampling of horses in the court. "Your father is returned," cried my mother; and I ran to the door to receive him. "Julia, is it not?" said he, (for the servant had not time to fetch us a light;) but he said it coldly. I offered to help him off with his surtout. "Softly, child,"

said he, "you pull my arm awry." It was a trifle, but I felt my heart swell when he said this.

He entered the room; my mother took his hand in hers. "You are terribly cold, my love," said she, and she drew his chair nearer the fire; he threw aside his hat and whip, without speaking a word. In the centre of the table, which was covered for supper, I had placed a bowl of milk, dressed in a way I knew he liked, and had garnished it with some artificial flowers, in the manner we used to have our desserts done at Belville. He fixed his eyes on it, and I began to make ready my answer to a question I supposed he would ask, "who had trimmed it so nicely?" but he started hastily from his chair, and snatching up this little piece of ornament, threw it into the fire, saying, "We have now no title to finery." This was too much for me; it was foolish, very foolish, but I could not help letting fall some tears. He looked sternly at me; and muttering some words which I could not hear, walked out of the room, and slapped the door roughly behind him. I threw myself on my mother's neck, and wept outright.

Our supper was silent and sullen; to me the more painful, from the mortifying reverse which I felt from what I had expected. My father did not taste the milk; my mother asked him to eat of it with an affected ease in her manner; but I observed her voice faulter as she asked him: As for me, I durst not look him in the face; I trembled every time the servant left the room: there was a protection, even in his presence, which I could not bear to lose. The table was scarcely uncovered, when my father said he was tired and sleepy; my mother laid hold of the opportunity, and offered to accompany him to their chamber: She bid me goodnight; my father was silent; but I answered as if I addressed myself to both.

Maria! in my hours of visionary indulgence, I have sometimes painted to myself a husband —no matter whom—comforting me amidst the distresses which fortune had laid upon us. I have smiled upon him through my tears; tears, not of anguish, but of tenderness;—our children were playing around us, unconscious of misfortune; we had taught them to be humble and to be happy;—our little shed was reserved to us, and their smiles to cheer it—I have imagined the luxury of such a scene, and affliction became a part of my dream of happiness.

Thus far I had written last night; I found at last my body tired and drowsy, though my mind was ill disposed to obey it: I laid aside my pen, and thought of going to bed; but I continued sitting in my chair, for an hour after, in that state of languid thinking, which, though it has not strength enough to fasten on any single object, can wander without weariness over a thousand. The clock striking one, dissolved the enchantment; I was then with my Maria, and I went to bed but to continue my dream of her.

Why did I awake to anxiety and disquiet?—Selfish! that I should not bear, without murmuring, my proportion of both!—I met my mother in the parlour, with a smile of meekness and serenity on her countenance; she did not say a single word of last night's incident; and I saw she purposely avoided giving me any opportunity of mentioning it; such is the delicacy of her conduct with regard to my father. What an angel this woman is! Yet I fear, my friend, she is a very woman in her sufferings.

She was the only speaker of our company, while my father sat with us. He rode out soon after breakfast, and did not return till dinner-time. I was almost afraid of his return, and was happy to see, from my window, somebody riding down the lane along with him. This was a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune in our neighbourhood, the Count Louis de Montauban. I do not know how it has happened, but I cannot recollect having ever mentioned him to you before. He is not one of those very interesting characters, which are long present with the mind; yet his worth is universally acknowledged, and his friendship to my father, though of late acquisition, deserves more than ordinary acknowledgment from us. His history we heard from others, soon after our arrival here; since our acquaintance began, we have had it, at different times, from himself; for, though he has not much frankness about him to discover his secrets, he possesses a manly firmness, which does not shrink from the discovery.

His father was only brother to the late Francis Count de Montauban; his mother, the daughter of a noble family in Spain, died in child-bed of him; and he was soon after deprived of his remaining parent, who was killed at a siege in Flanders. His uncle took, for some time, the charge of his education; but, before he attained the age of manhood, he discovered, in the Count's behaviour, a want of that respect which should have distinguished the relation from the dependant; and after having, in vain, endeavoured to assert it, he took the resolution of leaving France, and travelled a-foot into Spain, where he met with a very kind reception from the relations of his mother. By their assistance, he was afterwards enabled to acquire a respectable rank in the Spanish army, and served, in a series of campaigns, with distinguished reputation. About a year ago, his uncle died unmarried; by this event he succeeded to the family estate, part of which is situated in this neighbourhood; and

since that time, he has been generally here, employed in superintending it; for which, it seems, there was the greater necessity, as the late Count, who commonly lived at the old hereditary seat of his ancestors, had, for some of the last years of his life, been entirely under the dominion of rapacious domestics, and suffered his affairs in this quarter to run, under their guidance, into the greatest confusion.

Though, in France, a man of fortune's residence at his country-seat is so unusual, that it might be supposed to enhance the value of such a neighbour, yet the circumstance of Montauban's great fortune was a reason, I believe, for my father shunning any advances towards his acquaintance. The Count at last contrived to introduce himself to us, (which, for what reason I know not, he seemed extremely anxious to do,) in a manner that flattered my father; not by offering favours, but by asking one. He had led a walk through a particular part of his ground, along the course of a brook, which runs also through a narrow neck of my father's property, by the intervention of which the Count's territory was divided. This stripe of my father's ground would have been a purchase very convenient for Montauban; but with that peculiar delicacy which our situation required, he never made the proposition of a purchase, but only requested that he might have leave to open a passage through an old wall, by which it was inclosed, that he might enjoy a continuation of that romantic path, which the banks of the rivulet afforded. His desire was expressed so politely, that it could not be refused. Montauban soon after paid a visit of thanks to my father, on the occasion: this last was pleased with an incident, which gave him back the power of conferring an obligation, and therefore, I presume, looked on his new acquaintance with a favourable eye; he praised his appearance to my mother and me; and since that day, they have improved their acquaintance into a very cordial intimacy.

In many respects, indeed, their sentiments are congenial. A high sense of honour is equally the portion of both. Montauban, from his long service in the army, and his long residence in Spain, carries it to a very romantic height. My father, from a sense of his situation, is now more jealous than ever of his. Montauban seems of a melancholy disposition. My father was far from being so once; but misfortune has now given his mind a tincture of sadness. Montauban thinks lightly of the world from principle. My father, from ill-usage, holds it in disgust. This last similarity of sentiment is a favourite topic of their discourse, and their friendship seems to increase from every mutual observation which they make. Perhaps it is from something amiss in our nature, but I have often observed the most strict of our attachments to proceed from an alliance of dislike.

There is something hard and unbending in the character of the Count, which, though my father applauds it under the title of magnanimity, I own myself womanish enough not to like. There is an yielding weakness, which, to me, is more amiable than the inflexible right; it is an act of my reason to approve of the last; but my heart gives its suffrage to the first, without pausing to inquire for a cause.—I am awkward at defining; you know what I mean; the last is stern in Montauban, the first is smiling in Maria.

Mean time, I wish to feel the most perfect gratitude for his unwearied assiduity to oblige my father and his family. When I think on his uncommon friendship, I try to forget that severity which holds me somehow at a distance from him.

Though I meant a description, I have scrawled through most of my paper without beginning one. I have made but some slight sketches of his mind; of his person I have said nothing, which, from a woman to a woman, should have been mentioned the soonest. It is such as becomes a soldier, rather manly than handsome, with an air of dignity in his mien that borders on haughtiness. In short, were I to study for a sentence, I should say, that Montauban was made to command respect from all, to obtain praise from most, but to engage the affections of few.

His company to-day was of importance to us. By ourselves, every one's look seemed the spy on another's. We were conscious of remembering what all affected to forget. Montauban's conversation reconciled us, without our being sensible of it.

My father, who (as it commonly happens to the aggressor in those cases) had perhaps felt more from his own harshness than either my mother or I, seemed happy to find an opportunity of being restored to his former familiarity. He was gayer, and more in spirits, than I have seen him for some time past. He insisted on the Count's spending the evening with us. Montauban at first excused himself. He had told us, in the course of conversation, of his having appropriated the evening to business at home; but my father would listen to no apology, and the other was at last overcome. He seems, indeed, to feel an uncommon attachment to my father, and to enjoy more satisfaction in his company, than I should have expected him to find in the society of any one.

You are now, in the account of correspondence, I do not know how deep in my debt. I mean not to ask regular returns; but write to me, I entreat you, when you can; and write longer letters than your last. Put down every thing, so it be what you feel at the time; and tell every incident that can make me present with you, were it but the making up of a cap that pleases you. You see how much paper I contrive to blot with trifles.

LETTER IV.

Montauban to Segarva.

You saw, my friend, with what reluctance I left Spain, though it was to return to the country of my birth, to the inheritance of my fathers. I trembled when I thought what a scene of confusion the strange mismanagement of my uncle had left me to disentangle; but it required only a certain degree of fortitude to begin that business, and it was much sooner concluded than I looked for. I have now almost wrought myself out of work, and yet the situation is not so disgusting as I imagined. I have long learned to despise that flippancy which characterizes my countrymen; yet, I know not how it is, they gain upon me in spite of myself; and while I resolve to censure I am forced to smile.

From Paris, however, I fled, as if it had been infested with a pestilence. Great towns certainly contain many excellent persons; but vice and folly predominate so much, that a search after their opposites is beyond the limits of ordinary endurance; and, besides the superiority of numbers, the first are ever perked up to view, while the latter are solicitous to avoid observation.

In the country I found a different style of character. Here are impertinents who talk nonsense, and rogues who cheat where they can; but they are somewhat nearer nature in both. I met with some female relations, who stunned me with receipts in cookery, and prescriptions in physic; but they did not dictate to my taste in letters, or my judgment in philosophy. Ignorance I can bear without emotion, but the affectation of learning gives me a fit of the spleen.

I make, indeed, but an awkward figure among them; for I am forced, by representing my uncle, to see a number of our family friends, whom I never heard of. These good people, however, bear with me wonderfully, and I am not laughed at, as you predicted.

But they sometimes pester me with their civilities. It is their principle, that a man cannot be happy alone; and they tire me with their company, out of pure good nature. I have endeavoured to undeceive them: the greater part do not understand my hints; those who do, represent me as a sour ungracious being, whom Spain has taught pride and sullenness. This is well, and I hope the opinion will propagate itself apace. One must be somewhat hated, to be independent of folly.

There is but one of my neighbours, whose temper I find at all congenial to my own. He has been taught by misfortune to be serious: for that I love him; but misfortune has not taught him to be humble: for this I love him the more. There is a pride which becomes every man; a poor man, of all others, should possess it.

His name is Pierre de Roubigné. His family of that rank, which is perhaps always necessary to give a fixed liberality of sentiment. From the consequences of an unfortunate law-suit, his circumstances became so involved, that he was obliged to sell his paternal estate, and retire to a small purchase he had made in this province, which is situated in the midst of my territories here. My steward pointed it out to me, as a thing it was proper for me to be master of; and hinted, that its owner's circumstances were such as might induce him to part with it. Such is the language of those devourers of land, who wish to make a wilderness around them, provided they are lords of it. For my part, I find much less pleasure in being the master of acres, than the friend of men.

From the particulars of Mons. de Roubigné's story, which I learned soon after I came hither, I was extremely solicitous of his acquaintance: but I found it not easy to accomplish my desire; the distance which great minds preserve in adversity, keeping him secluded from the world. By humouring that delicacy, which ruled him in his acceptance of a new acquaintance, I have at last succeeded. He admits me as his guest, without the ceremony which the little folks around us oblige me to endure from them. He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together, pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences.

His youth has been enlightened by letters, and informed by travel; but what is still more valuable, his mind has been early impressed with the principles of manly virtue: he is liberal in sentiment, but rigid in feelings of honour.

Were I to mark his failings, I might observe a degree of peevishness at mankind, which, though mankind may deserve, it is the truest independence not to allow them. He feels that chagrin at his situation, which constitutes the victory of misfortune over us—but I have not known misfortune, and am therefore not entitled to observe it.

His family consists of a wife and daughter, his only surviving child, who are equally estimable with himself. I have not, at present, time to describe them. I have given you this sketch of him, because I think he is such a man as might be the friend of my Segarva. There are so few in this trifling world, whose mutual excellence deserves mutual esteem, that the intervention of an hundred leagues should not bar their acquaintance: and we increase the sense of virtue in ourselves by the consciousness of virtue in others.

LETTER V.

Montauban to Segarva.

I DESCRIBED to you, in my last, the father of that family, whose acquaintance I have chiefly cultivated since I came hither. His wife and daughter I promised to describe—at least such a promise was implied—perhaps I find pleasure in describing them—I have time enough at least for the description;—but no matter for the cause.

Madame de Roubigné has still the remains of a fine woman; and, if I may credit a picture in her husband's possession, was in her youth remarkably handsome. She has now a sort of stillness in her look, which seems the effect of resignation in adversity. Her countenance bears the marks of sorrow, which we do not so much pity as revere; she has yielded to calamity, while her husband has struggled under its pressure, and hence has acquired a composure, which renders that uneasiness I remarked in him more observable by the contrast. I have been informed of one particular, which, besides the difference of sex, may, in a great measure, account for this. She brought Roubigné a very considerable fortune, the greatest part of which was spent in that unfortunate law-suit I mentioned. A consciousness of this makes the husband impatient under their present circumstances, from the very principle of generosity, which leads the wife to appear contented.

In her conversation, she is guided by the same evenness of temper. She talks of the world as of a scene where she is a spectator merely, in which there is something for virtue to praise, for charity to pardon; and smooths the spleen of her husband's observations by some palliative remark which experience has taught her.

One consolation she has ever at hand: *Religion*, the friend of calamity, she had cultivated in her most prosperous days. Affliction, however, has not driven her to enthusiasm; her feelings of devotion are mild and secret, her expression gentle and charitable. I have always observed your outrageously religious, amidst their severity to their neighbours, manifest a discontent with themselves: spirits like Madame de Roubigné's have that inward peace which is easily satisfied with others. The rapturous blaze of devotion is more allied to vanity than to happiness: like the torch of the great, it distresses its owner, while it flames in the eye of the public; the other, like the rush-light of the cottager, cheers the little family within, while it seeks not to be seen of the world.

But her daughter, her lovely daughter!—with all the gentleness of her mother's disposition, she unites the warmth of her father's heart, and the strength of her father's understanding. Her eyes, in their silent state, (if I may use the term,) give the beholder every idea of feminine softness; when sentiment or feeling animates them, how eloquent they are! When Roubigné talks, I hate vice, and despise folly; when his wife speaks, I pity both; but the music of Julia's tongue gives the throb of virtue to my heart, and lifts my soul to somewhat superhuman.

I mention not the graces of her form; yet they are such as would attract the admiration of those, by whom the beauties of her mind might not be understood. In one as well as the other, there is a remarkable conjunction of tenderness with dignity; but her beauty is of that sort, on which we cannot properly decide independently of the soul, because the first is never uninformed by the latter.

To the flippancy, which we are apt to ascribe to females of her age, she seems utterly a stranger. Her disposition appears to lean, in an uncommon degree, towards the serious. Yet she breaks forth at times into filial attempts at gaiety, to amuse that disquiet which she observes in her father; but even then it looks like a conquest over the natural pensiveness of her mind. This melancholy might be held a fault in Julia; but the fortune of her family has been such, that none but those who are totally exempted from thinking, could have looked on it with indifference.

It is only, indeed, when she would confer happiness on others, that she seems perfectly to enjoy it. The rustics around us talk of her affability and good humour with the liveliest gratitude; and I have been witness to several scenes, where she dispensed mirth and gaiety to some poor families in our neighbourhood, with a countenance as cheerful as the most unthinking of them all. At those seasons I have been tempted from the gravity natural to me, and borrowed from trifles a temporary happiness. Had you seen me yesterday dancing in the midst of a band of grape-gatherers, you would have blushed for your friend; but I danced with Julia.

I am called from my description by the approach of her whom I would describe. Her father has sent his servant to inform me, that his wife and daughter have agreed to accompany him in a walk as far as to a farm of mine, where I have set about trying some experiments in agriculture. Roubigné is skilful in those things: as for me, I know I shall lose money by them; but it will not be lost to the public; and if I can even shew what will not succeed, I shall do something for the good of my neighbours. Methinks, too, if Julia de Roubigné would promise to come and look at them—But I see their family from my window. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Julia to Maria.

You rally me on the subject of the Count de Montauban, with that vivacity I have so often envied you the possession of. You say, you are sure you should like him vastly. "What a blessing, in a remote province, where one is in danger of dying of ennui, to have this stiff, crusty, honourable Spaniard, to teaze and make a fool of!" I have no thoughts of such amusement, and therefore I do not like him vastly; but I confess, I begin to like him better than I did. He has lost much of that sternness, (dignity, my father calls it,) which used to chill me when I approached him. He can talk of common things in a common way; and but yesterday, he danced with me on the green amidst a troop of honest rustics, whom I wished to make happy at the small expense of sharing their happiness. All this, I allow, at first seemed foreign to the man; but he did not, as I have seen some of your wise people do, take great credit for letting himself so low. He did it with a design of frankness, though some of his native loftiness remained in the execution.

We are much in his debt on the score of domestic happiness. He has become so far one of the family as to be welcome at all times, a privilege he makes very frequent use of; and we find ourselves so much at ease with him, that we never think even of talking more than we chuse, to entertain him. He will sit for an hour at the table where I am working, with no other amusement than that of twisting shreds of my catgut into whimsical figures.

I think that he also is not the worse for our society; I suppose him the happier for it, from the change in his sentiments of others. He often disputes with my father, and will not allow the world to be altogether so bad as he used to do. My father, who can now be merry at times, jokes him on his apostacy. He appealed to me this morning for the truth of his argument. I told him, I was unable to judge, because I knew nothing of the world. "And yet," replied he gallantly, "it is from you one should learn to think better of it: I never knew, till I came hither, that it contained any thing so valuable as Mademoiselle de Roubigné." I think, he looked foolish when he paid me this compliment. I curtsied with composure enough. It is not from men like Montauban that one blushes at a compliment.

Besides the general addition to our good humour, his society is particularly useful to me. His discourse frequently turns on subjects, from the discussion of which, though I am somewhat afraid to engage in it, I always find myself the wiser. Amidst the toils of his military life, Montauban has contrived to find leisure for the pursuit of very extensive and useful knowledge. This, though little solicitous to display, he is always ready to communicate; and, as he finds me willing to be instructed, he seems to find a pleasure in instructing me.

My mother takes every opportunity of encouraging this sort of conversation. You have often heard her sentiments on the mutual advantage of such intercourse between the sexes. You will remember her frequent mention of a male friend, who died soon after her marriage, from whom, she has told us, she derived most of the little accomplishment her mind can boast of. "Men, (she used to say,) though they talk much of their friends, are seldom blest with a friend. The nature of that companionship, which they mistake for friendship, is really destructive of its existence; because the delicacy of the last shrinks from the rude touch of the former; and that, however pure in their own sentiments, the society which they see each other hold with third persons, is too gross not to break those tender links, which are absolutely essential to friendship. Girls, (she said,) easily form a connection of a more refined sort; but as it commonly begins with romance, it seldom outlasts the years of childhood, except when it degenerates into cabal and intrigue; but that the friendship of one of each sex, when so circumstanced as to be distant from love, (which she affirmed might be the case,) has that combination of strength and delicacy which is equally formed to improve and delight."

There may be much reason in her arguments; but I cannot, notwithstanding my esteem for him, easily think of Montauban as my friend. He has not yet quite obliterated the fears I felt on our first acquaintance. He has, however, done much to conquer them; and, if he goes on as he has begun, I know not what in time he may arrive at. Mean time, I am contented with Maria; our friendship has at least endured beyond the period assigned by my mother. Shall it not always endure? I know the answer which your heart will make—mine throbs while I think of it.

LETTER VII.

Montauban to Segarva.

You complain of my silence. In truth I have nothing to say but to repeat, what is very unnecessary, my assurances of friendship to Segarva. My life is of a sort that produces nothing; I mean in recital. To myself it is not vacant: I can be employed in marking the growth of a shrub; but I cannot describe its progress, nor even tell why its progress pleases me.

If the word society is confined to our own

species, I enjoy very little of it. I should except that of the family I gave you an account of some time ago. I fear I am too often with them; I frequently resolve to be busy at home; but I have scarce sat down to my table, when the picture of Roubigné's parlour presents itself, and I think that my business may wait till to-morrow.

I blush to tell you what a fool I am grown; or is it that I am nearer the truth than formerly? I begin to entertain doubts of my own dignity, and to think that man is not altogether formed for the sublime place I used to allot him. One can be very happy with much less trouble, than very wise: I have discovered this at Roubigné's. It is but conquering the name of trifles, which our pride would give things, and my hours at Roubigné's are as importantly filled up as any employment could make them.

After all, what is our boasted philosophy to ourselves, or others? Its consequence is often borrowed, more from the language it speaks, than the object it pursues, and its attainments valued, more from their difficulty than their usefulness. But life takes its complexion from inferior things; and providence has wisely placed its real blessings within the reach of moderate abilities. We look for a station beyond them; it is fit that we too should have our reward; and it is found in our vanity. It is only from this cause that I sometimes blush, as if I were unworthily employed, when I feel myself happy in doing nothing at Mons. de Roubigné's fire-side.

Yet do not suppose that we are always employed in talking of trifles. She has a mind no less capable of important research, of exalted sentiment——

I am hastily called away;—it saves you the continuation of a very dull letter. I send this, such as it is, more as a title to receive one from you, than that it should stand for any thing of itself. Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

Julia to Maria.

Pity me, Maria, pity me! even that quiet that my letters of late described, which I was contented to call happiness, is denied me. There is a fatality which everywhere attends the family of the unfortunate Roubigné; here, to the abodes of peace, perplexity pursues it; and it is destined to find new distress, from those scanty sources to which it looked for comfort.

The Count de Montauban—why did he see me? why did he visit here? why did I listen to his discourse? though heaven knows, I meant not to deceive him!—He has declared himself the lover of your Julia!—I own his virtues, I esteem his character, I know the gratitude too we owe him: from all those circumstances, I am doubly distressed at my situation; but it is impossible, it is impossible that I should love him. How could he imagine that I should? or how does he still continue to imagine, that I may be won to love him? I softened my refusal, because I would distress no man; Montauban of all men the least: but surely it was determined enough to cut off all hopes of my ever altering my resolution.

Should not his pride teach him to cease such mortifying solicitations? How has it, in this instance alone, forsaken him? Methinks, too, he has acted ungenerously in letting my mother know of his addresses. When I hinted this, he fell at my feet, and intreated me to forgive a passion so earnest as his, for calling in every possible assistance. Cruel! that, in this tenderest concern, that sex, which is naturally feeble, should have other weaknesses to combat besides its own.

I know my mother's gentleness too well to have much to fear from her; but the idea of my father's displeasure is terrible. This morning, when I intreated my mother not to mention this matter to him, she informed me of her having already told him. It was an affair, she said, of so much importance to his family, that she durst not venture to conceal it. There was something in the coolness of her words that hurt me; but I stifled the answer which I was about to make, and only observed, that of that family I was the nearest concerned. "You shall judge for yourself, my dear girl," said she, resuming the natural gentleness of her manner; "I will never pretend to controul your affections. Your opinions I always hold it my duty to guide; experience, dearly bought perhaps, has given me some title to guide them. Believe me, there are dreams of romantic affection, which are apt to possess young minds, the reality of which is not to be found in nature. I do not blame you for doubting this at present; but the time will come when you will be convinced of its truth."

Is it so, Maria? Shall that period ever arrive, when my present feelings shall be forgotten? But, if it should, are they not *now* my conscience, and should I not be unjust to Montauban and myself, were I *now* to act against them?

I have seen my father. He came into my room, in his usual way, and asked me, if I chose to walk with him. His words were the same they were wont to be; but I could discover, that his thoughts were different. He looked on me with a determined countenance, as if he prepared himself for contradiction. I concealed my uneasiness, however, and attended him with that appearance of cheerfulness, which I make it a

point of duty to wear in his presence. He seemed to have expected something different; for I saw he was softened from that hostility, may I call it, of aspect, which he had assumed at first, and, during our walk, he expressed himself to me with unusual tenderness. Alas! too much so, Maria! Why am I obliged to offend him? When he called me the support and solace of his age, when he blessed Heaven, for leaving him, in the worst of his misfortunes, his Julia to comfort him—why could I not then, amidst my filial tears, when my heart should have poured itself out in duty and gratitude, why could I not then assure him of its obedience?

Write to me, for pity's sake, write to me speedily.—Assist me, counsel me, guide me—but say not that I should listen to Montauban.

LETTER IX.

Montauban to Segarva.

I SIT down to write to Segarva, with the idea of his presence at the time, and the idea was wont to be a pleasant one; it is now mixed with a sort of uneasiness, like that which a man feels, who has offended, and would ask to be forgiven. The consciousness of what I mean by this letter to reveal, hangs like guilt upon my mind; therefore it is that I have so long delayed writing. If you shall think it weakness—Yet I know not how I can bear chiding on this point.

But why should I doubt of your approving it? Our conversations on the sex might be just, but they touch not Julia de Roubigné. Could my friend but see, but know her, I should need no other advocate to excuse the change of my sentiments.

Let me tell him, then, of my passion for that loveliest of women; that it has prompted me to offer her a hand, which he has sometimes heard me declare should never give away my freedom. This sounded like something manly; but it was, in truth, a littleness of soul. He, who pauses in the exercise of every better affection of the heart, till he calculates the chances of danger or of ridicule, is the veriest of cowards; but the resolution, though frequently made, is seldom or never adhered to: the voice of nature, of wisdom, and of virtue, is against it.

To acquire such a friend as Julia de Roubigné—but friend is a word insignificant of the connection—to have one soul, one fate with her; to participate her happiness, to share her griefs! to be that single being to whom, the next to the Divinity, she pours out the feelings of her heart; to whom she speaks the gentlest of her wishes; to whom she sighs the most delicate of her fears! to grant those wishes, to sooth those fears! to have such a woman (like our guardian angel, without his superiority,) to whom we may unbosom our own!—the creation of pleasures is little; this is a creation of soul to enjoy them!

Call not mine the language of doating love; I am confident how much reason is on my side, and will now hear Segarva with patience.

He will tell me of that fascinating power which women possess when they would win us, which fades at once from the character of wife. But I know Julia de Roubigné well; she has grown up under the eye of the best of parents, unschooled in the practices of her sex; she is ignorant of those arts of delusion, which are taught by the society of women of the world. I have had opportunities of seeing her at all seasons, and in every attitude of mind. Her soul is too gentle for the touch of art; an effort of deceit would wring it even to torture.

He will remind me of the disparity of age, and tell me of the danger of her affections wandering from one, whom, on comparison with herself, she will learn to think an old man.—But Julia is of an order of beings superior to those, whom external form, and the trifling language of gallantry, can attract.—Had she the flippancy of mind which those shallow qualities are able to allure, I think, Segarva, she were beneath the election of Montauban.

I remember our former conversations on the subject of marriage, when we were both of one side; and that then you observed in me a certain wakeful jealousy of honour, which, you said, the smile of a wife on another man would rouse into disquiet.—Perhaps I have been sometimes too hasty that way, in the sense of affronts from men; but the nicety of a soldier's character, which must ever be out of the reach of question, may excuse it. I think I never shewed suspicion of my friends; and why to this lovely one, the delicacy of whose virtue I would vouch against the world, should I be more unjust than to others?—There is no fiend so malicious as to breathe detraction against my Julia.

In short, I have canvassed all your objections, and, I think, I have answered them all. Forgive me for supposing you to make them; and forgive me, when I tell you, that, while I did so, methought I loved you less than I was wont to do.

But I am anticipating blessings which may never arrive; for the gentlest of her sex is yet cruel to Montauban. But, I trust, it is only the maiden coyness of a mind naturally fearful. She owned her esteem, her friendship: these are poor to the returns I ask; but they must be exchanged for sentiments more tender, they must yield to the ardour of mine. They must, they shall: I feel my heart expand with a glad foreboding, that tells it of happiness to come. While I enjoy it, I wish for something more: let me hear then that my Segarva enjoys it too.

LETTER X.

Julia to Maria.

You know not the heart of your Julia; yet impute it not to a want of confidence in your friendship. Its perplexity is of a nature so delicate, that I am sometimes afraid even to think on it myself; and often, when I meant to reveal it to you, my utterance failed in the attempt.

The character you have heard of the Count de Montauban is just; it is perhaps even less than he merits: for his virtues are of that unbending kind, that does not easily stoop to the opinion of the world; to which the world, therefore, is not profuse of its eulogium. I revere his virtues, I esteem his good qualities;—but I cannot love him.—This must be my answer to others: But Maria has a right to something more; she may be told my weakness, for her friendship can pity and support it.

Learn then, that I have not a heart to bestow.—I blush even while I write this confession.—Yet to love merit like Savillon's cannot be criminal.—Why then do I blush again, when I think of revealing it?

You have seen him at Belville; alas! you know not his worth; it is not easy to know it. Gentle, modest, retired from notice,—it was the lot of your Julia to discover it. She prized it the more, that it was not common to all; and while she looked on it as the child of her own observation, it was vanity to know, it was virtue to cherish,—alas! she was unconscious of that period, when it ceased to be virtue, and grew into passion.

But whither am I wandering? I meant only to relate; but our feelings speak for themselves, before we can tell why we feel.

Savillon's father and mine were friends; his father was unfortunate, and mine was the friend of his misfortune; hence arose a sort of dependence on the one side, which on the other, I fear, was never entirely forgotten. I have sometimes observed this weakness in my father; but the pride that leads to virtue may be pardoned. He thinks of a man as his inferior, only that he may do him a kindness more freely. Savillon's family, indeed, was not so noble as his mind; my father warmly acknowledged the excellence of the last; but he had been taught, from earliest infancy, to consider a misfortune the want of the former.

After the death of old Savillon, my father's friendship and protection were transferred to his son; the time he could spare from study was commonly spent at Belville. He appeared to feel in his situation that dependence I mentioned; in mean souls, this produces servility; in liberal minds, it is the nurse of honourable pride. There was a silent melancholy about Savillon, which disdained the notice of superficial observers, and was never satisfied with superficial acquirements. His endowments did not attract the eye of the world; but they fixed the esteem and admiration of his friends. His friends indeed were few; and he seemed not to wish them many.

To know such a man; to see his merit; to regret that yoke which fortune had laid upon him—I am bewildered in sentiment again.—In truth, my story is the story of sentiment. I would tell you how I began to love Savillon; but the trifles, by which I now mark the progress of this attachment, are too little for description.

We were frequently together, at that time of life when a boy and a girl are not alarmed at being together. Savillon's superior attainments made him a sort of master for your Julia. He used to teach me ideas; sometimes he flattered me, by saying, that, in his turn, he learned from me. Our feelings were often equally disgusted with many of the common notions of mankind, and we early began to form a league against them. We began with an alliance of argument; but the heart was always appealed to in the last resort.

The time at last came, when I began to fear something improper in our friendship; but the fears that should guard, betray us. They make pictures to our fancy, which the reason they call to their assistance cannot overcome. In my rambles through the woods at Belville, I have often turned into a different walk from that I first designed to take, because I suspected Savillon was there!—Alas! Maria, an ideal Savillon attended me, more dangerous than the real.

But it was only from his absence I acquired a certain knowledge of myself. I remember, on the eve of his departure, we were walking in the garden; my father was with us. He had been commending some carnation seeds, which he had just received from an eminent florist at Versailles. Savillon was examining some of them, which my father had put into his hand; and soon after, when we came to a small plot, which I used to call my garden, he sowed a few of them in a particular corner of it. I took little notice at the time; but, not long after he was gone, the flowers began to appear. You cannot easily imagine the effect this trifling circumstance had upon me. I used to visit the spot by stealth, for a certain conscious feeling prevented me going openly thither, and watched the growth of those carnations with the care of a parent for a darling child; and when they began to droop, (I blush, Maria, to tell it,) I have often watered them with my tears.

Such is the account of my own feelings; but who shall tell me those of Savillon? I have seen him look such things!—but, alas! Maria, our wishes are traitors, and give us false intelligence. His soul is too noble to pour itself out in those trivial speeches which the other sex often addresses to ours. Savillon knows not the

language of compliment; yet methinks from Savillon it would please. May not a sense of his humble fortune prevent him from speaking what he feels? When we were first acquainted, Julia de Roubigné was a name of some consequence; fallen as she now is, it is now her time to be haughty, and Savillon is too generous to think otherwise. In our most exalted estate, my friend, we are not so difficult to win, as we are sometimes imagined to be: it unfortunately happens, that the best men think us the most so.

I know I am partial to my own cause; yet I am sensible of all the impropriety with which my conduct is attended. My *conduct*, did I call it? It is not my *conduct*, I err but in *thought*. Yet, I fear, I suffered these thoughts at first without alarm. They have grown up, unchecked, in my bosom, and now I would control them in vain. Should I know myself indifferent to Savillon, would not my pride set me free? I sigh, and dare not say that it would.

But there is something tenderer and less tumultuous in that feeling with which I now remember him, than when his presence used to alarm me. Obliged to leave France, where fortune had denied him an inheritance, he is gone to Martinique, on the invitation of an uncle, who has been several years settled in that island. When I think of the tract of ocean which separates us, my head grows dizzy as I think!—that this little heart should have its interests extended so far! that on the other side of the Atlantic, there should exist a being, for whom it swells with imaginary hope, and trembles, alas! much oftener trembles, with imaginary fear!

In such a situation, wonder not at my coldness to Montauban. I know not how it is; but, methinks, I esteem him less than I did, from the preposterous reason, that he loves me when I would not have him. I owe him gratitude in return, though I cannot give him love; but I involuntarily refuse him the first, because he asks the latter, which I have not to bestow.

Would that he had never seen your Julia! I expect not a life of happiness, but had looked for one of quiet. There is something in the idea even of peaceful sadness, which I could bear without repining; but I am not made for struggling with perplexity.

LETTER XI.

Julia to Maria.

From your letters, Maria, I always find comfort and satisfaction; and never did one arrive more seasonably than the last. When the soul is torn by contrary emotions, it is then that we wish for a friend to reconcile us to ourselves: such a friend am I blessed with in you. Advice from my Maria is the language of wisdom without its severity; she can feel what is due to nature, while she speaks what is required of prudence.

I have ever thought as you do, "that it is not enough for a woman not to swerve from the duty of a wife; that to love another more than a husband, is an adultery of the heart; and not to love a husband with undivided affection, is a virtual breach of the vow that unites us."

But I dare not own to my father the attachment from which these arguments are drawn. There is a sternness in his idea of honour, from which I shrink with affright. Images of vengeance and destruction paint themselves to my mind, when I think of his discovering that weakness which I cannot hide from myself. Even before my mother, as his wife, I tremble, and dare not disclose it.

How hard is the fate of your Julia! Unhappy from feelings which she cherished as harmless, which still she cannot think criminal, yet denied even the comfort of revealing, except to her Maria, the cause of her distress! Amidst the wreck of our family's fortunes, I shared the common calamity; must I now be robbed of the little treasure I had saved, spoiled of my peace of mind, and forbid the native freedom of my affections?

I am called to dinner. One of our neighbours is below, a distant relation of Montauban, with his wife and daughter. Another stranger, Lisette says, is also there, a captain of a ship, she thinks, whom she remembers having seen formerly at Belville.—Must I go then, and look unmeaning cheerfulness, and talk indifferent things, while my heart is torn with secret agitation? To feel distress, is painful; but to dissemble it, is torture.

I have now time to think, and power to express my thoughts.—It is midnight, and the world is hushed around me! After the agitation of this day, I feel something silently sad at my heart, that can pour itself out to my friend.

Savillon! cruel Savillon!—but I complain as if it were falsehood to have forgotten her, whom perhaps he never loved.

She too must forget him—Maria! he is the husband of another! That sea-captain, who dined with my father to-day, is just returned from Martinique. With a beating heart, I heard him questioned of Savillon.—With a beating heart, I heard him tell of the riches he is said to have acquired by the death of that relation with whom he lived; but judge of its sensations, when he added, that Savillon was only prevented, by that event, from marrying the daughter of a rich planter, who had been destined for his wife on the very day his uncle died, and whom he was still to marry as soon as decency would permit. "And

before this time," said the stranger, "he must be her husband."

Before this time!—While I was cherishing romantic hopes; or, at least, while, amidst my distress, I had preserved inviolate the idea of his faith and my own.—But whither does this delusion carry me? Savillon has broken no faith; to me he never pledged it. Hide me, my friend, from the consciousness of my folly, or let it speak till its expiation be made, till I have banished Savillon from my mind.

Must I then banish him from my mind? Must I forget the scenes of our early days, the opinions we formed, the authors we read, the music we played together? There was a time when I was wont to retire from the profanity of vulgar souls to indulge the remembrance!

I heard somebody tap at my door. I was in that state of mind which every thing terrifies; I fancy I looked terrified, for my mother, when she entered, begged me, in a low voice, not to be alarmed.

"I come to see you, Julia," said she, "before I go to bed. Methought you looked ill at supper."—"Did I, mamma?" said I; "I am well enough; indeed I am."—She pressed my hand gently; I attempted to smile; it was with difficulty I forbore weeping.

"Your mind, child," continued my mother, "is too tender, I fear it is, for this bad world. You must learn to conquer some of its feelings, if you would be just to yourself; but I can pardon you, for I know how bewitching they are; but trust me, my love, they must not be indulged too far; they poison the quiet of our lives. Alas! we have too little at best! I am aware how ungracious the doctrine is; but it is not the less true. If you ever have a child like yourself, you will tell her this, in your turn, and she will not believe you."

I was now weeping outright; it was the only answer I could make. My mother embraced me tenderly, and begged me to be calm, and endeavour to rest. I gave her my promise to go soon to bed: I am about to perform it; but to rest, Maria!—Farewell.

LETTER XII.

Julia to Maria.

While I write, my paper is blotted by my tears. They fall not now for myself, but for my father; you know not how he has wrung my heart.

He had another appointment this day with that procureur, who once visited our village before. Sure, there is something terrible in that man's business. Alas! I formerly complained of my father's ill-humour, when he returned to us from a meeting with him; I knew not, unjust that I was, what reason he then might have for his chagrin; I am still ignorant of their transactions, but have too good ground for making frightful conjectures.

On his return in the evening, he found my mother and me in separate apartments. She has complained of a slight disorder, from cold, I believe, these two or three days past, and had lain down on a couch in her own room, till my father should return. I was left alone, and sat down to read my favourite Racine.

"Iphigenia!" said my father, taking up the book, "Iphigenia!" He looked on me piteously as he repeated the word. I cannot make you understand how much that single name expressed, or how much that look. He pressed me to his bosom, and as he kissed me, I felt a tear on his cheek.

"Your mother is in her own chamber, my love?" I offered to go and fetch her; he held my hand fast, as if he would not have me leave him. We stood for some moments thus, till my mother, who had heard his voice, entered the room.

We sat down by the fire, with my father between us. He looked on us alternately with an affected cheerfulness, and spoke of indifferent things in a tone of gaiety rather unusual to him; but it was easy to see how foreign those appearances were to the real movements of his soul.

There was at last a pause of silence, which gave them time to overcome him. We saw a tear, which he was unable to repress, begin to steal from his eye. "My dearest life!" said my mother, laying hold of his hand, and kissing it: I pressed the other in mine. "Yes," said he, "I am still rich in blessings, while these are left me. You, my love, have ever shared my fortune unrepining. I look up to you as to a superior being, who, for all his benefits, accepts of our gratitude as the only recompence we have to make. This—this last retreat, where I looked for peace at least, though it was joined to poverty, we may soon be forced to leave!—Wilt thou still pardon, still comfort the man, whose evil destiny has drawn thee along with it to ruin? And thou too, my child, my Julia! thou wilt not forsake thy father's grey hairs! Misfortune pursues him to the last. Do thou but smile, my cherub, and he can bear it still." I threw my head on his knees, and bathed them with my tears.—"Do not unman me," he cried. "I would support my situation as becomes a man. Methinks, for my own part, I could endure any thing—but my wife! my child! can they bear want and wretchedness!"—"They can bear any thing with you," said my mother. I started up, I know not how; I said something, I know not what; but, at that moment, I felt my heart roused as with the sound of a trumpet. My mother stood on one side, looked gently upwards,

her hands, which were clasped together, leaning on my father's shoulder. He had one hand in his side, the other pressed on his bosom, his figure seeming to rise above itself, and his eye bent steadily forward. Methought, as I looked on them, I was above the fears of humanity.

Le Blanc entered. "'Tis enough," said my father, taking one or two strides through the room, his countenance still preserving an air of haughtiness. "Go to my chamber," said he to Le Blanc, "I have some business for you." When they left the room, I felt the weakness of my soul return. I looked on my mother; she turned from me to hide her tears. I fell on her neck, and gave a loose to mine: "Do not weep, Julia!" was all she could utter, and she wept while she uttered it.

When Le Blanc returned, he was pale as ashes, and his hand shook so, that he could hardly carry in supper. My father came in a few minutes after him: he took his place at table in his usual way, and strove to look as he was wont to do. During the time of supper, I observed Le Blanc fix his eye upon him; and, when he answered some little questions put to him by my father, his voice trembled in his throat.

After being left by ourselves, we were for some time silent. My mother at last spoke through her tears: "Do not, my dearest Roubigné," said she, "add to our misfortunes by an unkind concealment of them. Has any new calamity befallen us? When we retired hither, did we not know the worst?"—"I am afraid not," answered he calmly, "but my fears may not be altogether just. Do not be alarmed, my love, things may turn out better than they appear. I was affected too much before supper, and could not conceal it. There are weak moments, when we are not masters of ourselves. When I looked on my Julia and you, when I thought on those treasures, I was a very coward; but I have resumed my fortitude, and I think I can await the decision calmly. You shall know the whole, my love; but let me prevail on you to be comforted in the mean time; let not our distresses reach us before their time." He rung for Le Blanc, and gave him directions about some ordinary matters for next day.

As I went up stairs to my room, I saw that poor fellow standing at the window in the staircase. "What do you here," said I, "Le Blanc?"—"Ah! Miss Julia," said he, "I know not well what I do." He followed me into my room without my bidding him. "My master has spoken so to me!—When he called me out before supper, as you saw, I went with him into his closet: He wrote something down, as if he were summing up money.—'Here are so much wages due to you, Le Blanc,' said he, putting the paper into my hand. 'You shall receive the money now; for I know not how long these louis may be mine to give you.'—I could not read the figures, I am sure I could not; I was struck blind, as it were, when he spoke so. He held out the gold to me: I drew back; for I would not have touched it for the world; but he insisted on my taking it, till I fell on my knees, and intreated him not to kill me by offering such a thing. At length he threw it down on his table, and I saw him wipe his eyes with his handkerchief.—'My dear master!' said I, and I believe I took hold of his hand, for seeing him so, made me forget myself. He waved his hand for me to leave the room; and, as I went down into the kitchen, if I had not burst into tears, I think I should have fainted away."—

What will our destiny do with us? But I have learned, of late, to look on misery with less emotion. My soul has sunk into a stupid indifference, and sometimes, when she is roused at all, I conceive a sort of pride in meeting distress with fortitude, since I cannot hope for the attainment of happiness. But my father, Maria!—thus to bear at once the weakness of age, the gripe of poverty, the buffets of a world with which his spirit is already at war!—there my heart bleeds again! The complaints I have made of those little harshnesses I have sometimes felt from him, rise up to my memory in the form of remorse. Had he been more perfectly indulgent, methinks I should have pitied him less.

I was alarmed by hearing my mother's bell. She had been seized with a sudden fit of sickness, and had almost fainted. She is now a good deal better, and endeavours to make light of it; but at this time I am weaker than usual, and every appearance of danger frightens me. She chid me for not having been a-bed. I leave this open till the morning, when I can inform you how she does.

My mother has got up, though against the advice of my father and me. It may be fancy, but I think I see her eye languid and weighed down. I would stifle even the thoughts of danger, but cannot. Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

Lisette to Maria.

MADAM,

I AM commanded by my dear young lady to write to you, because she is not in a condition to write herself. I am sure I am little able either. I have a poor head for inditing at any time; and, at present, it is so full of the melancholy scenes I have seen, that it goes round,

as it were, at the thoughts of telling them. When I think what a lady I have lost!—To be sure, if ever there was a saint on earth, Madame de Roubigné was she—but Heaven's will be done!

I believe Miss Julia wrote you a letter the day she was taken ill. She did not say much, for it was her way not to be troublesome with her complaints; but we saw by all her looks how distressed she was. That night my master lay in a separate apartment, and I sat up by her bed-side; I heard her tossing and restless all night long, and now and then, when she got a few moments sleep, she would moan through it sadly, and presently wake with a start, as if something had frightened her. In the morning, a physician was sent for, who caused her to be blooded; and we thought her the better for it: but that was only for a short time, and the next night she was worse than before, and complained of violent pains all over her body, and particularly her breast, and did not once shut her eyes to sleep. They took a greater quantity of blood from her now than at first, and in the evening she had a blister put on, and the doctor sat by her part of the night. All this time Miss Julia was scarce ever out of her mother's chamber, except sometimes for a quarter of an hour, when the doctor begged of her to go, and he and I were both attending my lady. My master, indeed, that last night took her away, and prevailed on her to put off her clothes, and go to bed; and I heard him say to her in a whisper, when they had got upon the stairs, "My Julia, have pity on yourself for my sake; and let me not lose both:"—And he wept, I saw, as he spoke; and she burst into tears.

The fourth day my lady continued much in the same way; but during the night she wandered a good deal, and spoke much of her husband and daughter, and frequently mentioned the Count de Montauban. The doctor ordered some things, I forget their proper name, to be laid to the soles of her feet, which seemed to relieve her head much; for she was more distinct towards morning, and knew me when I gave her drink, and called me by my name, which she had not done before, but had taken me for my young lady; but her voice was fainter than ever, and her physician looked more alarmed, when he visited her, than I had seen him do all the rest of her illness. My master was then in the room, and presently they went out together; my lady called me to her, and asked who had gone out; when I told her, she said, "I guess the reason; but, Heaven be praised, I can think of it without terror."

Her daughter entered the room just then; she went up to her mother, and asked how she found herself? "More at ease, my child," said she, "but I will not deceive you into hope; I believe this momentary relief is a fatal symptom; my own feelings tell me so, and the doctor's looks confirm them."—"Do not speak so, my dearest mother! for Heaven's sake, do not!"—was all she could answer.

The doctor returned along with my master. He felt my lady's pulse: Miss Julia looked up wildly in his face; my master turned aside his head; but my lady, sweet angel, was calm and gentle as a lamb. "Do not flatter me," said she, when the doctor let go her arm; "I know you think I cannot recover."—"I am not without hopes, madam," he replied, "though, I confess, my fears are stronger than my hopes." My lady looked upwards for a moment, as I have often seen her do in health. Her daughter flung herself on the bed; I thought she had fallen into a swoon, and wanted to lift her up in my arms, though I was all of a tremble, and could hardly support myself. She started up, and would have spoken to her mother; but she wept and sobbed, and could not. My lady begged her to be composed; my master could not speak, but he laid hold on her hand, and, with a sort of gentle force, led her out of the room.

My lady complained of a dryness in her mouth and lips: the doctor gave her a glass of water, into which he poured a little somewhat out of a phial; she thanked him when she had drunk it, and seemed to speak easier: he said he should leave her for a little. Monsieur de Roubigné came in; "Attend my daughter," said she to me; and I thought she wanted to be alone with my master.

I found Miss Julia in the parlour, leaning on the table, her cheek resting on her hand: when I spoke, she fell a-crying again. Soon after her father came in, and told her that her mother wished to see her: she returned along with my master, and they were some time together.

When I was called I found my lady very low, by reason, as I suppose, she had worn herself out in speaking to them. The doctor said so too, when he returned; and in the afternoon, when I attended him down stairs, he said to me, "That excellent lady is going fast." He promised to see her again in two hours; but before that time, we found she had grown much worse, and had lost her speech altogether; and when he came, he said nothing was to be done but to make her as easy as possible, and offered to stay with her himself, which he did till about three next morning, when the dear good lady expired.

Her daughter fainted away, and it was a long time before the physician could recover her. It is wonderful how my master bears up, in order to comfort her; but one may see how heavy his grief is on him for all that. This morning, Miss Julia desired me to attend her to the chamber, where her mother's corpse is laid. I was surprised to hear her speak so calmly as she did; and, though I made so free as to dissuade her much at first, yet she persuaded me she could bear it well enough; and I went with her accordingly. But when we came near the door,

she stopped, and pulled me back into her room, and leaned on my arm, and fell into a violent fit of weeping; yet, when I begged her to give over thoughts of going, she said she was easy again, and would go. And thus two or three times she went and returned, till at last, she opened the door in desperation, as one may say, and I went in close behind her. The first sight we saw was Monsieur de Roubigné at the bed-side, bending over the corpse, and holding one of its hands in his. "Support me, Lisette!" cried she; and leaned back on me again. My master turned about as she spoke: his daughter took courage, as it were, then, and walked up to the body, and took the hand that her father had just let drop, and kissed it. "My child!" said he.—"My father!" answered my dear young lady; and they clasped one another in their arms. I could not help bursting into tears when I saw them; yet it was not altogether for grief neither; I know not how it was, but I weep when I think of it yet. May Heaven bless them both, and preserve them to support one another!

My lady's bell rung, and she asked me if I had written to you? When I told her I had, she inquired if I had sent off the letter, and I was fain to say yes, lest she should ask me to read it, and I knew how bad it must be for her, to hear all I have told your ladyship repeated. I am sure it is a sad scrawl, and little worth your reading, were it not that it concerns so dear a friend of yours as my lady is; and I have told things just as they happened, and as they came up to my mind, which is indeed but in a confused way still. But I ever am, madam, with respect,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

LISETTE.

LETTER XIV.

Julia to Maria.

AT last, my Maria, I am able to write. In the sad society of my afflicted father, I have found no restraint on my sorrows. We have indulged them to the full. Their first turbulence is subsided, and the still quiet grief that now presses on my bosom, is such as my friend may participate.

"Your loss is common to thousands." Such is the hackneyed consolation of ordinary minds, unavailing even when it is true. But mine is not common; it is not merely to lose a mother, the best, the most indulgent of mothers!—Think, Maria, think of your Julia's situation; how helpless, how forlorn she is!—A father pursued by misfortune to the wane of life; but, alas! he looks to her for support! he has outlived the last of his friends, and those who should have been linked to him by the ties of blood, the same fatal disputes which ruined his fortune, have shaken from his side. Beyond him,—and he is old, and affliction blasts his age!—beyond him, Maria, and but for thee,—the world were desolate around me.

My mother!—you have seen, you have known her. Her gentle, but assured spirit, was the tutelary power to which we ever looked up for comfort and protection; to the last moment it enlightened herself, and guided us. The night before she died, she called me to her bed-side: "I feel, my child," said she, "as the greatest bitterness of parting, the thought of leaving you to affliction and distress. I have but one consolation to receive or to bestow, a reliance on that merciful Being, who, in this hour, as in all the past, has not forsaken me! Next to that Being, you will shortly be the only remaining support of the unfortunate Roubigné. I had, of late, looked on one measure as the means of procuring his age an additional stay; but I will not prescribe your conduct, or warp your heart. I know the purity of your sentiments, the warmth of your filial affection; to those and the guidance of heaven——" She had spoken thus far with difficulty; her voice now failed in the attempt. My father came into the room: he sat down by me; she stretched out her hand, and joining ours, which were both laid on the bed, together, she clasped them with a feeble pressure, leaned backward, seemingly worn out with the exertion, and looked up to heaven, as if directing us thither for that assistance which her words had bequeathed us,—her last words! for after that she could scarcely speak to be heard, and only uttered some broken syllables, till she lost the power of utterance altogether.

These words cannot be forgotten; they press upon my mind with the sacredness of a parent's dying instructions: But that measure they suggested—is it not against the dictates of a still superior power? I feel the thoughts of it as of a crime. Should it be so, Maria; or do I mistake the whispers of inclination for the suggestions of conscience? Yet I think I have searched my bosom impartially, and its answer is uniform. Were it otherwise, should it ever be otherwise, what would not your Julia do to smooth the latter days of a father, on whose grey hairs distresses are multiplied!

Methinks, since this last blow, he is greatly changed. That haughtiness of spirit, which seemed to brave, but in reality was irritated by misfortune, has left him. He looks calmly upon things; they affect him more, but hurt him less; his tears fall oftener, but they are less terrible than the sullen gloom which used to darken his aspect. I can now mingle mine with his, free to affliction, without uneasiness or fear; and those offices of kindness, which once my piety exacted, are now the offering of my heart.

Montauban has behaved, on this occasion, as became his character. How perfect were it, but for that weakness which regards your Julia! He came to see my father the day after that on which my mother died. "I will not endeavour," said he, "to stop the current of your grief: that comfort which the world offers, at times like these, flows not from feeling, and cannot be addressed to it. Your sorrow is just. I come to give you leisure to indulge it. Employ me in those irksome offices, which distress us more than the tears they oblige us to dry; think nothing too mean to impose on me, that can any how relieve my friend."

And this friend his daughter is forced to deprive him of! Such at least is the common pride of the sex, that will not brook any other connection where one is rejected. I am assailed by motives on every hand; but my own feelings are still unconquered. Support them, my ever-faithful Maria, if they are just; if not—but they cannot be unjust.

The only friend of my own sex, whom I possessed besides thee, is now no more! We needed no additional tie; yet, methinks, in the grief of my heart, I lean upon yours with increasing affection. Thou too—I will not say pity—thou shalt love me more.

LETTER XV.

Julia to Maria.

I HAVE this moment received your answer to my last. Ah! my friend, it answers not as I wished. Is this frowardness in me, to hear with pleasure only the arguments on one side, when my conduct should be guided by those on both?

You say, "It is from the absence of Savillon, that the impression he had made on my heart has gained its present strength; that the contemplation of distant objects is always stronger than the sense of present ones; and that, were I to see him now, were I daily to behold him the husband of another, I should soon grow tranquil at the sight. That it is injustice to myself, and a want of that proper pride, which should be the constant attendant of our sex, to suffer this unhappy attachment to overcome my mind; and that, after looking calmly on the world, you cannot allow so much force to those impressions, as our youth was apt to suppose in them. That they are commonly vanquished by an effort to vanquish them; and that the sinking under their pressure is one of those diseases of the mind, which, like certain diseases of the body, the exercise of its better faculties will very soon remove."

There is reason in all this; but while you argue from reason, I must decide from my feelings. In every one's own case, there is a rule of judging, which is not the less powerful that one cannot express it. I insist not on the memory of Savillon; I can forget him; I think I can—time will be kind that way—it is fit I should forget him—he is happy, as the husband of another.—But should I wed any man, be his worth what it may, if I feel not that lively preference for him which waits not for reasoning to persuade its consent? The suggestions I have heard of Montauban's unwearied love, his uncommon virtues, winning my affections in a state of wedlock, I have always held a very dangerous experiment; there is equivocation in those vows, which unite us to a husband, our affection for whom we leave to contingency.—"But I already esteem and admire him."—It is most true!—why is he not contented with my esteem and admiration? If those feelings are to be ripened into love, let him wait that period, when my hand may be his without a blush. This I have already told him; he almost owned the injustice of his request, but pleaded the ardour of passion in excuse. Is this fair dealing, Maria? that his feelings are to be an apology for his suit, while mine are not allowed to be a reason for refusal?

I am called away by my father; I heard the Count's voice below some time before. There was a solemnity in my father's manner of asking me down, which indicates something important in this visit. You shall hear what that is before this letter is closed.—Again! he is come to fetch me.

Maria! let me recover my surprise! Yet why should I be surprised at the generosity of Montauban? I know the native nobleness of his soul.—Was it in such a girl as me to enfeeble it so long?

My father led me into the parlour. Montauban was standing in a pensive posture; he made me a silent bow. I was placed in a chair, standing near another which the Count had occupied before: He sat down. My father walked to the window, his back was to us. Montauban put himself once or twice into the attitude of speaking: But we were still silent.

My father turned and approached us. "The Count has something to communicate, Julia.—Would you choose, sir, that it should be addressed to her alone?"—"No," answered he, "it is an expiation to both, and both should hear it made. I fear I have, unwittingly, been the cause of disquiet to a family, whose society, for some time past, has been one of the chief sweeteners of my life. They know my gratitude for the blessing of that intimacy which they were kind enough to allow me. When I wished for a more tender connection, they could not blame my wish; but, when I pressed it so far as to wound their peace,

I was unworthy of the esteem they had formerly given, an esteem I cannot now bear to lose. When I cease my suit, Miss Julia, let it speak, not a diminution, but an increase of my affection. If that regard, which you often had the generosity to confess for me, was impaired by my sadnesses, let me recover it by this sacrifice of my hopes; and while I devote to your quiet the solicitations of my love, let it confirm to me every privilege of the most sacred friendship."

Such were the words of Montauban. I know not what answer I made: I remember a movement of admiration, and no more. At that instant, he seemed nobler than ever; and when, in spite of his firmness, a tear broke forth, my pity almost carried me beyond my esteem. How happy might this man make another! Julia de Roubigné is fated to be miserable!

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LETTER XVI.

The Count de Montauban to Mons. Duvergne, at Paris.

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I HAVE sent only three of the bills I proposed in my last to remit; that for five thousand, and the other for twelve thousand livres, at short dates, I have retained, as, I believe, I shall have use for them here. You may discount some of the others, if you want money for immediate use, which, however, I imagine, will not be the case.

I beg you may, immediately on receipt of this, send the inclosed letter as directed. The name in the superscription I have made Vervette, though my steward, from whom I take it, is not sure if it be exactly that; but, as he tells me the man is a procureur of some practice, and is certain as to the place of his residence, I imagine you will have no difficulty in finding him. I wish my letter to reach him in Paris; but if you hear that he is gone into the country, send me notice by the messenger, who is to fetch down my uncle's papers, by whom I shall receive your answer sooner than by post.

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LETTER XVII.

Lisette to Maria.

MADAM,

I MAKE bold to write this, in great haste, because I am sensible of your friendship for my lady, and that you will thank me for giving you an opportunity of trying to serve her father and her in their present distress. She, poor lady, is in such a situation as not to be able to write; and besides, she is so noble-minded, that I dare be sworn she would not tell you the worst, lest it should look like asking your assistance.

How shall I tell you, madam? My poor master is in danger of being forced away from us, and thrown into prison! a debt, it seems, owing to some people in Paris, on account of expences about that unfortunate law-suit, has been put into the hands of a procureur, who will not hear of any delay in the payment of it; and he was here this morning, and told my master, as Le Blanc overheard, that, if he could not procure the money in three hours time, he must attend him to a jail. My master wished to conceal this from his daughter, and desired the procureur to do his duty, without any noise or disturbance; but Le Blanc had scarcely gone up stairs when she called him, and inquired about that man's business; and he could not hide it, his heart was so full, and so he told her all that had passed below. Then she flew down to her father's room, and hung about him in such a manner, weeping and sobbing, that it would have melted the heart of a savage; and so, to be sure, I said to the procureur: but he did not mind me a bit, nor my lady neither, though she looked so as I never beheld her in all my life; and I was terrified to see her so, and said all I could to comfort her, but to no purpose. At last a servant of the procureur brought him a letter, and presently he went out of the house, but left two of his attendants to watch that my master should not escape; and they are now here, and they say that he cannot grant any respite; but that as sure as can be, when he returns, he will take away Mons. de Roubigné to prison. I send this by a boy, a nephew of Le Blanc's, who serves a gentleman in this province, who is just now going post to Paris, and the boy called on his way, by good fortune, to see his uncle. I am, in haste, your very faithful and obedient servant,

LISETTE.

My lady is much more composed now, and so is my master. The procureur has not returned yet, and I have a sort of hope; yet God knows whence it should be, except from your ladyship.

LETTER XVIII.

Lisette to Maria.

To be sure, madam, you must have been much affected with the distress in our family, of which I informed you in my last, considering what a friendship there is between my dear lady and you. And now I am much vexed, that I should have given you so much uneasiness in vain, and send this to let you know of the happy

deliverance my master has met with, from that most generous of men the Count de Montauban; I say, the most generous of men, as to be sure he is, to advance so large a sum without any near prospect of being repaid, and without ever being asked to do such a favour; for I verily believe my master would die before he would ask such a favour of any one, so high-minded he is, notwithstanding all his misfortunes. He is just now gone to see the Count; for that noble-hearted gentleman would not come to our house, lest, as Monsieur de Roubigné said, he should seem to triumph in the effects of his own generosity. Indeed, the thing was done as if it had been done by witchcraft, without one of his family suspecting such a matter; and the procureur never came back at all, only sent a paper discharging the debt, to one of the men he had left behind, who, upon that, behaved very civilly, and went away with much better manners, forsooth, than they came; but Le Blanc followed them to the village, where they met the procureur, and thus it was that we discovered the debt to have been paid by the Count, who, it seems, had sent that letter, but without a name, which the procureur received, when he left us at the time I wrote your ladyship last.

Monsieur de Roubigné is returned from his visit to the Count de Montauban, and has been a long time closeted with my lady; and, to be sure, something particular must have passed, but what it is I cannot guess; only I am certain it is something more than common, because I was in the way when they parted, and my lady passed me, and I saw by her looks that there had been something. When she went into her own chamber, I followed her, and there she sat down, leaning her arm on her dressing-table, and gave such a sigh as I thought her heart would have burst with it. Then I thought I might speak, and asked if she was not well?—"Very well, Lisette," said she; but she said it as if she was not well for all that, breathing strongly as she spoke the words, as one does when one has run one's self out of breath. "Leave me, child," said she; "I will call you again by and by." And so I left her as she bid me; and as I went out of the room, shutting the door softly behind me, I heard her start up from her chair, and say to herself, "The lot is cast!" I think that was it.

My master has been all this while in his study writing, and just now he called Le Blanc, and gave him a letter for the Count de Montauban; and Le Blanc told me as he passed, that Monsieur de Roubigné looked gayer, and more in spirits than usual, when he gave it him. My lady is still in her chamber alone, and has never called me, as she promised. Poor dear soul! I am sure I would do any thing to serve her, that I would; and well I may, for she is the kindest, sweetest lady to me, and so indeed she is to every body.

And now, madam, I am sure I should ask a thousand pardons for using the freedom to write to you in such a manner, just by starts, as things happen. But I am sensible your ladyship will not impute my doing so to any want of respect, but only to my desire of giving your ladyship an account of the situation of my lady, and of this family; which you were so condescending as to say, after my first letter, you were much obliged to me for giving you, and begged that it might be in my own style, which, to be sure, is none of the best; but which your ladyship will be so good as pardon, especially as I am, when I write to you about these things, in a flutter, as one may say, as well as having little time to order my expressions for the best. I am, honoured madam,

With due respect,
Your faithful
And obedient servant,
LISETTE.

LETTER XIX.

Julia to Maria.

IN the intricacies of my fate, or of my conduct, I have long been accustomed to consider you my support and my judge. For some days past these have come thick upon me; but I could not find composure enough to state them coolly even to myself. At this hour of midnight, I have summoned up a still recollection of the past; and with you, as my other conscience, I will unfold and examine it.

The ready zeal of my faithful Lisette has, I understand, saved me a recital of the distress in which my father found himself involved, from the consequences of that unfortunate law-suit we have so often lamented. I could only share it with him; but a more effectual friend stepped forth in the Count de Montauban. His generosity relieved my father, and gave him back to freedom and your Julia.

The manner of his doing this was such as the delicacy of a mind, jealous of its own honour, would prompt in the cause of another's. I thought I saw a circumstance, previous to the Count's performing it, which added to that delicacy. My father did not then perceive this; it was not till he waited on Montauban, that the force of it struck his mind.

When he returned home, I saw some remains of that pride, which formerly rankled under the receipt of favours it was unable to return. "My Julia," said he, "your father is unhappy; every

way unhappy; but it is fit I should be humble—Pierre de Roubigné must learn humility!" He uttered these words in a tone that frightened me;—I could not speak. He saw me confused, I believe; and putting on a milder aspect, took my hand and kissed it.—"Heaven knows, that, for myself, I rate not life and liberty at much;—but, when I thought what my child must suffer—I alone am left to protect her—and I am old and weak, and must ask for that assistance which I am unable to repay."—"The generous, sir," said I, "know from their own hearts what yours can feel: all beyond is accident alone."—"The generous, indeed, my child! but you know not all the generosity of Montauban. When he tore himself from those hopes which his love had taught him; when he renounced his pretensions to that hand, which I know can alone confer happiness on his life; it was but for a more delicate opportunity of relieving thy father.—'I could not,' said he, 'while I sought your daughter's love, bear the appearance of purchasing it by a favour; now, when I have renounced it for ever, I am free to the offices of friendship.'—Had you seen him, Julia, when he pronounced this *for ever!* great as his soul is, he wept! by Heaven, he wept, at pronouncing it!—These tears, Julia, these tears of my friend!—Would I had met my dungeon in silence; they had not torn my heart thus!"

Maria, mine was swelled to a sort of enthusiastic madness—

I fell at his feet.—

"No, my father, they shall not.—Amidst the fall of her family, your daughter shall not stand aloof in safety. She should have shared the prison of her father in the pride of adversity; behold her now the partner of his humiliation! Tell the Count de Montauban, that Julia de Roubigné offers that hand to his generosity, which she refused to his solicitation;—tell him also she is above deceit: she will not conceal the small value of the gift. 'Tis but the offering of a wretch, who would somehow requite the sufferings of her father, and the services of his friend. If he should now reject it, that ugly debt, which his unhappiness lays us under, will be repaid in the debasement she endures; if he accepts of it as it is, tell him its mistress is not ignorant of the duty that should attend it."

My father seemed to recover at my words; yet surprise was mixed with the satisfaction his countenance expressed. "Are these your sentiments, my love?" pressing my hand closer in his. The heroism of duty was wasted—I answered him with tears. "Speak, my Julia, coolly! and let not the distresses of your father warp your resolution. He can endure any thing; even his gratitude shall be silenced."—My fortitude revived again.—"There is some weakness, sir, attends even our best resolves: mine are not without it; but they are fixed, and I have spoken them." He asked if he might acquaint Monsieur de Montauban. "Immediately, sir," I answered, "if you please; the sooner he knows my resolution, the more will he see it flowing from my heart." My father went into his study, and wrote a letter, which he read to me. It was not all I could have wished, yet I could not mend it by correction. Who shall give words to the soul at such a time? My very thoughts are not accurate expressions of what I feel: there is something busy about my heart, which I cannot reduce into thinking.—Oh! Maria!

Montauban came immediately on the receipt of this letter; we did not expect him that night; we were at supper. In what a situation was your Julia while it lasted! In this terrible interval, I was obliged to meet his eye sometimes, in addressing ordinary civilities to him. To see him, to speak to him thus, while the fate of my life was within the power of a few little words, was such torture, as it required the utmost of my resolution to bear. My father saw it, and put as speedy an end to our meal as possible.—We were left alone.

My father spoke first, not without hesitation.—Montauban was still more confused; but it was the confusion of a happy man. He spoke some half sentences about the delicacy of my sentiments and his own; but was entangled there, and I think not able to extricate himself. At last, turning fuller towards me, who sat the silent victim of the scene, (why should I score through that word when writing to you? yet it is a bad one, and I pray you to forgive it,) he said, he knew his own unworthiness of that hand, which my generosity had now allowed him to hope for; but that every endeavour of his future life—the rest was common place; for his sex have but one sort of expression for the exulting modesty of success.—My father put my hand in his—I was obliged to raise my eyes from the ground, and look on him; his were bent earnestly on me: there was too, too much joy in them, Maria; mine could not bear them long.—"That hand," said my father, "is the last treasure of Roubigné. Fallen as his fortunes are, not the wealth of worlds had purchased it: to your friendship, to your virtue, he is blessed in bequeathing it."—"I know its value," said the Count, "and receive it as the dearest gift of heaven and you."—He kissed my hand with rapture.——

It is done, and I am Montauban's for ever!—

LETTER XX.

Montauban to Segarva.

Give me joy, Segarva, give me joy—the lovely Julia is mine. Let not the torpid considerations of prudence, which your last letter con-

tained, rise up to check the happiness of your friend, or that which his good fortune will bestow on you. Trust me thy fears are groundless —didst thou but know her as I do!—Perhaps I am more tender that way than usual; but there were some of your fears I felt a blush in reading. Talk not of the looseness of marriage vows in France, nor compare her with those women of it, whose heads are giddy with the follies of fashion, and whose hearts are debauched by the manners of its votaries. Her virtue was ever above the breath of suspicion, and I dare pledge my life, it will ever continue so. But that is not enough; I can feel as you do, that it is not enough. I know the nobleness of her soul, the delicacy of her sentiments. She would not give me her hand except from motives of regard and affection, were I master of millions. I rejoice that her own situation is such, as infers no suspicion of interestedness in me; were she not Julia de Roubigné, I would not have wedded her with the world for her dower.

You talk of her former reluctance; but I am not young enough to imagine, that it is impossible for a marriage to be happy without that glow of rapture, which lovers have felt, and poets described. Those starts of passion are not the basis for wedded felicity, which wisdom would chuse, because they are only the delirium of a month, which possession destroys, and disappointment follows.—I have perfect confidence in the affection of Julia, though it is not of that intemperate kind which some brides have shewn. Had you seen her eyes how they spoke, when her father gave me her hand! there was still reluctance in them,—a reluctance more winning than all the flush of consent could have made her. Modesty and fear, esteem and gratitude, darkened and enlightened them by turns; and those tears, those silent tears, which they shed, gave me a more sacred bond of her attachment, than it was in the power of words to have formed.

I have sometimes allowed myself to think, or rather I have supposed you thinking, it might be held an imputation on the purity of her affection, that from an act of generosity towards her father, (with the circumstances of which I was under the necessity of acquainting you in my last,) her hand became rather a debt of gratitude, than a gift of love. But there is a deception in those romantic sounds, which tell us, that pure affection should be unbiassed in its disposal of a lover or a mistress. If they say, that affection is a mere involuntary impulse, neither waiting the decisions of reason, nor the dissuasives of prudence, do they not in reality degrade us to machines, which are blindly actuated by some uncontrollable power? If they allow a woman reasonable motives for her attachment, what can be stronger than those sentiments which excite her esteem, and those proofs of them which produce her gratitude?

But why do I thus reason on my happiness? —I feel no fears, no suspicion of alloy to it; and I will not search for them in abstract opinion, or in distant conjecture.

Tuesday next is fixed for the day that is to unite us; the show and ceremony that mingle so ill with the feelings of a time like this, our situation here renders unnecessary. A few of those simple ornaments, in which my Julia meets the gaze of the admiring rustics around us, are more congenial to her beauty than all the trappings of vanity or magnificence. We propose passing a week or two here, before removing to Montauban, where I must then carry my wife, to show my people their mistress, and receive that sort of homage, which I hope I have taught them to pay from the heart. Those relations of my family, who live in that neighbourhood, must come and learn to love me better than they did. Methinks, I shall be more easily pleased with them than I formerly was. I know not if it is nobler to despise insignificant people, than to bear with them coolly; but I believe it is much less agreeable. The asperities of our own mind recoil on itself. Julia has shewn me the bliss of losing them.

Could I hope for my Segarva at Montauban? Much as I doat on my lovely bride, there wants the last approval of my soul, till he smiles on this marriage, and blesses it. I know, there needs only his coming hither to grant this. I anticipate your answer, that now it is impossible; but let it be a debt on the future, which *the first* of your leisure is to pay. Meantime believe me happy, and add to my happiness by telling me of your own.

LETTER XXI.

Julia to Maria.

Why should I teaze you by writing of those little things which teaze me in the doing? They teaze, yet perhaps they are useful. At this time, I am afraid of a moment's leisure to be idle, and am even pleased with the happy impertinence of Lisette, whose joy, on my account, gives her tongue much freedom. I call her often, when I have little occasion for her service, merely that I may have her protection from solitude.

For the same reason I am somehow afraid of writing to you, which is only another sort of thinking. Do not therefore expect to hear from me again till after Tuesday at soonest. Maria! you remember our fancy at school of shewing our friendship, by setting down remarkable days of one another's little joys and disappointments. Set down *Tuesday* next for your Julia—but leave its property blank.—Fate will fill it up one day!

LETTER XXII.

Lisette to Maria.

MADAM,

I HOPE my lady and you will both excuse my writing this, to give you notice of the happy event which has happened in our family. I made so bold as to ask her if she intended writing to you. "Lisette," said she, "I cannot write, I cannot indeed." So I have taken up the pen, who am a poor unworthy correspondent; but your ladyship's goodness has made allowances for me in that way before, and I hope will do so still.

The ceremony was performed yesterday. I think I never saw a more lovely figure than my lady's; she is a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped laylock and white ribbands: her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls—you made her a present of them. And to be sure, with her dark-brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow.—And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the Count!—they were cast half down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time.—O! madam, you know I have not language, as my lady and you have, to describe such things; but it made me cry, in truth it did, for very joy and admiration. There was a tear in my master's eye too, though I believe two happier hearts were not in France than his and the Count de Montauban's. I am sure, I pray for blessings on all three, with more earnestness, that I do, than for myself.

It seems, it is settled that the new married couple will not remain long here, but set out, in a week or two hence, for the Count's principal seat, about six leagues distant from his house in our neighbourhood, which is not large enough for entertaining the friends, whose visits they must receive on this joyful occasion. I fancy Monsieur de Roubigné will be much with them, though I understand he did not chuse to accept of the Count's pressing invitation to live with his daughter and him; but an elderly lady, a relation of my dear mistress that is gone, is to keep house for him.

I must break off now, for I hear my lady's bell ring, and your ladyship may believe we are all in a sort of buzz here. I dare to say she will not fail to write to you soon; but meantime, hoping you will accept of this poor scrawling letter of mine, I remain, with due respect,

Your most faithful
And obedient servant,
LISETTE.

P.S.—My lady is to have me with her at the Chateau de Montauban; and to be sure, I am happy to attend her, as I could willingly spend all the days of my life with so kind a lady, and so good conditioned. The Count likewise has been so good to me, as I can't tell how; and said, that he hoped my mistress and I would never part, "If she does not grow jealous," said he, merrily, "of so handsome a maid."—And at that we all laughed, as to be sure we might. My lady will be a happy lady, I am sure.

LETTER XXIII.

Julia to Maria.

MY friend will, by this time, be chiding me for want of attention to her; yet, in truth, she has seldom been absent from my thoughts.—Were we together but for a single hour, I should have much to tell you; but there is an intricacy in my feelings on this change of situation, which, freely as I write to you, I cannot manage on paper. I can easily imagine what you would first desire to know, though perhaps it is the last question you would put. The *happiness* of your Julia, I know, is ever the warmest object of your wishes.—Ask me not, why I cannot answer even this directly. Be satisfied when I tell you, that I ought to be happy.—Montauban has every desire to make me so.—

One thing I wish to accomplish, towards his peace and mine. The history of this poor heart I have entrusted only to your memory and my own: I will endeavour, though I know with how much difficulty, henceforth to forget it for ever. You must assist me, by holding it a blank, which recollection is no more to fill up. I know the weakness of my sex; myself of that sex the weakest: I will not run the risk of calling up ideas which were once familiar, and may not now be the less dangerous, nor the less readily listened to, for the pain they have caused. My husband has now a right to every better thought; it were unjust to embitter those hours which are but half the property of Julia de Montauban, with the remembrance of former ones, which belonged to sadness and Julia de Roubigné.

We are on the eve of our departure for the family-castle of Monsieur de Montauban. My father, whose happiness, at present, is a flattering testimony, as well as a support to my piety, accompanies us thither, but is soon to return home, where our cousin, La Pelliere, whom you may

remember having seen with my mother in Paris, is to keep house for him. This separation I cannot help looking to as a calamity; yet I believe his reasons for it are just. What a change in a woman's situation does this momentous connection make!—I will think no more of it.—Farewell.

Yet a few words, to own my folly at least, if I cannot amend it. I went to assort some little articles of dress for carrying home with me; while I was rummaging out a drawer to find one of them, a little picture of Savillon, drawn for him when a boy, by a painter who was accidentally in our neighbourhood, crossed me in the way. You cannot easily imagine how this circumstance disconcerted me. I shut the drawer as if it had contained a viper; then opened it again; and again the countenance of Savillon, mild and thoughtful, (for even then it was thoughtful) met my view!—Was it a consciousness of *guilt*, that turned my eye involuntarily to the door of the apartment?—Can there be any in accidentally thinking of Savillon?—Yet I fear I looked too long, and too impassionedly on this miniature. It was drawn with something sorrowful in the countenance, and methought it looked then more sorrowful than ever.

The question comes strong upon me, How I should like that my husband had seen this? In truth, Maria, I fear my keeping this picture is improper; yet at the time it was painted, there was one drawn for me by the same hand, and we exchanged our resemblances without any idea of impropriety. Ye unfeeling decorums of the world!—Yet it is dangerous, is it not, my best monitor, to think thus?—Yet, were I to return the picture, would it not look like a suspicion of myself?—I will keep it till you convince me I should not.

Montauban and virtue! I am yours. Suffer but one sigh to that weakness which I have not yet been able to overcome. My heart, I trust, is innocent—blame it not for being unhappy.

LETTER XXIV.

Julia to Maria.

My father was with me this morning, in my chamber, for more than an hour. We sat sometimes silent, sometimes speaking interrupted sentences, and tears were frequently all the intercourse we held. Lisette coming in, to acquaint us that Montauban was in the parlour waiting us, at length put an end to our interview. "Julia," said my father, "I imagined I had much to say to you: but the importance of my thoughts, on your behalf, stifles my expression of them. There are moments when I cannot help looking to that separation, which your marriage will make between us, as if it were the loss of my child; yet I have fortitude enough to resist the impression, and to reflect that she is going to be happy with the worthiest of men. My instruction for your conduct in that state you have just entered into, your own sentiments, I trust, would render unnecessary, were they in no other way supplied; but I discovered lately, in your mother's bureau, a paper, which still farther supersedes their necessity. It contains some advices, which experience and observation had enabled her to give, and her regard for you had prompted her to write down. 'Tis, however, only a fragment, which accident, or diffidence of herself, has prevented her completing; but it is worthy of your serious perusal, and you will read it with more warmth than if it came from a general instructor." He left the paper with me; I have read it with the care, with the affection it deserves. I send a copy of it now, as I would every good thing, for the participation of my friend. She cannot read it with the interest of a daughter; but she will find it no cold, no common lecture. It speaks, if I am not too partial to the best of mothers, the language of prudence, but not of artifice; it would mend the heart by sentiment, not cover it with dissimulation. She, for whose use it was written, has need of such a monitor, and would listen to no other; if she has paid any debt to prudence, it was not from the obligation of wisdom, but the impulse of feeling.

For my daughter Julia.

"Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dictates, will be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to supply the place of some cautions, which I should think it my duty to deliver to you, should I live to see you a wife. The precepts it contains, you have often heard me inculcate; but I know that general observations on a possible event, have much less force than those which apply to our immediate condition. In the fate of a woman, marriage is the most important crisis; it fixes her in a state beyond all others the most happy, or the most wretched; and though mere precept can perhaps do little in any case, yet there is a natural propensity to try its efficacy in all. She who writes this paper has been long a wife, and a mother: the experience of the one, and the anxiety of the other, prompt her instructions; and she has been too happy in both characters to have much doubt of their truth, or fear of their reception.

"Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the texts from which

every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife; they will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish he should, he will bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

"Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The great articles of duty he will set down as his own; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favours; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning those little things to so precious a use.

"If you marry a man of a certain sort, such as the romance of young minds generally paints for a husband, you will deride the supposition of any possible decrease in the ardour of your affections. But wedlock, even in its happiest lot, is not exempted from the common fate of all sublunary blessings; there is ever a delusion in hope, which cannot abide with possession. The rapture of extravagant love will evaporate and waste; the conduct of the wife must substitute in its room other regards, as delicate, and more lasting. I say the conduct of the wife: for marriage, be a husband what he may, reverses the prerogative of sex; his will expect to be pleased, and ours must be sedulous to please.

"This privilege a good-natured man may waive: he will feel it, however, due; and third persons will have penetration enough to see, and may have malice enough to remark, the want of it in his wife. He must be a husband unworthy of you, who could bear the degradation of suffering this in silence. The idea of power on either side, should be totally banished from the system: it is not sufficient that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it; the wife must so behave, that he may never be conscious of possessing it.

"But my Julia, if a mother's fondness deceives me not, stands not in much need of cautions like these. I cannot allow myself the idea of her wedding a man, on whom she would not wish to be dependent, or whose inclinations a temper like hers would desire to control. She will be more in danger from that softness, that sensibility of soul, which will yield perhaps too much for the happiness of both. The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend: a good one must frequently strengthen and support that weakness, which a bad one would endeavour to overcome. There are situations, where it will not be enough to love, to cherish, to obey; she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself, to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity.

"Alas! my child, I am here an instructress but too well skilled! These tears, with which this paper is soiled, fell not in the presence of your father, though now they but trace the remembrance of what then it was my lot to feel. Think it not impossible to restrain your feelings, because they are strong. The enthusiasm of feeling will sometimes overcome distresses, which the cold heart of prudence had been unable to endure.

"But *misfortune* is not always *misery*. I have known this truth; I am proud to believe that I have sometimes taught it to Roubigné. Thanks be to that Power, whose decrees I reverence! He often tempered the anguish of our sufferings, till there was a sort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love!—the tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

"There are afflictions less easy to be endured, which your mother has not experienced; those which a husband inflicts, and the best wives feel the most severely. These, like all our sharpest calamities, the fortitude that can resist can only cure. Complainings debase her who suffers, and harden him who aggrieves. Let not a woman always look for their cause in the injustice of her lord; they may proceed from many trifling errors in her own conduct, which virtue cannot blame, though wisdom must regret. If she makes this discovery, let them be amended without a thought, if possible, at any rate without an expression, of merit in amending them. In this, and in every other instance, it must never be forgotten, that the only government allowed on our side, is that of gentleness and attraction; and that its power, like the fabled influence of imaginary beings, must be invisible to be complete.

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage-engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes. It may seem almost profane in me to confess, that once, when, through the malice of an enemy, I was made, for a short time, to believe, that my Roubigné had wronged me, I durst not, even in my prayers to Heaven, petition for a restoration of his love; I prayed to be made a better wife: when I would have said a more beloved one, my utterance failed me for the word."

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LETTER XXV.

Julia to Maria.

We have got to the end of our journey; and I am now mistress of this mansion. Our journey was too short and too slow; I wished for some mechanical relief from my feelings in the rapidity of a post-chaise; our progress was too stately to be expeditious, and we reached not this place, though but six leagues distant, till evening.

Methinks I have suffered a good deal; but my heart is not callous yet; else wherefore was it wrung so at leaving my father's peaceful retreat? I did not trust myself with looking back; but I was too well acquainted with the objects, not to recollect every tree from the side window as we passed. A little ragged boy, who keeps some sheep of my father's, opened the gate for us at the end of the furthermost inclosure; he pulled off his hat, which he had adorned with some gay-coloured ribbands in honour of the occasion; Montauban threw money into it, and the boy followed us for some time with a number of blessings. When he turned back, methought I envied him his return. The full picture of the place we had left rose before me: it needed all my resolution, and all my fears of offending, to prevent my weeping outright. At our dinner on the road, I was very busy, and affected to be very much pleased; La Pelliere was a lucky companion for me; you know how full she is of observation on trifles. When we approached the house, she spoke of every thing, and praised every thing; I had nothing to do but to assent.

We entered between two rows of lime-trees, at the end of which is the gate of the house, wide and rudely magnificent; its large leaves were opened to receive us by an old but fresh-looking servant, who seemed too honest to be polite, and did not show me quite so much courtesy as some mistresses would have expected. All these circumstances, however, were in a style which my friend has heard me commend; yet was I weak enough not perfectly to relish them when they happened to myself. There was a presaging gloom about this mansion, which filled my approach with terror: and when Montauban's old domestic opened the coach-door, I looked upon him as a criminal might do on the messenger of death. My dreams ever since have been full of horror; and while I write these lines, the creaking of the pendulum of the great clock in the hall sounds like the knell of your devoted Julia.

I expect you to rally me on my ideal terrors.—You may remember, when we used to steal a midnight hour's conversation together, you would laugh at my foreboding of a short period to my life, and often jeeringly tell me, I was born to be a great-grandmother in my time. I know the foolishness of this impression, though I have not yet been able to conquer it. But to me it is not the source of disquiet; I never feel more possessed of myself than at those moments when I indulge it the most. Why should I wish for long life? why should so many wish for it? Did we sit down to number the calamities of this world; did we think how many wretches there are of disease, of poverty, of oppression, of vice, (alas! I am afraid there are some even of virtue,) we should change one idea of evil, and learn to look on death as a friend.

This might a philosopher accomplish; but a Christian, Maria, can do more. Religion has taught me to look beyond dissolution. Religion has removed the darkness that covered the sepulchres of our fathers, and filled that gloomy void, which was only the retreat of hopeless affliction, with prospects, in contemplation of which, even the felicity of the world dwindles into nothing!

ADVERTISEMENT.

[*My Readers will easily perceive something particular in the place where the following letters of Savillon are found, as they are manifestly of a date considerably prior to many of the preceding. They came to my hands assorted in the manner I have now published them, probably from a view in my young friend, who had the charge of their arrangement, of keeping the correspondence of Julia, which communicated the great train of her feelings on the subjects contained in it, as much undivided as possible. While I conjectured this reason for their present order, I was aware of some advantage which these papers, as relating a story, might derive from an alteration in that particular; but, after balancing those different considerations without coming to any decision, my indolence (perhaps a stronger motive with most men than they are disposed to allow) at length prevailed, and I resolved to give them to the Public in the order they were transmitted to me from France. Many of the particulars they recount are anticipated by a perusal of the foregoing letters; but it is not so much on story, as sentiment, that their interest with the Reader must depend.*]

CHAP. XXVI.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

After a very unfavourable passage, we are at last arrived at our destined port. A ship is lying along side of us, ready to sail for France; and every one on board, who can write, is now writing to some relation or friend, the hardships of his voyage, and the period of his arrival. How few has Savillon to greet with tidings! to Roubigné I have already written; to Beauvaris I am

now writing; and, when I have excepted these, there is not in France a single man, to whom I am entitled to write. Yet I mean not to class them together:—to Roubigné I owe the tribute of esteem, the debt of gratitude; for you I feel something tenderer than either. Roubigné has been the guide, the father of my youth, and him I reverence as a parent: you have been the friend, the brother of my soul, and with yours it mingles as with a part of itself.

You remember the circumstances of our parting. You would not bid me adieu till the ship was getting under way. I believe you judged rightly, if you meant to spare us both; the bustle of the scene, the rattling of the sails, the noise of the sailors, had a mechanical effect on the mind, and stifled those tender feelings, which we indulge in solitude and silence. When I went to bed, I had time to indulge them. I found it vain to attempt sleeping, and scarcely wished to succeed in attempting it. About midnight, I arose and went upon deck. The wind had been fair all day, and we were then, I suppose, more than thirty leagues from the shore. I looked on the arch of heaven, where the moon pursued her course unclouded; and my ear caught no sound, except the stilly noise of the sea around me. I thought of my distance from France as of some illusive dream, and could not believe, without an effort, that it was not four-and-twenty hours since we parted. I recollected a thousand things which I should have said to you, and spoke them involuntarily in the ear of night.

There was, my friend, there was one thing which I meant to have told you at parting. Had you staid a few moments longer in the room after the seaman called us, I should have spoken it then; but you shunned being alone with me, and I could not command even words enough to tell you, that I wished to speak with you in private. Hear it now, and pity your Savillon.

Julia de Roubigné!—Did you feel that name as I do!—Even traced with my own pen, what throbbing remembrances has it raised! You are acquainted with my obligations to her father;—you have heard me sometimes talk of her; but you know not, for I tremble to tell you, the power she has acquired over the heart of your friend.

The fate of my father, as well as mutual inclination, made Roubigné his friend; for this last is of a temper, formed rather to delight in the pride of assisting unfortunate worth, than in the joy of knowing it in a better situation. After the death of my father, I became the ward of his friend's generosity; a state I should have brooked but ill, had not Julia been his daughter. From those early days, when first I knew her, I remember her friendship as making part of my existence: without her, pleasure was vapid, and sorrow, in her society, was changed into enjoyment. At that time of life, the mind has little reserve. We meant but friendship, and called it so without alarm. The love, to which at length I discovered my heart to be subject, had conquered without tumult, and become despotic under the semblance of freedom.

The misfortunes of her family first shewed me how I loved.—When her father told them the ruined state of his fortune, when he prepared them for leaving the now alienated seat of his ancestors, I was a spectator of the scene. When I saw the old man, with indignant pride, stifling the anguish of his heart, and pointing to the chaise that was to carry them from Belville, his wife, with one hand clasping her husband's, the other laid on her bosom, turning up to heaven a look of resignation; his daughter, striving to check her tears, kneeling before him, and vowing her duty to his misfortunes; then did I first curse my poverty, which prevented me from throwing myself at her feet, and bidding her parents be happy with their Julia!—The luxury of the idea still rushes on my mind;—to heal the fortunes of my father's friend; to justify the ways of heaven to his saint-like wife; to wipe the tears from the eyes of his angel daughter!—Beauvaris, our philosophy is false: power and wealth *are* the choicest gifts of heaven; to possess them, indeed, is nothing, but thus to use them is rapture.

I had them not thus to use; but what I could, I did. I attended his family to that ancient mansion, which was now the sole property of the once opulent Roubigné. With unwearied attention, I soothed his sorrows, and humbled myself before his misfortunes, as much as I had formerly resisted dependence on his prosperity.

He felt the assiduity of my friendship, and I saw him grateful for its exertion; yet would the idea of being obliged, often rankle in his mind; and I have seen him frequently look at me with an appearance of anger, when he thought I was conscious of obliging him.

Far different was the gentle nature of his daughter. She thanked me with unfeigned gratitude for my services to her father, and seemed solicitous to compensate with her smiles, for that want of acknowledgment she observed in him.

Had my heart been free before, it was impossible to preserve its freedom now. A spectator of all those excellencies which, though she ever possessed, her present situation alone could give full room to exert; all that sublimity of mind, which bore adversity unmoved; all that gentleness, which contrived to lighten it to her father, and smooth the rankling of his haughty soul! I applauded the election I had made, and looked on my love as a virtue.

Yet there were moments of anxiety, in which I feared the consequences of indulging this attachment. My own situation, the situation of Julia, the pride of her father, the pride which it was proper for herself to feel:—All these were present to my view, and shewed me how

little I could build on hope; yet it cheated me, I know not how, and I dreamed, from day to day, of blessings which every day's reflection told me were not to be looked for.

There was, indeed, something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigné is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it are in that style of melancholy grandeur, which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still the appendage of this once respectable mansion, is a wild rocky dell, where tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties. The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days with Julia: there, more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me, was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter, and too well treated by her, ever to leave the fortunes of her family. To this residence she attended them when they left Belville, and here too, as at that place, had a small house and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the end of those walks we took through it together. The good Lasune, (for that is our nurse's name,) considered us her children, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity of affection, which has the most powerful effect on hearts of sensibility. Oh! Beauvaris, methinks I see the figure of Lasune, at this moment, pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter! She places our seats together; she produces her shining platters, with fruit and milk, for our repast; she presses the smiling Julia, and will not be denied by Savillon!—Am I then a thousand leagues distant?

Does Julia remember Savillon!—Should I hope that she does?—My friend, I will confess my weakness; perhaps, it is worse than weakness; I have wished—I have hoped, that I am not indifferent to her. Often have I been on the point of unloading my throbbing heart, of telling her how passionately I loved, of asking her forgiveness for my presumption. I have thought, perhaps it was vanity, that at some seasons she might have answered and blessed me; but I saw the consequences which would follow to both, and had fortitude enough to resist the impulse. A time may come, when better fortune shall entitle me to speak; when the pride of Roubigné may not blush to look on Savillon as his son.

But this is the language of visionary hope! In the mean time, I am torn from her, from France, from every connection my heart had formed; cast like a shipwrecked thing on the other side of the Atlantic, amidst a desert, of all others the most dreadful, the desert of society, with which no social tie unites me!—Where now are Roubigné's little copses, where his winding walks, his nameless rivulets? Where the ivy'd gate of his venerable dwelling, the Gothic windows of his echoing hall?—That morning, on which I set out for Paris, is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear the formality of parting, and stole from his house by day-break. As I passed that hall, the door was open; I entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu! I had sat in it with Julia the night before; the chairs we had occupied were still in their places; you know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight; there was something in the silent attitude of those very chairs, that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and, I believe, the servant had told me that my horses waited, five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said.

A gentleman has sent to ask, if my name is Savillon: if it is, he desires his compliments, and will do himself the pleasure of waiting on me. I started to hear my name thus asked for in Martinique.

This gentleman is a sea-captain, a particular acquaintance of my uncle: he is more, Beauvaris, he is an acquaintance of Roubigné, has been often at Belville, has sometimes seen my Julia.—We are intimate already, and he has offered to conduct me to my uncle's house:—his horses, he says, are in waiting.

Adieu, my dearest friend! think of me often; write to me often: though you should seldom have an opportunity of conveying letters, yet write as if you had; make a journal of intelligence, and let it come when it may. Tell me every thing, though I should ask nothing. Your letters must give me back my country, and nothing is a trifle that belongs to her.

CHAP. XXVII.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

It is now a week since I reached my uncle's, during all which time I have been so much occupied in answering questions to the curiosity of others, or asking questions for the satisfaction of my own, that I have scarce had a moment left for any other employment.

I have now seised the opportunity of the rest

of the family being still a-bed, to write to you an account of this uncle; of him under whose protection I am to rise into life, under whose guidance I am to thrid the mazes of the world. I fear I am unfit for the task: I must unlearn feelings in which I have been long accustomed to delight: I must accommodate sentiments to conveniency, pride to interest, and sometimes even virtue itself to fashion.

But is all this absolutely necessary?—I hate to believe it. I have been frequently told so, indeed; but my authorities are drawn either from men who have never entered the scene at all, or entered it, resolved to be overcome without the trouble of resistance. To think too meanly of mankind, is dangerous to our reverence of virtue.

It is supposed, that, in these wealthy islands, profit is the only medium of opinion, and that morality has nothing to do in the system; but I cannot easily imagine, that, in any latitude, the bosom is shut to those pleasures which result from the exercise of goodness, or that honesty should be always so unsuccessful as to have the sneer of the million against it. Men will not be depraved beyond the persuasion of some motive, and self-interest will often be the parent of social obligation.

My uncle is better fitted for judging of this question; he is cool enough to judge of it from experience, without being misled by feeling.—He believes there are many more honest dealings than honest men, but that there are more honest men than knaves every where; that common sense will keep them so, even exclusive of principle; but that all may be vanquished by adequate temptation.

With a competent share of plain useful parts, and a certain steady application of mind, he entered into commerce at an early period of life. Not apt to be seduced by the glare of great apparent advantage, nor easily intimidated from his purposes by accidental disappointment, he has held on, with some vicissitude of fortune, but with uniform equality of temper, till, in virtue of his abilities, his diligence, and his observation, he has acquired very considerable wealth. He still, however, continues the labour of the race, though he has already reached the goal; not because he is covetous of greater riches, but because the industry, by which greater riches are acquired, is grown necessary to the enjoyment of life. "I have been long," said he yesterday, "a very happy man; having had a little less time, and a little more money, than I know what to make of."

The opinion of the world he trusts but little, in his judgment of others; of men's actions he speaks with caution, either in praise or blame, and is commonly most sceptical, when those around him are most convinced: for it is a maxim with him, in questions of character, to doubt of strong evidence from the very circumstance of its strength.

With regard to himself, however, he accepts of the common opinion, as a sort of coin which passes current, though it is not always real, and often seems to yield up the conviction of his own mind in compliance with the general voice. Ever averse to splendid project in action, or splendid conjecture in argument, he contents himself with walking in the beaten track of things, and does not even venture to leave it, though he may, now and then, observe it making small deviations from reason and justice. He has sometimes, since our acquaintance began, tapped me on the shoulder, in the midst of some sentiment I was uttering, and told me, with a smile, that these were fine words, and did very well in the mouth of a young man. Yet he seems not displeased with my feeling what himself does not feel; and looks on me with a more favourable eye, that I have something about me for experience and observation to prune.

His plan of domestic economy is regular, but nobody is disturbed by its regularity; for he is perfectly free from that rigid attention to method, which one frequently sees in the houses of old bachelors. He has sense, or *sang-froid* enough, not to be troubled with little disarrangements, and bears with wonderful complacency, and consequently with great ease to his guests, those accidents which disturb the peace of other entertainments. Since my arrival, we have had every day something like a feast, probably from a sort of compliment which his friends meant to pay to him and to me; but at his table, in its most elevated style, the government is nearly republican; he assumes very little, either of the trouble or the dignity of a landlord, satisfied with giving a general assurance of welcome and good-humour in his aspect.

At one of those dinners was a neighbour and intimate acquaintance of my uncle, a Mr Dorville, with his wife and daughter. The young lady was seated next me, and my uncle seemed to incline, that I should be particularly pleased with her. He addressed such discourse to her, as might draw her forth to the greatest advantage: and, as he heard me profess myself a lover of music, he made her sing after dinner, till, I believe, some of the company began to be tired of their entertainment. After they were gone, he asked my opinion of Mademoiselle Dorville, in that particular style by which a man gives you to understand that his own is a very favourable one. To say truth, the lady's appearance is in her favour; but there is a jealous sort of feeling which arises in my mind, when I hear the praises of any woman but one; and from that cause, perhaps, I answered my uncle rather coldly. I saw he thought so from the reply he made: I made some awkward apology: he smiled, and said I was a philosopher. Alas! he knows not

how little claim I have to philosophy in that way; if, indeed, we are so often to profane that word by affixing to it the idea of insensibility.

To-day I begin business. My uncle and I are to view his different plantations, and he is to shew me, in general, the province he means to allot me. I wish for an opportunity to be assiduous in his service: till I can do something on my part, his favours are like debts upon me. It is only to a friend, like my Beauvaris, that one feels a pleasure in being obliged.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

A THOUSAND thanks for your last letter. When you know how much I enjoyed the unwieldy appearance of the packet, with my friend's hand on the back of it, you will not grudge the time it cost you. It is just such as I wished: your scene-painting is delightful. No man is more susceptible of local attachments than I; and, with the Atlantic between, there is not a stone in France which I can remember with indifference.

Yet I am happier here than I could venture to expect. Had I been left to my choice, I should probably have sat down in solitude, to think of the past, and enjoy my reflections; but I have been forced to do better. There is an active duty which rewards every man in the performance; and my uncle has so contrived matters, that I have had very little time unemployed. He has been liberal of instruction, and, I hope, has found me willing to be instructed. Our business, indeed, is not very intricate; but, in the simplest occupations, there are a thousand little circumstances which experience alone can teach us. In certain departments, however, I have tried projects of my own: Some of them have failed in the end, but all gave me pleasure in the pursuit. In one I have been successful beyond expectation; and in that one I was the most deeply interested, because it touched the cause of humanity.

To a man not callous from habit, the treatment of the negroes, in the plantations here, is shocking. I felt it strongly, and could not forbear expressing my sentiments to my uncle. He allowed them to be natural, but pleaded necessity, in justification of those severities, which his overseers sometimes used towards his slaves. I ventured to doubt this proposition, and begged he would suffer me to try a different mode of government in one plantation, the produce of which he had already allotted to my management. He consented, though with the belief that I should succeed very ill in the experiment.

I began by endeavouring to ingratiate myself with such of the slaves as could best speak the language of my country; but I found this was a manner they did not understand, and that, from a white, the appearance of indulgence carried the suspicion of treachery. Most of them, to whom rigour had become habitual, took the advantage of its remitting, to neglect their work altogether; but this only served to convince me, that my plan was a good one, and that I should undoubtedly profit, if I could establish some other motive, whose impulse was more steady than those of punishment and terror.

By continuing the mildness of my conduct, I at last obtained a degree of willingness in the service of some; and I was still induced to believe, that the most savage and sullen among them had principles of gratitude, which a good master might improve to his advantage.

One slave, in particular, had for some time attracted my notice, from that gloomy fortitude with which he bore the hardships of his situation. Upon inquiring of the overseer, he told me, that this slave, whom he called Yambu, though, from his youth and appearance of strength, he had been accounted valuable, yet, from the untractable stubbornness of his disposition, was worth less money than almost any other in my uncle's possession.—This was a language natural to the overseer. I answered him, in his own style, that I hoped to improve his price some hundreds of livres. On being further informed, that several of his fellow-slaves had come from the same part of the Guinea coast with him, I sent for one of them who could speak tolerable French, and questioned him about Yambu. He told me, that in their own country, Yambu was master of them all; that they had been taken prisoners, when fighting in his cause, by another prince, who, in one battle, was more fortunate than theirs; that he had sold them to some white men, who came in a great ship to their coast; that they were afterwards brought hither, where other white men purchased them from the first, and set them to work where I saw them; but that when they died, and went beyond the Great Mountains, Yambu should be their master again.

I dismissed the negro, and called this Yambu before me.

When he came, he seemed to regard me with an eye of perfect indifference. One who had inquired no further, would have concluded him possessed of that stupid insensibility, which Europeans often mention as an apology for their cruelties. I took his hand; he considered this a prologue to chastisement, and turned his back to receive the lashes he supposed me ready to inflict. "I wish to be the friend of Yambu," said I. He made me no answer: I let go his hand, and he suffered it to drop to its former posture. Can this man have been a prince in Africa? said I to myself.—I reflected for a moment.—Yet what should he now do, if he has?—Just what I see him do. I have seen a deposed sovereign

at Paris; but in Europe, kings are artificial beings, like their subjects.—Silence is the only throne which adversity has left to princes.

"I fear," said I to him, "you have been sometimes treated harshly by the overseer; but you shall be treated so no more; I wish all my people to be happy." He looked on me now for the first time.—"Can you speak my language, or shall I call for some of your friends, who can explain what you would say to me?" "I speak no say to you," he replied in his broken French.—"And you will not be my friend?"—"No."—"Even if I should deserve it?"—"You a white man."—I felt the rebuke as I ought. "But all white men are not overseers. What shall I do to make you think me a good man?"—"Use men goodly."—"I mean to do so, and you among the first, Yambu."—"Be good for Yambu's people; do your please with Yambu."

Just then the bell rang, as a summons for the negroes to go to work: he made a few steps towards the door. "Would you now go to work," said I, "if you were at liberty to avoid it?"—"You make go for whip, and no man love go."—"I will go along with you, though I am not obliged; for I chuse to work sometimes rather than be idle."—"Chuse work, no work at all," said Yambu.—'Twas the very principle on which my system was founded.

I took him with me into the house when our task was over. "I wrought chuse work," said I, "Yambu, yet I did less than you."—"Yambu do chuse work then too."—"You shall do so always," answered I; "from this moment you are mine no more!"—"You sell me other white men then?"—"No, you are free, and may do whatever you please!"—"Yambu's please no here, no this country," he replied, waving his hand, and looking wistfully towards the sea.—"I cannot give you back your country, Yambu; but I can make this one better for you. You can make it better for me too, and for your people!"—"Speak Yambu that," said he eagerly, "and be good man!"—"You would not," said I, "make your people work by the whip, as you see the overseers do?"—"Oh! no, no whip!"—"Yet they must work, else we shall have no sugars to buy them meat and clothing with."—(He put his hand to his brow, as if I had started a difficulty he was unable to overcome.)—"Then you shall have the command of them, and they shall work chuse work for Yambu."—He looked askance, as if he doubted the truth of what I said; I called the negro with whom I had the first conversation about him, and, pointing to Yambu, "Your master," said I, "is now free, and may leave you when he pleases!"—"Yambu no leave you," said he to the negro warmly.—"But he may accompany Yambu if he chuses."—Yambu shook his head.—"Master," said his former subject, "where we go? leave good white men and go to bad? for much bad white men in this country."—"Then, if you think it better, you shall both stay; Yambu shall be my friend, and help me to raise sugars for the good of us all: you shall have no overseer but Yambu, and shall work no more than he bids you."—The negro fell at my feet and kissed them; Yambu stood silent, and I saw a tear on his cheek.—"This man *has* been a prince in Africa!" said I to myself.

I did not mean to deceive them. Next morning I called those negroes, who had formerly been in his service, together, and told them, that, while they continued in the plantation, Yambu was to superintend their work; that if they chose to leave him and me, they were at liberty to go; and that, if found idle or unworthy, they should not be allowed to stay. He has, accordingly, ever since had the command of his former subjects, and superintended their work in a particular quarter of the plantation; and having been declared free, according to the mode prescribed by the laws of the island, has a certain portion of ground allotted him, the produce of which is his property. I have had the satisfaction of observing those men, under the feeling of good treatment, and the idea of liberty, do more than almost double their number, subject to the whip of an overseer. I am under no apprehension of desertion or mutiny; they work with the willingness of freedom, yet are mine with more than the obligation of slavery.

I have been often tempted to doubt, whether there is not an error in the whole plan of negro servitude; and whether whites, or creoles born in the West Indies, or perhaps cattle, after the manner of European husbandry, would not do the business better and cheaper than the slaves do. The money which the latter cost at first, the sickness (often owing to despondency of mind) to which they are liable after their arrival, and the proportion that die in consequence of it, make the machine, if it may be so called, of a plantation, extremely expensive in its operations. In the list of slaves belonging to a wealthy planter, it would astonish you to see the number unfit for service, pining under disease, a burden on their master.—I am talking only as a merchant; but as a man—Good heavens! when I think of the many thousands of my fellow-creatures groaning under servitude and misery!—Great God! hast thou peopled those regions of thy world for the purpose of casting out their inhabitants to chains and torture?—No; thou gavest them a land teeming with good things, and lighted'st up thy sun to bring forth spontaneous plenty; but the refinements of man, ever at war with thy works, have changed this scene of profusion and luxuriance into a theatre of rapine, of slavery, and of murder!

Forgive the warmth of this apostrophe. Here it would not be understood; even my uncle, whose

heart is far from a hard one, would smile at my romance, and tell me that things must be so. Habit, the tyrant of nature and of reason, is deaf to the voice of either; here she stifles humanity, and debases the species;—for the master of slaves has seldom the soul of a man.

This is not difficult to be accounted for:—from his infancy he is made callous to those feelings which soften at once and ennoble our nature. Children must, of necessity, first exert those towards domestics, because the society of domestics is the first they enjoy; here they are taught to command, for the sake of commanding; to beat and torture, for pure amusement;—their reason and good-nature improve as may be expected.

Among the legends of a European nursery, are stories of captives delivered, of slaves released, who had pined for years in the durance of unmerciful enemies.—Could we suppose its infant audience transported to the sea-shore, where a ship laden with slaves is just landing; the question would be universal, "Who shall set these poor people free?"—The young West Indian asks his father to buy a boy for him, that he may have something to vent his spite on when he is peevish.

Methinks, too, these people lose a sort of connexion, which is of more importance in life than most of the relationships we enjoy. The ancient, the tried domestic of a family, is one of its most useful members; one of its most assured supports. My friend, the ill-fated Roubigné, has not one relation who has stood by him in the shipwreck of his fortunes; but the storm could not sever from their master his faithful Le Blanc, or the venerable Lasune.

Oh, Beauvaris! I sometimes sit down alone, and, transporting myself into the little circle at Roubigné's, grow sick of the world, and hate the part which I am obliged to perform in it.

LETTER XXIX.*

Savillon to Beauvaris.

Since the date of my last, is a longer period than you allow between my letters; but my time has been more than commonly occupied of late. Among other employments was that of acquiring a friend. Be not, however, jealous; my heart cannot own a second in the same degree with Beauvaris; yet is this one above the level of ordinary men. He enjoys also that privilege which misfortune bestows on the virtuous.

Among those with whom my uncle's extensive dealings have connected him, he had mentioned, with particular commendation, one Herbert, an Englishman, a merchant in one of the British West India Islands. Chance brought him lately to Martinique, and I was solicitous to show every possible civility to one, who, to the claim of a stranger, added the character of a worthy and amiable man.—Prepossessed as I was in his favour, my expectations fell short of the reality. I discovered in him a delicacy and fineness of sentiment, which something beyond the education of a trader must have inspired; and I looked on him, perhaps, with the greater reverence, from the circumstance of having found him in a station where I did not expect he would be found. On a closer investigation, I perceived a tincture of melancholy enthusiasm in his mind, which, I was persuaded, was not altogether owing to the national character, but must have arisen from some particular cause. This increased my regard for him; and I could not help expressing it in the very style which was suited to its object, a quiet and still attention, sympathetic but not intrusive. He seemed to take notice of my behaviour, and looked as if he had found a person, who guessed him to be unhappy, and to whom he could talk of his unhappiness. I encouraged the idea with that diffidence, which, I believe, is of all manners the most intimate with a mind of the sort I have described; and, soon after, he took an opportunity of telling me the story of his misfortunes.

It was simple, but not the less pathetic. Inheriting a considerable fortune from his father, he set out in trade with every advantage. Soon after he was settled in business he married a beautiful and excellent woman, for whom, from his infancy, he had conceived the tenderest attachment; and, about a year after their marriage, she blessed him with a son. But love and fortune did not long continue to smile upon him. Losses in trade, to which, though benevolence like his be more exposed, the most prudent and unfeeling are liable, reduced him, from his former affluence, to very embarrassed circumstances; and his distress was aggravated from the consideration, that he did not suffer alone, but communicated misfortune to a woman he passionately loved. Some very considerable debts remained due to him in the West Indies, and he found it absolutely necessary, for their recovery, to repair thither himself, however terrible might be a separation from his wife, now in a situation of all others the most susceptible. They parted; and she was, soon after, delivered of a girl, whose promising appearance, as well as that of her brother, was some consolation for the absence of their father.

His absence, though cruel, was necessary; and

* It is proper to apologize for introducing a letter so purely episodical. I might perhaps say, that it is not altogether unnecessary, as it introduces a person whose correspondent Savillon becomes at a future period: but I must once more resort to an egotism for the true reason; the picture it exhibited pleased myself, and I could not resist the desire of laying it before my readers.

he found his affairs in such a situation, that it promised not to be long. Day after day, however, elapsed without their final settlement. The impatience both of his wife and him was increased by the appearance of a conclusion, which so repeatedly disappointed them, till at last he ventured to suggest, and she warmly approved, the expedient of coming out to a husband, whose circumstances prevented him from meeting her at home. She set sail with her children; but wife or children never reached the unfortunate Herbert! they perished in a storm soon after their departure from England.

You can judge of the feelings of a man who upbraided himself as their murderer. An interval of madness, he informed me, succeeded the account he received of their death. When his reason returned, it settled into a melancholy, which time has soothed, not extinguished; which indeed seems to have become the habitual tone of his mind. Yet is it gentle, though deep, in its effects; it disturbs not the circle of society around him, and few, except such as are formed to discover and to pity it, observe any thing peculiar in his behaviour. But he holds it not the less sacred to himself; and often retires from the company of those, whom he has entertained with the good-humour of a well-bred man, to arrange the memorials of his much-loved Emily, and call up the sad remembrance of his former joys.

Having acquired a sort of privilege with his distress, from my acquaintance with its cause, I entered his room yesterday, when he had thus shut out the world, and found him with some letters on the table before him, on which he looked with a tear, not of anguish but of tenderness. I stopped short on perceiving him thus employed; he seemed unable to speak, but making a movement, as if he desired that I should come forward, he put two of those letters successively into my hand. They were written by his wife: the first, soon after their marriage, when some business had called him away from her into the country; and the second, addressed to him in the West Indies, where, by that time, their ill-fortune had driven him. They pleased me so much, that I asked his leave to keep them for a day or two. He would not absolutely refuse me; but said, they had never been out of his possession. I pressed him no farther: I could only read them over repeatedly, and some parts that struck most forcibly on my memory, which, you know, is pretty tenacious, I can recollect almost *verbatim*. To another it might seem odd to write such things as these; but my Beauvaris is never inattentive to the language of nature, or the voice of misfortune.

In the first letter were the following expressions:

"You know not what feelings are here, at thus, for the first time, writing to my Henry under the name of husband. A mixture of tenderness, of love, of esteem, and confidence;—a something never experienced before, is so warm in my heart, that sure it is, at this moment, more worthy of his love than ever.—Shall not this last, my Henry, notwithstanding what I have heard from the scoffers among you men? I think it will. It is not a tumultuous transport, that must suddenly disappear; but the soft still pleasure of a happy mind, that can feel its happiness, and delight in its cause.

"I have had little company since you left me, and I wish not for much. The idea of my Henry is my best companion. I have figured out your journey, your company, and your business, and filled up my hours with the picture of what they are to you."

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"John has just taken away my chicken: you know he takes liberties—'Dear heart, a leg and wing only!—Betty says, madam, the cheesecakes are excellent.'—I smiled at John's manner of pressing, and helped myself to a cheesecake. The poor fellow looked so happy—'My master will soon return,' said he, by way of accounting for my puny dinner. He set the wine upon the table: I filled out half a glass, and began to think of you; but, in carrying it to my lips, I reproached myself that it was not a bumper: that was remedied as it should be. John, I believe, guessed at the correction—'God bless him!' I heard him say, muttering as he put up the things in his basket. I sent him down with the rest of the bottle, and they are now drinking your health in the kitchen."

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"My cousin Harriet has come in to see me, and is going on with the cap I was making up, while I write this by her. She is a better milliner than I, and would have altered it somewhat; but I stuck to my own way, for I heard you say you liked it in that shape.—'It is not half so fashionable indeed, my dear,' said Harriet; but she does not know the luxury of making up a cap to please the husband one loves. This is all very foolish: is it not? but I love to tell you these trifles; it is like having you here. If you can, write to me just such a letter about you."

Of the other letter, I recollect some passages, such as these:

"Captain Lewson has just now been with me, but has brought no letter; and gives for reason, your having written by a ship that left the island but a few days before him, meaning the Triton, by which I got your last; but I beg to hear from you by every opportunity, especially by so friendly a hand as Lewson: it would endear a man,

to whom I have reason to be grateful, much more to me, that he brought a few lines from you.—Think, my dearest Henry, that hearing from you is all that your Emily has now to expect, at least for a long, long time.

"Perhaps, (as you sometimes told me in former days, when, alas! we only talked of misfortunes,) we always think our present calamity the bitterest; yet, methinks, our separation is the only evil, for which I could not have found a comfort. In truth, we were not unhappy: health and strength were left us: we could have done much for one another, and for our dear little ones. I fear, my love, you thought of me less nobly than I hope I deserved: I was not to be shocked by any retrenchment from our former way of living: I could have borne even the hardships of poverty, had it left me my Henry."

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"Your sweetmeats arrived very safe under the care of Captain Lewson: the children have profited by them, particularly Billy, who has still some remains of the hooping-cough. He asked me, if they did not come from papa? 'And when,' said he, 'will papa come himself?'—'Papa,' cried my little Emmy, who has just learned to lisp the word. 'She never saw papa,' replied her brother, 'did she, mamma?'—I could not stand this prattle; my boy wept with me for company's sake!"

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"Emmy, they tell me, will be a beauty. She has, to say truth, lovely dark blue eyes, and a charming complexion. I think there is something of melancholy in her look; but this may be only my fancy. Billy is quite different, a bold spirited child; yet he is remarkably attentive to every thing I endeavour to teach him; and can read a little already, with no other tutor than myself. I chose this task, to amuse my lonely hours; for I make it a point of duty, to keep up my spirits as well as I can. Sometimes, indeed, I droop in spite of me, especially when you seem to waver about the time of your return. Think, my love, what risks your health runs for the sake of those riches, which are of no use without it; and after all, it is chiefly in opinion, that their power of bestowing happiness consists. I am sure the little parlour, in which I now write, is more snug and comfortable, than the large room we used to receive company in formerly; and the plain meal, to which I sit down with my children, has more relish than the formal dinners we were obliged to invite them to. Return then, my dearest Henry, from those fatigues and dangers, to which, by your own account, you are obliged to be exposed. Return to your Emily's love, and the smiles of those little cherubs that wait your arrival."

Such was the wife whom Herbert lost; you will not wonder at his grief; yet, sometimes, when the whole scene is before me, I know not how, I almost envy him his tears.

It is something to endeavour to comfort him. 'Tis perhaps a selfish movement in our nature, to conceive an attachment to such a character; one that throws itself on our pity by feeling its distresses, is ever more beloved than that which rises above them.—I know, however, without farther inquiry, that I feel myself pleased with being the friend of Herbert; would we were in France, that I might make him the friend of Beauvaris!

Your last mentions nothing of Roubigné, or his family. I know he dislikes writing, and therefore am not surprised at his silence to myself. You say, in a former letter, you find it difficult to hear of them; there is a young lady in Paris, for whom the lovely Julia has long entertained a very uncommon friendship; her name is Roncilles, daughter of the President Roncilles.—Yet, on second thoughts, I would not have you visit her on purpose to make inquiry as from me; but you may fall on some method of getting intelligence of them in this line.

Do not let slip the opportunity of this ship's return to write me fully; she is consigned to a correspondent of ours, and particular care will be taken of my letters. I think, if that had been the case with the last that arrived here, I should have found one from you on board of her. Think of me frequently, and write to me as often as our situation will allow.

LETTER XXX.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

I BEGIN to suspect, that the sensibility, of which young minds are proud, from which they look down with contempt, on the unfeeling multitude of ordinary men, is less a blessing than an inconvenience.—Why cannot I be as happy as my uncle, as Dorville, as all the other good people around me?—I eat, and drink, and sing, nay I can be merry, like them; but they close the account, and set down this mirth for happiness; I retire to the family of my own thoughts, and find them in weeds of sorrow.

Herbert left this place yesterday! the only man besides thee, whom my soul can acknowledge as a friend. And him, perhaps, I shall see no more: and thee! my heart droops at this moment, and I could weep, without knowing why.—Tell me, as soon as possible, that you are well and happy; there is, methinks, a languor in your last letter—or is it but the livery of my own imagination, which the objects around me are constrained to wear?

Herbert was a sort of proxy for my Beauvaris; he spoke from the feelings of a heart like his. To him I could unbosom mine, and be understood; for the speaking of a common language, is but one requisite towards the dearest intercourse of society. His sorrows gave him a sacredness in my regard, that made every endeavour to serve or oblige him, like the performance of a religious duty: there was a quiet satisfaction in it, which calmed the rufflings of a sometimes troubled spirit, and restored me to peace with myself.

He has sailed for England, whither some business, material to a friend of his much-loved Emily, obliges him to return. He yields to this, I perceive, as a duty he thinks himself bound to discharge, though the sight of his native country, spoiled as it is of those blessings which it once possessed for him, must be no easy trial of his fortitude. He talks of leaving it as soon as this affair will allow him, not to return to the West Indies, (for of his business there he is now independent,) but to travel through some parts of Europe, which the employments of his younger years prevented him from visiting at an early period of life. If he goes to Paris, he has promised to call on you. Could I be with you!—What a thought is there!—but I shall not be forgotten at the interview.

I have just received yours of the third of last month. I must still complain of its shortness, though I dare not quarrel with it, as it assures me of your welfare. But get rid, I pray you, of that very bad practice, of supposing things unimportant at Martinique, because you think them so at Paris. Give me your intelligence, and allow me to be the judge of its consequence.

You are partial to your friend, when you write in such high terms of his treatment of Yambu.—We think but seldom of those things which habit has made common, otherwise we should correct many of them; there needed only to give one's feelings room on this theme, and they could prompt no other conduct than mine. Your approbation, however, is not lost upon me; the best of our resolutions are bettered by a consciousness of the suffrage of good men in their favour; and the reward is still higher, when that suffrage is from those we love.

My uncle has sent to me, to help him to entertain some company who are just arrived here. He knows not what a train of thinking he calls me from—I have a little remembrancer, Beauvaris, a picture, which has hung at my bosom for some years past, that speaks such things!—

The servant again!—Mademoiselle Dorville is below, and I must come immediately.—Well then—it will be difficult for me to be civil to her—yet the girl deserves politeness.—But that picture!—

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LETTER XXXI.

Savillon to Beauvaris.

You say the letter, to which your last was an answer, was written in low spirits. I confess I am not always in high ones; not even now, though I am just returned from a little feast, where there was much mirth, and excellent wine. It was a dinner given by Dorville, on occasion of his daughter's birth-day, to which my uncle and I, among other of his friends, had been long invited. The old gentleman displayed all his wealth, and all his wit, in entertaining us: some of us thanked him for neither, though every one's complaisance obliged them to eat of his dainties, and laugh at his jests.

It is after such a scene, that one is often in a state the most stupid of any. The assumption of a character, in itself humiliating, distresses and wastes us, while the loss of so much time, like the bad fortune of a gamester, is doubly felt, when we reflect that fools have won from us. Yet it must be so in life, and I wish to overcome the spleen of repining at it.

I was again set next Mademoiselle Dorville, and had the honour of accompanying some of the songs she sung to us. A vain fellow, in my circumstances, might imagine that the girl liked him. I believe there is nothing so serious in her mind, and I should be sorry there were. The theft of a woman's affections is not so atrocious as that of her honour; but I have often seen it more terrible than that of her life; at least if living wretchedness be worse than death; yet is it reckoned a very venial breach of confidence, to endeavour to become more than agreeable, where a man feels it impossible to repay what he may receive. Her father, I am apt to believe, has something of what is commonly called a plot upon me; but as to him, my conscience is easy, because, the coffers of my uncle being his quarry, it matters not much if he is disappointed.

Were it not from a point of delicacy, not to run the smallest risk of being thought particular, I could sometimes be very well entertained with the society of Mademoiselle Dorville. There is a sprightliness about her, which amuses, though it is not winning; and I never found it so easy to talk nonsense to any other woman. I fancy this is always the case, where there is no chance of the heart being interested: it is perfectly so in the present case with me. Oh, Beauvaris! I have laid out more soul in sitting five

minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville.

The conversation of women has perhaps a charm from its weakness; but this must be, like all their other weaknesses that please us, what claims an interest in our affections, without offending our reason. I know not if there is really a sex in the soul; custom and education have established one in our idea; but we wish to feel the inferiority of the other sex, as one that does not debase, but endear it.

To their knowledge, in many things, we have set limits, because it seems to encroach on the softness of their feelings, which we suppose of that retiring kind that shuns the keenness of argument or inquiry. Knowledge or learning has often this effect among men: it is even sometimes fatal to taste, if by taste is meant the effect which beauties have on ourselves, rather than the power of criticising on that which they ought to have on others.

There is a little world of sentiment made for women to move in, where they certainly excel our sex, and where our sex ought, perhaps, to be excelled by them. This is irresistibly engaging, where it is natural; but, of all affectations, that of sentiment is the most disgusting. It is, I believe, more common in France than any where else; and I am not sure if it does not proceed from our women possessing the reality less. The daughter of Mons. Dorville, when she would be great, is always sentimental. I was forced to tell her to-day, that I hated sentiments, and that they spoiled the complexion. She looked in the glass, and began to ask some questions about the Italian comedy.

My uncle, who had staid some time behind me with Dorville, came in. He was very copious on the subject of Mademoiselle. I was perfectly of his opinion in every thing, and praised her in echo to what he said; but he had discernment enough to see an indifference in this, which, I was sorry to find, he did not like. I know not how far he meant to go, if we had been long together; but he found himself somewhat indisposed, and was obliged to go to bed.

I sat down alone, and thought of Julia de Roubigné.

My uncle is, this morning, really ill. I owe him too much, not to be distressed at this. He is uneasy about his own situation, though, I believe, without reason; but men, who, like him, have enjoyed uninterrupted health, are apt to be apprehensive. I have sent for a physician, without letting him know; for it was another effect of his good constitution, to hold the faculty in contempt. At present, I am sure, he will thank me in his heart for my precaution.

The doctor has been with him, and talks doubtfully; that, perhaps, is unavoidable in a science, from its nature so uncertain; for this man has really too much knowledge to wish to seem wiser.

I find I must conclude this letter, as the ship, by which I am to send it, is within a quarter of an hour of sailing. Would it had been a few days later! a few days might do much in a fate like mine.—I cannot express that sort of doubt and fear, which the look of futurity, at this moment, gives me.

Do not, for heaven's sake, do not fail to write to me about the situation of Roubigné and his family. I know his unwillingness to write, and decorum prevents (is it vanity to think so?) his daughter; therefore I addressed my last letter to Madame de Roubigné; but even when I shall receive her answer, it will not say enough. You know what my heart requires; do not disappoint it.*

LETTER XXXII.

Julia de Roubigné to Maria de Roncilles.

You must not expect to hear from me as often as formerly; we have, here, an even tenor of days, that admits not of much description. Comedies and romances, you know, always end with a marriage, because, after that, there is nothing to be said.

But I have reason to be angry with you for finding so little to say at Paris; though, I believe, the fault is in myself, or rather in your idea of me. You think I am not formed to relish those articles of intelligence, which are called news in your great town: the truth is, I have often heard them with very little relish; but I know you have wit enough to make them pleasant if you would; and even if you had not, do but write any thing, and I shall read it with interest.

You flatter me by your praises of the *naïveté*, in the picture I drew of our party of pleasure.

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* There are no letters, in this collection, of a later date, from Savillon to Beauvaris. The person who at first arranged them, seems to intend to account for this, by the following note on the outside of the preceding one, written in a hand of which I see little jottings on several of the letters, "Beauvaris died 5th April, a few days after the receipt of this."

God knows, I have no talent that way; yet the group was fantastic enough, and, though I felt quite otherwise than merry next morning when I wrote to you, yet I found a sort of pleasure in describing it. There is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant-boy, who goes to play for a few minutes while his master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his task upon futurity.

We have very different company at present. Madame de Sancerre has been here these three days. Her husband was an acquaintance of Mons. de Montauban in Spain, and you will remember, we used to be of her parties in town; —so she is a guest of both sides of the house, though, I believe, no great favourite of either. She is a wit, you know, and says abundance of good things; and will say any thing, provided it be witty. Here, indeed, we give her so little opportunity, that her genius is almost famished for want of subject. At Paris, I remember her surrounded by men of letters; they praised her learning, and to us she seemed wonderful both as a scholar and a critic; but here, when I turn the discourse on books, she chuses to talk of nothing but the *beau monde*. Her descriptions, however, are diverting enough, and, I believe, she is not the worse pleased with me, that I can only hear them without being able to answer; for I think, if there is a member of our society she dislikes, it is that relation of the Count, whom I mentioned to you in my last, Mons. de Rouillé, who is come to spend some weeks here. From the account of his vivacity, which I received from his kinsman, I thought Madame de Sancerre would have thought it a piece of high good fortune to have met him here; but, I see, I mistook the thing; and that she would relish his company better, if he were as stupid as the rest of us. I am of a different opinion, and begin to like him much; the better that I was prepared to be somewhat afraid of him: but I find in him nothing to be feared; on the contrary, he is my very safest barrier against the sometimes too powerful brilliancy of the lady.

Rouillé is constitutionally happy; but his vivacity, though it seems to be constant, does not appear to be unfeeling. It is not the cheerfulness of an unthinking man, who is ready to laugh on all occasions, without leave of his reason, or, what is worse, of his humanity: some such people I have seen, whose mirth was like the pranks of a madman, and, if not of consequence enough to excite anger or fear, was entitled to our compassion. Rouillé has the happy talent of hitting that point, where sentiment mingles with good humour. His wit, except when forced into opposition by the petulance of others, is ever of that gentle kind from which we have nothing to dread; that sports itself on the level of ordinary understandings, and pleases, because it makes no one displeased with himself. Even the natural gravity of Montauban yields to the winning liveliness of Rouillé; and, though the first seems to feel a little awkwardness in the attempt, yet he often comes down from the loftiness of his own character, to meet the pleasantry of the other's.

Do not rally me on the savour of matrimony in the observation, if I venture to say, that Montauban seems to have resumed somewhat of his former dignity. Think not that I suspect the smallest diminution of his affection; but now when the ease of the husband has restored him to his native character—I know not what I would say—Believe me, I mean nothing at all. I have the greatest reason to be satisfied and happy.

At present, I believe, he is now and then out of humour with this visitant of ours, Madame de Sancerre; and, it may be, thrown into somewhat of a severity in his manner, from the observation of an opposite one in her. When she utters, as she does pretty often, any joke at which she laughs heartily herself, I laugh, sometimes with good will, but oftener (out of complaisance) without; Rouillé laughs, and is ready with his jest in return; but Montauban looks graver than ever. Indeed, there is no resource for one who cannot laugh at a jest, but to look grave at it.

I wish my Maria could have accepted of the invitation he communicated by me some time ago. I think I should have shewn him, in my friend, a liveliness that would not have displeased him. Could you still contrive to come, while Rouillé is here, you must be charmed with one another. It would give me an opportunity of making up to you, for the many dull letters I have obliged you to read: but you taxed yourself early with my correspondence; it was then, perhaps, tolerable; it has of late been a mere collection of egotisms,—the egotisms, too, of a mind ill at ease. But I have given up making apologies or acknowledgments to you; they are only for common obligations: mine is a debt beyond their quittance.

LETTER XXXIII.

Montauban to Segarva.

I AM now three letters in your debt; yet the account of correspondence used formerly to be in my favour. The truth is, that of facts I have nothing to write, and of sentiments almost as little. Of the first, my situation here in the country deprives me; and of the last, that quiet sort of state I have got into is little productive. When I was unhappy as the lover of Julia, or first happy as her husband, I had theme enough, and to spare. I can tell you, that I am happy still; but it is a sort of happiness that would not figure in narration. I believe my Julia is every thing that a good wife should be; I hope I am

a good husband. I am neither young nor old enough for a doating one.

You will smile, and look back to certain letters and notes of mine, written some four or five months ago. I do not know why I should be ashamed of them. Were Segarva to marry, he would write such letters for a while, and there never was a man who could write such letters long. If there were, I am not sure if I should wish to be that man. When we cannot be quite so happy as others, our pride naturally balances the account; it shews us, that we are wiser.

Rouillé, who has been here for a week or two, is of a different opinion; he holds the happiest man to be ever the wisest. You know Rouillé's disposition, which was always too much in the sun for us; but the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his honour, are above the rest of his character. With this prepossession in his favour, I hear him laugh at me without resentment; and, by and bye, he steals upon me, till I forget myself, and laugh with him. I am sometimes gay; but I feel a sort of trouble in gaiety. It is exactly the reverse with Rouillé: he can be serious, when he means to be so; but, if we mean nothing, he is gay and I am serious.

My wife is neither the one nor t'other; there is something about her too gentle for either: but, I think, her pensive softness deserts more readily to Rouillé's side than to mine, though one should imagine his manner the most distant from her's of the two. Rouillé jokes me on this; he calls her the middle stage between us; but says, it is up-hill towards my side. "A solitary castle, and a still evening," said he, "would make a Julia of me; but to be Montauban, I must have a fog and a prison."

Perhaps, if we consider matters impartially, these men have the advantage of us; the little cordialities of life are more frequently in use than its greater and more important duties. Somebody, I think, has compared them to small pieces of coin, which, though of less value than the large, are more current amongst men: but the parallel fails in one respect; a thousand of those *livres* do not constitute a *louis;* and I have known many characters possessed of all that the first could give, whose minds were incapable of the last. In this number, however, I mean not to include Rouillé.

We have another guest, who illustrates my meaning better, the widow of Sancerre, whom you introduced to my acquaintance, a long time ago, in Spain. She was then nothing, for Sancerre considered all women nothing; and took care, that, during his life, she should be no exception to the rule. He died; she regained her freedom; and she uses it as one to whom it had been long denied. She is just fool enough to be a wit, and carries on a perpetual crusade against sense and seriousness. I bear with her very impatiently: she plagues me, I believe, the more. My wife smiles, Rouillé laughs at me; I am unable to laugh, and ashamed to be angry; so I remain silent and stupid.

Sometimes I cease to think of her, and blame myself. Why should I allow this spleen of sense to disqualify me for society? once or twice I almost uttered things against my present situation —Julia loves me; I know she does: she has that tenderness and gratitude which will secure her affection to a husband, who loves her as I do; but she must often feel the difference of disposition between us. Had such a man as Rouillé been her husband—not Rouillé neither, though she seems often delighted with his good humour, when I cannot be pleased with it—We are neither of us such a man as the writer of a romance would have made a husband for Julia—There is, indeed, a pliability in the minds of women in this article, which frequently gains over opinion to the side of duty.—Duty is a cold word—No matter, we will canvass it no farther. I know the purity of her bosom, and, I think, I am not unworthy of its affection.

Her father I see much seldomer than I could wish; but he is greatly altered of late. Since the time of his wife's death, I have observed him to droop apace; but Julia says, that the distress of their circumstances kept up in him a sort of false spirit, which, when they were disembarrassed, left him to sink under reflection. His faculties, I can easily perceive, are not in that vigour they were wont to be; yet his bodily strength does not much decline, and he seems more contented with himself than when he was in full possession of his abilities. We wish him to live with us; but he has constantly refused our request, and it is a matter of delicacy to press him on that point. We go to see him sometimes: he receives us with satisfaction, not ardour: violent emotions of every kind appear to be quenched in him. It creates, methinks, a feeling of mingled complacency and sadness, to look on the evening of a life and of a character like Roubigné's.

Shall I not see you here some time this autumn? You gave a sort of promise, and I need you more than ever. I want the society of some one, in whose company I can be pleased, without the tax of thinking that I am silly for being so.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Julia to Maria.

I HAVE just now received a piece of intelligence, which I must beg my Maria instantly to satisfy me about. Le Blanc, my father's servant, was here a few hours ago, and, among other news, informed Lisette, that a nephew of his, who is just come with his master from Paris, met Savillon there, whom he perfectly remembered, from having seen him in his visits to his uncle

at Belville. The lad had no time for inquiry, as his master's carriage was just setting off, when he observed a chaise drive up to the door of the hotel, with a gentleman in it, whom he knew to be Savillon, accompanied by a valet de chambre, and two black servants on horseback.

Think, Maria, what I feel at this intelligence! —Yet why should it alarm me?—Alas! you know this poor, weak, throbbing heart of mine! I cannot, if I would, hide it from you.—Find him out, for heaven's sake, Maria; tell me—yet what now is Savillon to your Julia?—No matter—do any thing your prudence may suggest; only satisfy me about the fate of this once dear —Again! I dare not trust myself on the subject—Monsieur de Montauban!—Farewell!

Delay not a moment to answer this.—

Yet do not write till you have learned something satisfactory.

At any rate, write me speedily.—

I have forgotten the name of the hotel where the lad met him; it was situated in the Ruë St Anne.

CHAP. XXXV.

Montauban to Segarva.

My wife (that word must often come across the narration of a married man) has been a good deal indisposed of late. You will not joke me on this intelligence, as such of my neighbours as I have seen have done: it is not, however, what they say, or you may think; her spirits droop more than her body; she is thoughtful and melancholy when she thinks she is not observed; and, what pleases me worse, affects to appear otherwise, when she is. I like not this sadness, which is conscious of itself.—Yet, perhaps, I have seen her thus before our marriage, and have rather admired this turn of mind than disapproved of it; but now I would not have her pensive—nor very gay neither.—I would have nothing about her, methinks, to stir a question in me whence it arose. She should be contented with the affection she knows I bear for her. I do not expect her to be romantically happy, and she has no cause for uneasiness—I am not uneasy neither—yet I wish her to conquer this melancholy.

I was last night abroad at supper: Julia was a-bed before my return. I found her lute lying on the table, and a music-book open by it. I could perceive the marks of tears shed on the paper, and the air was such as might encourage their falling: sleep, however, had overcome her sadness, and she did not awake when I opened the curtains to look on her. When I had stood some moments, I heard her sigh strongly through her sleep, and presently she muttered some words, I know not of what import. I had sometimes heard her do so before, without regarding it much; but there was something that roused my attention now. I listened; she sighed again, and again spoke a few broken words; at last, I heard her plainly pronounce the name *Savillon* two or three times over, and each time it was accompanied with sighs so deep, that her heart seemed bursting as it heaved them. I confess the thing struck me; and, after musing on it some time, I resolved to try a little experiment this day at dinner, to discover whether chance had made her pronounce this name, or if some previous cause had impressed it on her imagination. I knew a man of that name at Paris, when I first went thither, who had an office under the intendant of the marine. I introduced some conversation on the subject of the fleet, and said, in an indifferent manner, that I had heard so and so from my old acquaintance Savillon. She spilt some soup she was helping me to at the instant; and stealing a glance at her, I saw her cheeks flushed into crimson.

I have been ever since going the round of conjecture on this incident. I think I can recollect once, and but once, her father speak of a person called Savillon residing abroad, from whom he had received a letter; but I never heard Julia mention him at all. I know not why I should have forborne asking her the reason of her being so affected at the sound; yet, at the moment I perceived it, the question stuck in my throat. I felt something like guilt hang over this incident all together—it is none of mine then—nor of Julia's neither, I trust—and yet, Segarva, it has touched me nearer, much nearer, than I should own to any one but you.

Nine at night.

Upon looking over what I had written in the afternoon, I had almost resolved to burn this letter, and write another; but it strikes me as insincerity to a friend like Segarva, not to trust him with the very thought of the moment, weak as it may be.

I begin now to be ashamed of the effect that trifle, I mentioned above, had upon me. Julia is better, and has been singing to me the old Spanish ballad, which you sent us lately. I am delighted with those ancient national songs, because there is a simplicity and an expression in them, which I can understand. Adepts in music are pleased with more intricate compositions; and they talk more of the pleasure than they feel; and others talk after them without feeling at all.

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CHAP. XXXVI.

Savillon to Herbert.

I am here in Paris, and fulfil the promise, which your friendship required of me, to write to you immediately on my arrival.

Alas! my reception is not such as I looked for. He, whom my arrival should have interested, my ever faithful Beauvaris!—he meets me not—we shall never meet—he died, while I was imagining fond things of our meeting!

Gracious God! what have I done, that I should be always thus an outcast from society? When France was dear to me as life itself, my destiny tore me from her coast; now, when I anticipated the pleasures of my return, is this the welcome she affords me?

Forlorn and friendless as my early days were, I complained not while Beauvaris was mine: he was wholly mine, for his heart was not made for the world. Naturally reserved, he shrunk early from its notice: and, when he had lived to judge of its sentiments, he wished not to be in the list of its friends.

His extreme modesty, indeed, was an evil in his fate; because it deprived him of that protection and assistance which his situation required. Those who might have been patrons of his merit, had not time to search for talents, which his bashfulness obscured. His virtues even suffered imputations from it: shy, not only of intimacy, but even of opinion and sentiment, persons, whose situation seemed to entitle them to his confidence, complained of his coldness and indifference; and he was accused of want of feeling, from what, in truth, was an excess of sensibility. This jewel, undiscovered by others, was mine. From infancy, each was accustomed to consider his friend but a better part of himself; and, when the heart of either was full, talking to the other was but unloading it in soliloquy.

Forgive me, my dear Herbert, for thus dwelling on the subject. The only sad comfort I have now left me, is to think of his worth: it is a privilege I would not waste on common minds, to hear me on this theme; yours can understand it.

Why was I absent from Paris? Too much did the latter days of Beauvaris require me! They saw him struggling with poverty as well as sickness; yet the last letter he wrote to me confessed neither, and some little presents, the produce of Martinique, which I sent him, he would not convert into money, because they came from me.

I am now sitting in the room in which he died!—On that paltry bed lay the head of Beauvaris—On this desk whereon I write, he wrote—Pardon me a while—I am unable to go on.

It is from the indulgence of sorrow, that we first know a respite from affliction. I have given a loose to my grief, and I feel the relief which my tears have afforded me. I am now returned to my hotel, and am able to recollect myself.

I have not yet seen any acquaintance of Mons. de Roubigné; this blow, indeed, did not allow me leisure or spirits for inquiry; I feel as if I were in a foreign land, and am almost afraid of the noise and bustle I hear in the streets. I have sent, however, offering a visit to a young lady, of whom I shall be able to get intelligence of Roubigné's family; but my messenger is not yet returned.

He has found her, and she has appointed me to come to her to-morrow morning. You cannot imagine what a flutter the expectation of this visit has thrown me into: I am not apt to stand in awe of presages, but I could be very weak that way at this moment. My man, who possesses a happy vivacity, brought me in, after dinner, a bottle of burgundy, which, he said, the maitre d' hotel assured him was excellent. I have drunk three-fourths of it, by way of medicine; it has made my head somewhat dizzy, but my heart is as heavy as before.

What a letter of egotism have I written! but you have taught me to give vent to my feelings, by the acquaintance you have allowed me with yours. To speak one's distresses to the unfeeling, is terrible; even to ask the alms of pity is humiliating; but to pour our griefs into the bosom of a friend, is but committing to him a pledge above the trust of ordinary men.

Do not, I beseech you, forget your design of travelling into France this season. Yet why should I ask this? I know not where fortune may lead me! it cannot, however, place me in a situation where the friendship of Herbert shall be forgotten.

P. S. I direct this for you at London, as, I think, you must be there by this time. Your answer will find me here; let it be speedy.

LETTER XXXVII.

Savillon to Herbert.

Bear with me, Herbert, bear with me. The first use I make of that correspondence which you desired, is to pour out my miseries before you! but you can bear them—You have known what it is to love, and to despair as I do.

When I told you my Beauvaris was no more, I thought I had exhausted the sum of distress, which this visit to Paris was to give me. I knew not then what fate had prepared for me—that Julia, on whom my doating heart had rested all its hopes of happiness—that Julia is the wife of another!

All but this I could have borne; the loss of fortune, the decay of health, the coldness of friends, might have admitted of hope; here only was despair to be found, and here I have found it!

Oh, Herbert! she was so interwoven with my thoughts of futurity, that life now fades into a

blank, and is not worth the keeping;—but I have a use for it; I will see her yet at least—Wherefore should I wish to see her?—Yet, methinks, it is now the only object that can prompt a wish in me.

When I visited that lady, that Maria de Roncilles, whom I knew to be the dearest of her friends, she seemed to receive me with confusion; her tongue could scarce articulate the words that told me of Julia's marriage! She mentioned something too of having heard of mine.—I am tortured every way with conjecture—my brain scarce holds its recollection—Julia de Roubigné is married to another!

I know not what I said to this friend of her's at first; I remember only, that when I had recovered a little, I begged her to convey a letter from me to Julia; she seemed to hesitate in her consent; but she did at last consent. Twice have I written, and twice have I burnt what I had written—I have no friend to guide, to direct—not even to weep to!

At last I have finished that letter; it contains the last request which the miserable Savillon has to make. This one interview past, and my days have nothing to mark them with anxiety or hope.

I am now more calmly wretched; the writing of that letter has relieved, for a while, my swelling heart. I went with it myself to Mademoiselle de Roncilles; she was abroad, so I left it without seeing her. You can judge of my feelings; I wondered at the indifference of the faces I met with in my way; they had no cares to cloud them, none at least like Savillon's—Why of all those thousands am I the most wretched?

I am returned to my hotel. I hear the voices of my servants below: they are telling, I suppose, the adventures of their voyage. I can distinguish the voice of my man, and his audience are merry around him.—Why should he not jest? he knows not what his master suffers.

Something like a stupid sleepiness oppresses me: last night I could not sleep. Where are now those luxurious slumbers, those wandering dreams of future happiness?—Never shall I know them again!—Good night, my Herbert!—It is something still to sleep and to forget them.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Julia to Maria.

What do you tell me! Savillon in Paris! unmarried, unengaged, raving of Julia! Hide me from myself, Maria! hide me from myself!—Am I not the wife of Montauban?—

Yes, and I know that character which, as the wife of Montauban, I have to support: her husband's honour and her own, are in the breast of Julia. My heart swells, while I think on the station in which I am placed.—Relentless honour! thou triest me to the uttermost; thou enjoinest me to think no more of such a being as Savillon.

But *can* I think of him no more?—Cruel remembrances! thou too, my friend, betrayest me; you dare not trust me with the whole scene; but you tell me enough.—I see him, I see him now! He came, unconscious of what fortune had made of me; he came, elate with the hopes of sharing with his Julia that wealth which propitious Heaven had bestowed on him.—She is married to another!—I see him start back in amazement and despair; his eyes wild and hagard, his voice lost in the throb of astonishment! He thinks on the shadows which his fond hopes had reared—the dreams of happiness!—Say not that he wept at the thought.—Had those tears fallen upon Julia's grave, memory! thou could'st not thus have stung me. But, perhaps, gentle as his nature is, he was not weak enough to be overcome by the thought. Could he but think of me with indifference!—Tell him, Maria, what a wretch I am: a wife, without a wife's affection, to whom life has lost its relish, and virtue its reward. Let him hate me, I deserve his scorn—yet, methinks, I may claim his pity.

The daughter of Roubigné, the wife of Montauban! I will not bear to be pitied. No; I will stifle the grief that would betray me, and be miserable without a witness. This heart shall break, this proud heart, without suffering a sigh to relieve it.

Alas! my friend, it will not be.—That picture, Maria, that picture!—Why did I not banish it from my sight?—Too amiable Savillon! Look there, look there! in that eye there is no scorn, no reproach to the unhappy Julia: mildness and melancholy!—We were born to be miserable!—Think'st thou, Maria, that at this moment—it is possible—he is gazing thus on the resemblance of one, whose ill-fated rashness has undone herself and him!—Will he thus weep over it as I do?—Will he pardon my offences, and thus press it?—I dare not: this bosom is the property of Montauban.—Tears are all I have to bestow. Is there guilt in those tears? Heaven knows, I cannot help weeping.

I was interrupted by the voice of my husband, giving some orders to his servant at the door of my apartment. He entered with a look of gaiety; but, I fear, by the change of his countenance, that he observed my tears. I clapped on my hat, to hide them, and told him, as well as I could,

that I was going to walk. He suffered me to leave him, without any further question. I strolled I knew not whither, till I found myself by the side of a little brook, about a quarter of a mile's distance from the house. The stillness of noon, broken only by the gentle murmurings of the water, and the quiet hum of the bees, that hung on the wild flowers around it; these gave me back myself, and allowed me the languor of thought; my tears fell without control, and almost without distress. I would have looked again on the picture of Savillon, for I could then have trusted myself with the sight of it; but I had left it behind in my chamber. The thoughts of its being seen by my husband gave wings to my return. I hope he missed it; for I found it lying, as I had left it, on my dressing-table, in the midst of some letters of compliment, which had been thrown carelessly there the day before; and when I went down stairs, I discovered nothing in his behaviour that should have followed such a discovery. On the contrary, I think he seemed more pleased than usual, and was particularly attentive to me. I felt his kindness a reproach, and my endeavours to return it sat awkwardly upon me. There was a treachery, methought, in my attempts to please him; and, I fear, the greater ease I meant to assume in making those attempts, I gave them only more the appearance of constraint.

What a situation is mine! to wear the appearance of serenity, while my heart is wretched; and the dissimulation of guilt, though my soul is unconscious of a crime!—There is something predictive in my mind, that tells me I shall not long be thus; but I am sick of conjecture, as I am bereft of hope, and only satisfy myself with concluding, that, in the most fateful lives, there is still a certain point, where the maze of destiny can bewilder no more.

LETTER XXXIX.

Montauban to Segarva.

SEGARVA!—but it must be told—I blush even telling it to thee.—Have I lived to this? that thou shouldst hear the name of Montauban coupled with dishonour!

I came into my wife's room yesterday morning, somewhat unexpectedly. I observed she had been weeping, though she put on her hat to conceal it, and spoke in a tone of voice affectedly indifferent. Presently she went out on pretence of walking; I staid behind, not without surprise at her tears, though, I think, without suspicion; when turning over (in the careless way one does in musing,) some loose papers on her dressing-table, I found the picture of a young man in miniature, the glass of which was still wet with the tears she had shed on it. I have but a confused remembrance of my feelings at the time; there was a bewildered pause of thought, as if I had waked in another world. My faithful Lonquillez happened to enter the room at that moment; "Look there," said I, holding out the picture, without knowing what I did; he held it in his hand, and turning it, read on the back *Savillon.* I started at that sound, and snatched the picture from him. I believe he spoke somewhat, expressing his surprise at my emotion; I know not what it was, nor what my answer:—He was retiring from the chamber—I called him back.—"I think," said I, "thou lovest thy master, and would serve him if thou could'st?"—"With my life!" answered Lonquillez. The warmth of his manner touched me: I think I laid my hand on my sword—"Savillon!" I repeated the name.—"I have heard of him," said Lonquillez.—"Heard of him!"—"I heard Le Blanc talk of him a few days ago."—"And what did he say of him?"—"He said, he had heard of this gentleman's arrival from the West Indies, from his own nephew, who had just come from Paris: That he remembered him formerly, when he lived with his master at Belville, the sweetest young gentleman, and the handsomest in the province."—My situation struck me at that instant: I was unable to inquire further. After some little time, Lonquillez left the room; I knew not that he was gone, till I heard him going down stairs. I called him back a second time; he came: I could not speak.—"My dear master!" said Lonquillez—It was the accent of a friend, and it overcame me.

"Lonquillez," said I, "your master is most unhappy!—Canst thou think my wife is false to me?"—"Heaven forbid!" said he, and started back in amazement. "It may be I wrong her; but to dream of Savillon, to keep his picture, to weep over it!"—"What shall I do, sir?" said Lonquillez.—"You see I am calm," I returned, "and will do nothing rashly: Try to learn from Le Blanc every thing he knows about this Savillon; Lisette, too, is silly, and talks much. I know your faith, and will trust your capacity; get me what intelligence you can, but beware of shewing the most distant suspicion." We heard my wife below; I threw down the picture where I had found it, and hastened to meet her. As I approached her, my heart throbbed so violently, that I durst not venture the meeting. My dressing-room door stood a-jar; I slunk in there, I believe, unperceived, and heard her pass on to her chamber. I would have called Lonquillez to have spoken to him again; but I durst not then, and have not found an opportunity since.

I saw my wife soon after; I counterfeited as well as I could, and, I think, she was the most embarrassed of the two; she attempted once or twice to bring in some apology for her former appearance, complained of having been ill in the morning, that her head had ached, and her eyes been hot and uneasy.

She came herself to call me to dinner. We dined alone, and I marked her closely: I saw (by Heaven, I did!) a fawning solicitude to please me; an attempt at the good humour of innocence, to cover the embarrassment of guilt. I should have observed it—I am sure I should—even without a key; as it was, I could read her soul to the bottom.—Julia de Roubigné! the wife of Montauban!—Is it not so?

I have had time to think.—You will recollect the circumstances of our marriage; her long unwillingness, her almost unconquerable reluctance.—Why did I marry her?

Let me remember. I durst not trust the honest decision of my friend, but stole into this engagement without his knowledge; I purchased her consent, I bribed, I bought her; bought her, the leavings of another!—I will trace this line of infamy no further: there is madness in it.

Segarva, I am afraid to hear from you; yet write to me, write to me freely. If you hold me justly punished—yet spare me when you think on the severity of my punishment.

LETTER XL.

Montauban to Segarva.

Lonquillez has not slept on his post, and chance has assisted his vigilance. Le Blanc came hither the morning after our conversation: Lonquillez managed his inquiry with equal acuteness and caution; the other told every thing as the story of an old man. He smiled, and told it. He knew not that he was delivering the testimony of a witness—that the fate of his former mistress hung on it!

This Savillon lived at Belville from his earliest youth, the companion of Julia, though a dependant on her father. When they were forced to remove thence, he accompanied their retreat, the only companion of Roubigné, whom adversity had left him to comfort it—but he had his reward; the company of the daughter often supplied the place of her father's. He was her master in literature, her fellow-scholar in music and painting, and they frequently planned walks in concert, which they afterwards trod together. Le Blanc has seen them there, listening to the song of the nightingale.

I am to draw the conclusion. All this might be innocent, the effects of early intimacy and friendship; and, on this supposition, might rest the quiet of an indifferent husband. But why was this intimacy, this friendship, so industriously concealed from me? The name of Savillon never mentioned, except in guilty dreams? while his picture was kept in her chamber, for the adultery of the imagination! Do I triumph while I push this evidence?—Segarva! whither will it lead me?

The truth rises upon me, and every succeeding circumstance points to one conclusion. Lisette was to-day of a junketting party, which Lonquillez contrived for the entertainment of his friend Le Blanc. Mention was again made of old stories, and Savillon was a person of the drama. The wench is naturally talkative, and she was then in spirits, from company and good cheer. Le Blanc and she recollected interviews of their young mistress and this handsome *elevé* of her father. They were, it seems, nursed by the same woman, that old Lasune, for whom Julia procured a little dwelling, and a pension of four hundred livres, from her unsuspecting husband. "She loved them," said Le Blanc, "like her own children, and they were like brother and sister to each other."—"Brother and sister, indeed!" said Lisette.—She was more sagacious, and had observed things better.—"I know what I know," said she; "but, to be sure, those things are all over now, and I am persuaded, my mistress loves no man so well as her own husband. What signifies what happened so long ago, especially while Mons. de Montauban knows nothing about the matter?"

These were her words: Lonquillez repeated them thrice to me. Were I a fool, a driveller, I might be satisfied to doubt and be uneasy; it is Montauban's to see his disgrace, and, seeing, to revenge it.

Lonquillez has been with me; his diligence is indefatigable: but he feels for the honour of his master, and, being a Spaniard, is entitled to share it.

He went with Le Blanc to see Lasune, whom that old man, it seems, never fails to visit when he is here. Lonquillez told her, that Le Blanc had news for her about her foster-son. "Of my dear Savillon?" cried she.—"Yes," said Le Blanc: "You will have heard, that he arrived from abroad some weeks ago; and I am told, that he is worth a power of money, which his uncle left him in the West Indies."—"Bless him! Heavens bless him!" cried Lasune: "Then I may see him once more before I die.—You never saw him," turning to Lonquillez, "but Le Blanc remembers him well; the handsomest, sweetest, best conditioned—Your mistress and he have often sat on that bench there—Lord pity my forgetfulness! it was far from this place; but it was just such a bench—and they would prefer poor Lasune's little treat to all the fine things at my master's; and how he would look on my sweet child!—Well, well, destiny rules every thing; but there was a time when I thought I should have called her by another name

than Montauban."——Lonquillez was too much struck with her words to appear unaffected by them; she observed his surprise. "You think no harm, I hope," said she. He assured her he did not. "Nay, I need not care, for that part, who hears me; yet some folks might think it odd: But we are all friends here, as we may say, and neither of you, I know, are tale-bearers, otherwise I should not prattle as I do; especially, as the last time I saw my lady, when I asked after her foster-brother, she told me, I must not speak of him now, nor talk of the meetings they used to have at my house."

Such were her words: the memory of Lonquillez is faithful, and he was interested to remember.—I drew my breath short, and muttered vengeance. The good fellow saw my warmth, and tried to moderate it. "It is a matter, sir," said he, "of such importance, that, if I may presume to advise, nothing should be believed rashly. If my mistress loves Savillon, if he still answers her fondness, they will surely write to each other. I commonly take charge of the letters for the post; if you can find any proof that way, it cannot lie nor deceive you."

I have agreed to his proposal.—How am I fallen, Segarva, when such artifices are easy to me!—But I will not pause on trivial objections—the fate of Montauban is set upon this cast, and the lesser moralities must speak unheeded.

LETTER XLI.

Montauban to Segarva.

It is something to be satisfied of the worst. I have now such proof, Segarva!—Inquiry is at an end, and vengeance is the only business I have left. Before you can answer this—the infamy of your friend cannot be erased, but it shall be washed in blood!

Lonquillez has just brought me a letter from my wife to Mademoiselle de Roncilles, a bosom friend of hers at Paris. He opened it by a very simple operation, without hurting its appearance. It consisted only of a few hurried lines, desiring her to deliver an enclosed letter to Savillon, and to take charge of his answer.—That letter now lies before me.—Read it, Segarva—thou wilt wish to stab her while thou read'st it—but Montauban has a dagger too.

"I know not, sir, how to answer the letter my friend Mademoiselle de Roncilles has just sent me from you. *The intimacy of our former days I still recal, as one of the happiest periods of my life.* The friendship of Julia you are certainly still entitled to, and might claim, without the suspicion of impropriety, though fate has now thrown her into *the arms of another.* There would then be no occasion for this secret interview, which, I confess, I cannot help dreading; but as you urge the impossibility of your visiting Mons. de Montauban, without betraying *emotions, which, you say, would be dangerous to the peace of us all,* conjured as I am by those motives of compassion, which my heart is, perhaps, but too susceptible of for my own peace, I have at last, *not without a feeling like remorse,* resolved to meet you on Monday next, at the house of our old nurse Lasune, *whom I shall prepare for the purpose, and on whose fidelity I can perfectly rely.* I hope you will give me credit for that remembrance of Savillon, which your letter, rather unjustly, denies me, when you find me agreeing to this measure of imprudence, of danger, *it may be of guilt,* to mitigate the distress which I have been unfortunate enough to give him."

I feel, at this moment, a sort of determined coolness, which the bending up of my mind to the revenge her crimes deserve, has conferred upon me; I have therefore underlined* some passages in this damned scroll, that my friend may see the weight of that proof on which I proceed. Mark the air of prudery that runs through it, the trick of voluptuous vice to give pleasure the zest of nicety and reluctance. "It may be of guilt." Mark with what coolness she invites him to participate it!—Is this the handwriting of Julia?—I am awake and see it.—Julia! my wife! damnation!

I have been visiting this Lasune, whose house is destined for the scene of my wife's interview with her gallant. I feel the meanness of an inquisition, that degrades me into the wretched spy on an abandoned woman.——I blushed and hesitated while I talked to this old doating minister of their pleasures. But the moment comes when I shall resume myself, when I shall burst upon them in the terrors of punishment.

Whether they have really imposed on the simplicity of this creature, I know not; but her answers to some distant questions of mine looked not like those of an accomplice of their guilt.—Or, rather, it is I who am deceived; the cunning of intrigue is the property of the meanest among the sex—It matters not: I have proof without her.

She conducted me into an inner room fitted up with a degree of nicety. On one side stood a bed, with curtains and a bed-cover of clean

* The passages here alluded to are printed in Italics.

cotton. That bed, Segarva!—but this heart shall down; I will be calm—at the time while I looked on it, I could not; the old woman observed my emotion, and asked if I was ill; I recovered myself, however, and she suspected nothing; I think she did not—It looked as if the beldame had trimmed it for their use—damn her! damn her! killing is poor—canst thou not invent me some luxurious vengeance!

Lonquillez has re-sealed, and sent off her letter to Savillon; he will take care to bring me the answer; but I know the answer—"On Monday next,"—why should I start as I think on it? ——Their fate is fixed! mine perhaps—but I will think no more. Farewell.

Rouillé is just arrived here; I could have wished him absent now. He cannot participate my wrongs; they are sacred to more determined souls. Methinks, at this time, I hate his smiles; they suit not the purposes of Montauban.

LETTER XLII.

Julia to Maria.

I HOPE, from the conveyance which Lisette has procured for this letter, it may reach you nearly as soon as that in which I inclosed one for Savillon. If it comes in time, let it prevent your delivering that letter. I have been considering of this interview again, and I feel a sort of crime in it towards my husband, which I dare not venture on. I have trespassed too much against sincerity already, in concealing from him my former attachment to that unfortunate young man. So strongly indeed did this idea strike me, that I was preparing to tell it him this very day, when he returned from riding, and found me scarce recovered from the emotion which a reperusal of Savillon's letter had caused; but his look had a sternness in it, so opposite to those feelings which should have opened the bosom of your distracted Julia, that I shrunk back into secrecy, terrified at the reflection on my own purpose. Why am I the wife of this man? but if confidence and tenderness are not mine to give, there is a duty which is not mine to refuse. Tell Savillon I cannot see him.

Not in the way he asks—let him come as the friend of Julia de Roubigné. Oh, Maria! what a picture do these words recal! the friend of Julia de Roubigné!—in those happy days, when it was not guilt to see, to hear, to think of him—when this poor heart was unconscious of its little wanderings, or felt them but as harmless dreams, which sweetened the real ills of a life too early visited by misfortune!

When I look back on that life, how fateful has it been! Is it unjust in Providence to make this so often the lot of hearts little able to struggle with misfortune? or is it indeed the possession of such hearts that creates their misfortunes? Had I not felt as I have done, half the ills I complain of had been nothing, and at this moment I were happy. Yet to have wanted such a heart, ill-suited as it is to the rude touch of sublunary things—I think I cannot wish so much. There will come a time, Maria, (might I forebode without your censure, I should say, it may not be distant,) when they shall wound it no longer!

In truth, I am every way weak at present. My poor father adds much to my distresses: he has appeared, for some time past, to be verging towards a state, which alone I should think worse than his death. His affection for me is the only sense now quite alive about him, nay, it too partakes of imbecility. He used to embrace me with ardour; he now embraces me with tears.

Judge, then, if I am able to meet Savillon at this time, if I could allow myself to meet him at all. Think what I am, and what he is. The coolness I ought to maintain had been difficult at best; at present it is impossible. I can scarce think without weeping; and to see that form—

Maria! when this picture was drawn!—I remember the time well—my father was at Paris, and Savillon left my mother and me at Belville. The painter, who was accidentally in our province, came thither to give me a few lessons of drawing. Savillon was already a tolerable designer; but he joined with me in becoming a scholar to this man. When our master was with us, he used sometimes to guide my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions, Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not like the other's: I felt something from its touch not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight: it was like a pulse in the soul!—

Whither am I wandering? What now are those scenes to me, and why should I wish to remember them? Am I not another's, irrevocably another's?—Savillon knows I am. Let him not wish to see me: we cannot recal the past, and wherefore, wherefore should we add to the evils of the present?

LETTER XLIII.

Montauban to Segarva.

I HAVE missed some link of my intelligence; for the day is past, and no answer from Savillon is arrived. I thank him, whatever be the

reason; for he has given me time to receive the instructions of my friend.

You caution me well as to the certainty of her guilt. You know the proof I have already acquired; but I will have assurance beyond the possibility of doubt: I will wait their very meeting before I strike this blow, and my vengeance, like that of Heaven, shall be justified by a repetition of her crimes.

I am less easily convinced, or rather I am less willing to be guided, by your opinion, as to the secrecy of her punishment. You tell me that there is but one expiation of a wife's infidelity.—I am resolved she dies—but that the sacrifice should be secret. Were I even to upbraid her with her crime, you say, her tears, her protestations, would outplead the conviction of sense itself, and I should become the dupe of that infamy I am bound to punish. Is there not something like guilt in this secrecy? Should Montauban shrink, like a coward, from the vindication of his honour?—Should he not burst upon this strumpet and her lover——the picture is beastly.——The sword of Montauban!—thou art in the right, it would disgrace it.—Let me read your letter again.

I am a fool to be so moved—but your letter has given me back myself. "The disgrace is only published by an open revenge: it can be buried with the guilty by a secret one."—I am yours, Segarva, and you shall guide me.

Chance has been kind to me for the means. Once, in Andalusia, I met with a Venetian empiric, of whom, among other chemical curiosities, I bought a poisonous drug, the efficacy of which he shewed me upon some animals to whom he administered it. The death it gave was easy, and altered not the appearance of the thing it killed.

I have fetched it from my cabinet, and it stands before me. It is contained in a little square phial, marked with some hieroglyphic scrawls, which I do not understand. Methinks, while I look on it—I could be weak, very weak, Segarva—But an hour ago, I saw her walk, and speak, and smile—yet these few drops!—I will look on it no more—

I hear the tread of her feet in the apartment above. Did she know what passes in my mind!—the study in which I sit seems the cave of a demon!

Lonquillez has relieved me again. He has, this moment, got from her maid the following letter, addressed to her friend Mademoiselle de Roncilles. What a sex it is! but I have heard of their alliances of intrigue. It is not that these things are uncommon, but that Montauban is a fool—a husband—a—perdition seize her!

"Is my friend too leagued against me? Alas! my virtue was too feeble before, and needed not the addition of Maria's arguments to be overcome. Savillon's figure, you say, aided by that languid paleness, which his late illness had given it, was irresistible—Why is not Julia sick?—yet, wretched as she is, irretrievably wretched, she breathes, and walks, and speaks, as she did in her most happy days!

"You entreat me, for pity's sake, to meet him.—'He hinted his design of soon leaving France to return to Martinique.'—Why did he ever leave France? Had he remained contented with love and Julia, instead of this stolen, this guilty meeting—What do I say?—I live but for Montauban!

"I will think no longer—This one time I will silence the monitor within me—Tell him I will meet him. On Thursday next, let him be at Lasune's in the evening: it will be dark by six.

"I dare not read what I have written. Farewell."

It will be dark by six!—Yet I will keep my word, Segarva; they shall meet, that certainty may precede my vengeance; but, when they part, they part to meet no more! Lonquillez's fidelity I know: his soul is not that of a servant: he shall provide for Savillon. Julia is a victim above him—Julia shall be the charge of his master.

Farewell! when I write again, it shall not be to threaten.

LETTER XLIV.

Savillon to Herbert.

After an interval of torture, I have at last received an answer from Madame de Montauban—Have I lived to write that name!—but it is fit that I be calm.

Her friend has communicated her resolution of allowing me to see her in the house of that good Lasune, whom I have mentioned to you in some of our conversations, as the common nurse of both. Were it not madness to look back, and that, at present, I need the full possession of myself, the idea of Lasune's house would recal such things——but they are past, never, never to return!

I have recovered, and can go on calmly. I set out to-morrow morning: Thursday next is the

day she has appointed for our interview. I have but to dispatch this one great business, and then depart from my native country for ever. Every tie that bound me to this world is now broken, except that which accident gave me in your friendship: before I cross the Atlantic, I would once more see my Herbert; when I have indulged myself in that last throb of affection, which our friendship demands at parting, there remains nothing for me to do, but to shrink up from all the feelings of life, and look forward, without emotion, to its close.

I feel, at this moment, as if I were on my death-bed, the necessity of a manly composure; that stifled sigh was the last sacrifice of my weakness; I am now thinking what I have to do with the hours that remain: meet me like a man, and help me to employ them as I ought. Nothing shall drag me back to Europe, and therefore I would shake off every occasion to revisit it.

Though the externals of place and distance are not of much importance to me, yet there is something in large towns that I wish to avoid. As you mention a design of being in Dorsetshire sometime soon, may I ask you to make next week that time, and meet me at the town of Pool in that county? Inconsiderable and unknown as I am, there are circumstances that might mark me out in Picardy; and therefore I shall go by Dieppe to that port of England, where I know I shall, at this season, find an opportunity of getting over the Atlantic.

I inclose a letter to a merchant in London, relating to some business, in which my uncle was concerned, with the house of which he is a partner. Be so kind to forward it, and let him know that I desire the answer may be committed to your care. As I see by his correspondence, that he is not altogether a man of business, he may perhaps be desirous of meeting with you, to ask some questions about the nephew of his old acquaintance. He will wonder, as others will, at so rich a man returning to Martinique. If a reason is necessary, invent some one; it is peculiar to misery like mine to be incapable of being told.—I shall relapse, if I continue to write. —You will, if it is possible, meet me at Pool; if not, write to me thither, where I shall find you. Let your letter wait me at the post-house. Farewell.

LETTER XLV.

Julia to Maria.

The hour is almost arrived! My husband has just left me: he came into my room in his riding dress.—"I shall not be at home," said he, "till supper-time, and Rouille's shooting party will detain him till it is late."—The consciousness of my purpose pressed upon my tongue while I answered him: I faltered, and could hardly speak. "You speak faintly," said Montauban. "You are not ill, I hope," taking my hand. I told him, truly, that my head ached a good deal, that it had ached all day, that I meant to try if a walk would do it service. "Perhaps it may," answered he; and methought he looked steadily, and with a sort of question at me; or rather my own mind interpreted his look in that manner—I believe I blushed.—

How I tremble as I look on my watch! Would I could recal my promise.

I am somewhat bolder now; but it is not from having conquered my fear; something like despair assists me.—It wants but a few minutes—the hand that points them seems to speak as I watch it.—I come, Savillon, I come!

How shall I describe our meeting? I am unfit for describing—it cannot be described—I shall be calmer by and by.

I know not how I got to the house. From the moment I quitted my chamber, I was unconscious of every thing around me. The first object that struck my eye was Savillon; I recollect my nurse placing me on a chair opposite to where he sat —she left us—I felt the room turning round with me—I had fainted, it seems. When I recovered, I found her supporting me in her arms, and holding a phial of salts to my nose. Savillon had my hands in his, gazing on me with a countenance of distress and terror. My eye met his, and for some moments, I looked on him, as I have done in my dreams, unmindful of our situation. The pressure of his hand awakened me to recollection. He looked on me more earnestly still, and breathed out the word Julia!—It was all he could utter; but it spoke such things, Maria!—You cannot understand its force. Had you felt it as I did!—I could not, indeed I could not, help bursting into tears.

"My dearest children," cried the good Lasune, taking our hands which were still folded together, and squeezing them in her's. The action had something of that tender simplicity in it, which is not to be resisted. I wept afresh; but my tears were less painful than before.

She fetched a bottle of wine from a cupboard, and forced me to take a glass of it. She offered another to Savillon. He put it by, with a gentle inclination of his head. "You shall drink

it, indeed, my dear boy," said she; "it is a long time since you tasted any thing in this house." He gave a deep sigh, and drank it.

She had given us time to recover the power of speech: but I knew less how to begin speaking than before. My eyes now found something in Savillon's, which they were ashamed to meet. Lasune left us; I almost wished her to stay.

Savillon sat down in his former place; he threw his eyes on the ground—"I know not," said he, in a faltering voice, "how to thank you for the condescension of this interview—our former friendship"—I trembled for what he seemed about to say.—"I have not forgotten it," said I, half interrupting him.—I saw him start from his former posture, as if awaked by the sound of my voice.—"I ask not," continued he, "to be remembered: I am unworthy of your remembrance—In a short time, I shall be a voluntary exile from France, and breathe out the remains of life amidst a race of strangers, who cannot call forth those affections, that would henceforth be shut to the world!"—"Speak not thus!" I cried, "for pity's sake, speak not thus! Live, and be happy, happy as your virtues deserve, as Julia wishes you!"—"Julia wish me happy!"—"Oh! Savillon, you know not the heart that you wring thus!—If it has wronged you, you are revenged enough."—"Revenged! revenged on Julia! Heaven is my witness, I entreated this meeting, that my parting words might bless her!"—He fell on his knees before me—"May that power," he cried, "who formed this excellence, reward it! May every blessing this life can bestow, be the portion of Julia! May she be happy, long after the tongue that asks it is silent for ever, and the heart that now throbs with the wish, has ceased its throbbing!"—Had you seen him, Maria, as he uttered this!—What should I have done?—Weeping, trembling, unconscious, as it were, of myself, I spoke I know not what—told him the weakness of my soul, and lamented the destiny that made me another's. This was too much. When I could recollect myself, I felt that it was too much. I would have retracted what I had said: I spoke of the duty I owed to Montauban, of the esteem which his virtues deserved.—"I have heard of his worth," said Savillon; "I needed no proof to be convinced of it; he is the husband of Julia."—There was something in the tone of these last words, that undid my resolution again.—I told him of the false intelligence I had received of his marriage, without which no argument of prudence, no partial influence, could have made me the wife of another. He put his hand to his heart, and threw his eyes wildly to heaven.—I shrunk back at that look of despair, which his countenance assumed. He took two or three hurried turns through the room; then resuming his seat, and lowering his voice, "It is enough," said he, "I am fated to be miserable! but the contagion of my destiny shall spread no farther. This night I leave France for ever!"—"This night!" I exclaimed. "It must be so," said he, with a determined calmness; "but before I go, let me deposit in your hands this paper. It is a memorial of that Savillon, who was the friend of Julia!"—I opened it: it was a will, bequeathing his fortune to me. "This must not be," said I, "this must not be.—Think not, I conjure you, so despairingly of life; live to enjoy that fortune, which is so seldom the reward of merit like thine. I have no title to its disposal."—"You have the best one," returned Savillon, still preserving his composure; "I never valued wealth, but as it might render me, in the language of the world, more worthy of thee. To make it thine, was the purpose of my wishing to acquire it; to make it thine is still in my power."—"I cannot receive this, indeed I cannot. Think of the situation in which I stand." I pressed the paper upon him: he took it at last, and pausing, as if he thought, for a moment—"You are right; there may be an impropriety in your keeping it.—Alas! I have scarce a friend, to whom I can entrust any thing; yet I may find one, who will see it faithfully executed."

He was interrupted by Lasune, who entered somewhat hurriedly, and told me, Lisette was come to fetch me, and that she had met my husband in her way to the house. "We must part then," said he, "for ever!—let not a thought of the unfortunate Savillon disturb the happiness which Heaven allots to Julia; she shall hear of him but once again—when that period arrives, it will not offend the happy Montauban, if she drops a tear to the memory of one, whose love was expiated by his sufferings!"——Maria! was it a breach of virtue, if then I threw myself on his neck, if then I wept on his bosom? His look, his last look! I see it still! never shall I forget it!—

Merciful God! at whose altar I vowed fidelity to another! impute not to me as a crime the remembrance of Savillon!—thou canst see the purity of that heart which bleeds at the remembrance!

Eleven at night.

You know my presentiments of evil; never did I feel them so strong as at present. I tremble to go to bed—the taper that burns by me is dim, and methinks my bed looks like a grave!

I was weak enough to call back Lisette. I pretended some little business for her; the poor girl observed that I looked ill, and asked if she should sit by me? I had almost said, Yes; but had courage enough to combat my fears in that instance. She bid me Good-night—there was

somewhat solemn in her utterance of that "good-night;" I fancy mine was not without its particular emphasis, for she looked back wistfully as I spoke.—

I will say my prayers, and forget it; pray for me too, my friend. I have need of your prayers, indeed I have—Good night to my dearest Maria!

If I have recollection enough—Oh! my Maria—I will be calm—it was but a dream—will you blush for my weakness? Yet hear me—if this should be the last time I shall ever write—the memory of my friend mingles with the thought!—yet methinks I could, at this time, beyond any other, die contented.

My fears had given way to sleep; but their impression was on my fancy still. Methought I sat in our family monument at Belville, with a single glimmering lamp, that shewed the horrors of the place, when, on a sudden, a light, like that of the morning, burst on the gloomy vault, and the venerable figures of my fathers, such as I had seen them in the pictures of our hall, stood smiling benignity upon me! The attitude of the foremost was that of attention, his finger resting upon his lip.—I listened; when sounds of more than terrestrial melody stole upon my ear, borne, as it were, upon the distant wind, till they swelled at last to music so exquisite, that my ravished sense was stretched too far for delusion, and I awoke in the midst of the entrancement!

I rose, with the memory of the sounds full upon my mind; the candle I had ordered to stand by me was still unextinguished. I sat down to the organ, and, with that small soft stop you used to call seraphic, endeavoured to imitate their beauty. And never before did your Julia play an air so heavenly, or feel such ecstacy in the power of sound! When I had catched the solemn chord that last arose in my dream, my fingers dwelt involuntarily on the keys, and methought I saw the guardian spirits around me, listening with a rapture like mine!—

But it will not last—the blissful delusion is gone, and I am left a weak and unhappy woman still!—

I am sick at heart, Maria, and a faintness like that of death——

The fit is over, and I am able to write again; and I will write while I am able. Methinks, my friend, I am taking farewell of you, and I would lengthen out the lingering words as much as I can. I am just now recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness we have enjoyed together.—I imagine I feel the arm of my Maria thrown round my neck—her tears fall on my bosom!—Think of me when I am gone.—This faintness again!—Farewell! farewell! perhaps——

LETTER XLVI.

Montauban to Segarva.

It is done, Segarva, it is done; the poor unthinking—Support me, my friend, support me with the thoughts of that vengeance I owe to my honour—the guilty Julia has but a few hours to live.

I did but listen a moment at the door; I thought I heard her maid upon the stairs—it is not yet the time.—Hark! it was not my wife's bell—the clock struck eleven—never shall she hear it strike that hour again!

Pardon me, my Segarva; methinks I speak to you, when I scrawl upon this paper. I wish for somebody to speak to; to answer, to comfort, to guide me!

Had you seen her when these trembling hands delivered her the bowl!—She had complained of being ill, and begged to lie alone; but her illness seemed of the mind, and, when she spoke to me, she betrayed the embarrassment of guilt. I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health! She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale pink ribbands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder. Methinks I see her now—how like an angel she looked! Had she been innocent, Segarva!—You know, you know, it is impossible she can be innocent.

Let me recollect myself—a man, a soldier, the friend of Segarva!—

At the word *innocent* I stopped: I could scarce hold my pen; I rose from my seat, I know not why. Methought some one passed behind me in the room. I snatched up my sword in one hand, and a candle in the other. It was my own figure in a mirror that stood at my back.—What a look was mine!—Am I a murderer?—Justice cannot murder, and the vengeance of Montauban is just.

Lonquillez has been with me—I durst not question him when he entered the apartment—but the deed is not done; he could not find Savillon. After watching for several hours, he met

a peasant, whom he had seen attending him the day before, who informed him, that the strange gentleman had set off, some time after it grew dark, in a post-chaise, which drove away at full speed. Is my revenge then incomplete? or is one victim sufficient to the injured honour of a husband?—What a victim is that one!

I went down stairs to let Lonquillez out by a private passage, of which I keep the key. When I was returning to my apartment, I heard the sound of music proceeding from my wife's chamber:—there is a double door on it; I opened the outer one without any noise, and the inner has some panes of glass at top, through which I saw part of the room. Segarva! she sat at the organ, her fingers pressing on the keys, and her look up-raised with enthusiastic rapture!—the solemn sounds still ring in my ear! such as angels might play, when the sainted soul ascends to heaven!—I am the fool of appearances, when I have such proofs—Lisette is at my door.

It is now that I feel myself a coward; the horrid draught has begun to operate! She thinks herself in danger; a physician is sent for, but he lives at a distance; before he arrives—Oh, Segarva!

She begged I would quit the chamber; she saw my confusion, and thought it proceeded from distress at her illness.—Can guilt be thus mistress of herself?—let me not think that way—my brain is too weak for it!—Lisette again!

She is guilty, and I am not a murderer! I go to——

LETTER XLVII.

Monsieur de Rouillé to Mademoiselle de Roncilles.

Madam,

The writer of this letter has no title to address you, except that which common friendship, and common calamity, may give him.

Amidst the fatal scenes, which he has lately witnessed, his recollection was lost; when it returned, it spoke of Mademoiselle de Roncilles, the first, he believes, and dearest friend of the most amiable but most unfortunate Madame de Montauban. The office he now undertakes is terrible; but it is necessary. You must soon be told, that your excellent friend is no more! Hear it then from one, who knew her excellence, as you did; who tells the horrid circumstances of her death with a bleeding heart.—Yes, Madam, I must prepare you for horrors; and, while the remembrance tears my own bosom, assume the calmness that is necessary for yours.

On the evening of Thursday last, I was told Madame de Montauban was a good deal indisposed, and had gone to bed before her usual time. At a very short and silent supper, I perceived her husband uncommonly agitated, and, as soon as decency would allow me, withdrew and left him. Betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock, (I had not yet gone to bed,) one of the maid-servants came to my room, begging I would instantly attend her to the chamber of her mistress, who was so extremely ill, that, without immediate assistance, they feared the very worst consequences. I had formerly a little knowledge of physic, and had been in use to practise it in some particular campaigns, when abler hands could not be had. I ran down stairs with the servant, desiring my own man to seek out a little case of lancets, and follow us. The girl informed her mistress of my being at the door of her apartment. She desired I might come in, and with that smile, which sickness could not quench, stretched out her hand to me. I found her pulse low and weak, and she complained of a strange fluttering at her heart, which hardly allowed her to speak. I was afraid to venture on bleeding, and only gave her a little of some common restoratives, that were at hand. She found herself somewhat relieved, and sat up in her bed, supported by her maid. Montauban entered the room. His countenance surprised me; it was not that of distress alone, it was marked with turbulence and horror. It seemed to hurt his wife. At that moment she was scarce able to speak; but she forced out a few broken words, begging him to leave the room, for that her illness affected him too much. He withdrew in silence. In a little time, she seemed a good deal easier; but her pulse was still lower than before. She ordered her maid to call Mons. de Montauban again: "I dare not trust to future moments," said she, "and I have something important to reveal to him."—I offered to leave the room as he entered.—"His friend may hear it," she said, in a faultering voice. She fixed her eye languidly, but steadily, on Montauban. He advanced towards her with an eager gaze, without uttering a word. When she would have spoken, her voice failed her again; and she beckoned, but with a modesty in her action, signifying her desire that he should sit down by her. She took his hand; he seemed unconscious of her taking it, and continued to bend a look of earnestness upon her.

When she had recovered the power of utterance, "I feel, sir," said she, "something in this illness predictive of the worst; at any rate, I would prepare for it. If I am now to die, I hope (lifting up her eyes with a certain meek assurance which it is impossible to paint) I die

in peace with heaven! There is one account which I wish to settle with you: these moments of ease, which I enjoy, are allowed me to confess my offence, and entreat your forgiveness."

"Thou wert guilty then!" exclaimed her husband, starting from his seat. She paused in astonishment at the impassioned gesture he assumed—"Speak!" cried Montauban, recovering himself a little, his voice suffocated with the word.

"When you have heard me," said Julia, "you will find I am less guilty than unfortunate; yet I am not innocent, for then I should not have been the wife of Montauban.

"When I became yours, my heart owned you not for the lord of its affections; there was an attachment——Yet look not so sternly on me!—he in whose favour that prepossession was formed, would not have wronged you, if he could. His virtues were the objects of my affection; and had Savillon been the thing you fear, Julia had been guiltless even of loving him in secret.—Till yesterday, he never told me his love; till yesterday, he knew not I had ever loved him."—

"But yesterday!"—cried Montauban, seeming to check the agitation he had shewn before, and lowering his voice into a tone of calm severity.

"For the offence of yesterday," said she, "I would obtain your pardon, and die in peace. I met Savillon in secret; I saw the anguish of his soul, and pitied it. Was it a crime thus to meet him? Was it a crime to confess my love, while I received the last farewell of the unfortunate Savillon?—This is my offence;—perhaps the last that Julia can commit, or you forgive!"

He clasped his hands convulsively together, and throwing up to heaven a look of despair, fell senseless into my arms. Julia would have sprung to his assistance, but her strength was unequal to the effort; her maid screamed for help, and several of the servants rushed into the room. We recovered the hapless Montauban; he looked round wildly for a moment, then fastening his eyes on Julia,—"I have murdered thee!" he cried: "That draught I gave thee—that draught was death!" He would have pressed her to his bosom; she sunk from his embrace—her closing eye looked piteous upon him—her hand was half stretched to his—and a single sigh breathed out her soul to heaven!

"She shall not die," he cried, eagerly catching hold of her hand, and bending over her lifeless body with a glare of inconceivable horror in his aspect. I laid hold of his arm, endeavouring to draw his attention towards me; but he seemed not to regard me, and continued that frightful gaze upon the remains of his much-injured wife. I made a sign for the servants to assist me, and, taking his hand, began to use a gentle sort of violence, to lead him away. He started back a few paces, without, however, altering the direction of his eye. "You may torture me," cried he, wildly, "I can bear it all—Ha! Segarva there!—let them prove the hand-writing if they can—mark it, I say there is no blood in her face—let me ask one question at the doctor—you know the effects of poison—her lips are white—bid Savillon kiss them now—they shall speak no more—Julia shall speak no more!"

Word was now brought me, that the physician, who had been sent for to the assistance of Julia, was arrived. He had come, alas! too late for her; but I meant to use his skill on behalf of Montauban. I repeated my endeavours to get him away from the dreadful object before him; and, at last, though he seemed not to heed the entreaties I made use of, he allowed himself to be conducted to his own apartment, where the doctor was in waiting. There were marks of confusion in this man's countenance, which I wished to dissipate. I made use of some expressive looks, to signify that he should appear more easy; and, assuming that manner myself, begged Montauban to allow him to feel his pulse.—"You come to see my wife," said he, turning towards him,—"tread softly—she will do well enough when she wakes. There!" stretching out his arm,—"your hand trembles sadly; I will count the beatings myself—here is something amiss; but I am not mad.—Your name is Arpentier, mine is Montauban—I am not mad."—The physician desired him to get undressed, and go to bed. "I mean to do so, for I have not slept these two nights—but it is better not. Give me some potion against bad dreams—that's well thought on—that's well thought on."

His servant had begun to undress him. He went for a few minutes into his closet; he returned with his night-gown on, and his look appeared more thoughtful and less wild than formerly. He made a slight bow to the physician:—"I shall see you when I rise, sir.—Rouillé, is it not?" addressing himself to me, and squeezing my hand—"I am not fit for talking just now, I know I am not—Good night!" I left him, whispering his servant to stay in the room, unperceived, if he could; but at any rate, not to leave his master alone.

I know not how I was so long able to command reflection. The moment I left Montauban, the horror of the scene I had witnessed rushed upon my mind, and I remember nothing of what passed, till I found myself kneeling before the breathless remains of the ill-fated Julia. The doctor was standing by me, with a letter in his hand: it was written by Montauban, and had been found open on the table of his study. Arpentier gave it me, saying, it contained things which should be communicated only to the friends of the Count. From it I discovered the dreadful certainty of what I had before gathered from the distracted words of Montauban. He had supposed his wife faith-

less, his bed dishonoured, and had revenged the imagined injury by poison.—My God! I can scarce, at this moment, believe that I have waked and seen this!

But his servant now came running into the room, calling for us to hasten into his master's chamber, for that he feared he was dead. We rushed into the room together—it was too true: Montauban was no more! The doctor tried, he confessed without hope, several expedients to revive him; but they failed of success. I hung over the bed, entranced in the recollection of the fateful events I had seen. Arpentier, from the habit of looking on the forms of death, was more master of himself; after examining the body, and pondering a little on the behaviour of the Count, he went into the closet, where he found, on a small table, a phial uncorked, which he brought to me. It explained the fate of Montauban; a label fastened to it, was inscribed LAUDANUM; its deadly contents he had swallowed in his delirium, before he went to bed.

Such was the conclusion of a life distinguished by the exercise of every manly virtue; and, except in this instance, unstained by a crime. While I mourn the fate of his most amiable wife, I recal the memory of my once dearly-valued friend, and would shelter it with some apology if I could. Let that honour which he worshipped plead in his defence. That honour we have worshipped together, and I would not weaken its sacred voice; but I look on the body of Montauban—I weep over the pale corpse of Julia!—I shudder at the sacrifices of mistaken honour, and lift up my hands to pity and to justice.

* * * * * * *

END OF JULIA DE ROUBIGNÉ.

THE

CASTLE OF OTRANTO;

A GOTHIC STORY.

BY

HORATIO WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

——— *Vanæ*
Fingentur species, tamen ut pes, et caput uni
Reddantur formæ.——HOR.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529. How much sooner it was written does not appear. The principal incidents are such as were believed in the darkest ages of Christianity; but the language and conduct have nothing that savours of barbarism. The style is the purest Italian. If the story was written near the time when it is supposed to have happened, it must have been between 1095, the era of the first crusade, and 1243, the date of the last, or not long afterwards. There is no other circumstance in the work, that can lead us to guess at the period in which the scene is laid: the names of the actors are evidently fictitious, and probably disguised on purpose: yet the Spanish names of the domestics seem to indicate that this work was not composed until the establishment of the Arragonian kings in Naples had made Spanish appellations familiar in that country. The beauty of the diction, and the zeal of the author, (moderated however by singular judgment,) concur to make me think that the date of the composition was little antecedent to that of the impression. Letters were then in the most flourishing state in Italy, and contributed to dispel the empire of superstition, at that time so forcibly attacked by the reformers. It is not unlikely that an artful priest might endeavour to turn their own arms on the innovators; and might avail himself of his abilities as an author, to confirm the populace in their ancient errors and superstitions. If this was his view, he has certainly acted with signal address. Such a work as the following would enslave a hundred vulgar minds beyond half the books of controversy that have been written from the days of Luther to the present hour.

This solution of the author's motives is, however, offered as a mere conjecture. Whatever his views were, or whatever effects the execution of them might have, his work can only be laid before the public at present as a matter of entertainment. Even as such, some apology for it is necessary. Miracles, visions, necromancy, dreams, and other preternatural events, are exploded now even from romances. That was not the case when our author wrote; much less when the story itself is supposed to have happened. Belief in every kind of prodigy was so established in those dark ages, that an author would not be faithful to the manners of the times, who should omit all mention of them. He is not bound to believe them himself, but he must represent his actors as believing them.

If this air of the miraculous is excused, the reader will find nothing else unworthy of his perusal. Allow the possibility of the facts, and all the actors comport themselves as persons would do in their situation. There is no bombast, no similes, flowers, digressions, or unnecessary descriptions. Every thing tends directly to the catastrophe. Never is the reader's attention relaxed. The rules of the drama are almost observed throughout the conduct of the piece. The characters are well drawn, and still better maintained. Terror, the author's principal engine, prevents the story from ever languishing; and it is so often contrasted by pity, that the mind is kept up in a constant vicissitude of interesting passions.

Some persons may perhaps think the characters of the domestics too little serious for the general cast of the story; but besides their opposition to the principal personages, the art of the author is very observable in his conduct of the subalterns. They discover many passages essential to the story, which could not be well brought to light but by their *naiveté*

and simplicity. In particular, the womanish terror and foibles of Bianca, in the last chapter, conduce essentially towards advancing the catastrophe.

It is natural for a translator to be prejudiced in favour of his adopted work. More impartial readers may not be so much struck with the beauties of this piece as I was. Yet I am not blind to my author's defects. I could wish he had grounded his plan on a more useful moral than this; that "the sins of the fathers are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation." I doubt whether, in his time, any more than at present, ambition curbed its appetite of dominion from the dread of so remote a punishment. And yet this moral is weakened by that less direct insinuation, that even such anathema may be diverted by devotion to St Nicholas. Here the interest of the monk plainly gets the better of the judgment of the author. However, with all its faults, I have no doubt but the English reader will be pleased with a sight of this performance. The piety that reigns throughout, the lessons of virtue that are inculcated, and the rigid purity of the sentiments, exempt this work from the censure to which romances are but too liable. Should it meet with the success I hope for, I may be encouraged to reprint the original Italian, though it will tend to depreciate my own labour. Our language falls far short of the charms of the Italian, both for variety and harmony. The latter is peculiarly excellent for simple narrative. It is difficult in English *to relate*, without falling too low or rising too high; a fault obviously occasioned by the little care taken to speak pure language in common conversation. Every Italian or Frenchman of any rank piques himself on speaking his own tongue correctly and with choice. I cannot flatter myself with having done justice to my author in this respect. His style is as elegant, as his conduct of the passions is masterly. It is pity that he did not apply his talents to what they were evidently proper for,—the theatre.

I will detain the reader no longer but to make one short remark.—Though the machinery is invention, and the names of the actors imaginary, I cannot but believe that the groundwork of the story is founded on truth. The scene is undoubtedly laid in some real castle. The author seems frequently, without design, to describe particular parts. "The chamber," says he, "on the right hand; the door on the left hand; the distance from the chapel to Conrad's apartment." These and other passages are strong presumptions that the author had some certain building in his eye. Curious persons, who have leisure to employ in such researches, may possibly discover in the Italian writers the foundation on which our author has built. If a catastrophe, at all resembling that which he describes, is believed to have given rise to this work, it will contribute to interest the reader, and will make the CASTLE of OTRANTO a still more moving story.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE favourable manner in which this little piece has been received by the public, calls upon the author to explain the grounds on which he composed it. But before he opens those motives, it is fit that he should ask pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed personage of a translator. As diffidence of his own abilities, and the novelty of the attempt, were the sole inducements to assume that disguise, he flatters himself he shall appear excusable. He resigned his performance to the impartial judgment of the public; determined to let it perish in obscurity, if disapproved; nor meaning to avow such a trifle, unless better judges should pronounce that he might own it without a blush.

It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of Romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former, all was imagination and improbability: In the latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common

life. But if in the latter species Nature has cramped imagination, she did but take her revenge, having been totally excluded from old Romances. The actions, sentiments, conversations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days, were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.

The author of the following pages thought it possible to reconcile the two kinds. Desirous of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention, and thence of creating more interesting situations, he wished to conduct the mortal agents in his drama according to the rules of probability; in short, to make them think, speak, and act, as it might be supposed mere men and women would do in extraordinary positions. He had observed, that in all inspired writings, the personages under the dispensation of miracles, and witnesses to the most stupendous phenomena, never lose sight of their human character; whereas, in the productions of romantic story, an improbable event never fails to be attended by an absurd dialogue. The actors seem to lose their senses, the moment the laws of nature have lost their tone. As the public have applauded the attempt, the author must not say he was entirely unequal to the task he had undertaken; yet if the new route he has struck out shall have paved a road for men of brighter talents, he shall own with pleasure and modesty, that he was sensible the plan was capable of receiving greater embellishments than his imagination or conduct of the passions could bestow on it.

With regard to the deportment of the domestics, on which I have touched in the former Preface, I will beg leave to add a few words. The simplicity of their behaviour, almost tending to excite smiles, which at first seems not consonant to the serious cast of the work, appeared to me not only not improper, but was marked designedly in that manner. My rule was Nature. However grave, important, or even melancholy, the sensations of princes and heroes may be, they do not stamp the same affections on their domestics; at least, the latter do not, or should not be made to, express their passions in the same dignified tone. In my humble opinion, the contrast between the sublime of the one and the *naiveté* of the other, sets the pathetic of the former in a stronger light. The very impatience which a reader feels, while delayed by the coarse pleasantries of vulgar actors from arriving at the knowledge of the important catastrophe he expects, perhaps heightens, certainly proves that he has been artfully interested in, the depending event. But I had higher authority than my own opinion for this conduct. That great master of nature, Shakespeare, was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar would not lose a considerable share of their spirit and wonderful beauties, if the humour of the grave-diggers, the fooleries of Polonius, and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens, were omitted, or vested in heroics? Is not the eloquence of Antony, the nobler and affectedly-unaffected oration of Brutus, artificially exalted by the rude bursts of nature from the mouths of their auditors? These touches remind one of the Grecian sculptor, who, to convey the idea of a Colossus within the dimensions of a seal, inserted a little boy measuring his thumb.

No, says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, this mixture of buffoonery and solemnity is intolerable.—Voltaire is a genius*—but not of Shakespeare's magnitude. Without recurring to disputable authority, I appeal from Voltaire to himself. I shall not avail myself

* The following remark is foreign to the present question, yet excusable in an Englishman, who is willing to think that the severe criticisms of so masterly a writer as Voltaire on our immortal countryman, may have been the effusions of wit and precipitation, rather than the result of judgment and attention. May not the critic's skill in the force and power of our language have been as incorrect and incompetent as his knowledge of our history? Of the latter, his own pen has dropped glaring evidence. In his preface to Thomas Corneille's *Earl of Essex*; Monsieur de Voltaire allows that the truth of history has been grossly perverted in that piece. In excuse, he pleads, that when Corneille wrote, the noblesse of France were much unread in English story; but now, says the commentator, that they study it, such misrepresentations would not be suffered—yet, forgetting that the period of ignorance is lapsed, and that it is not very necessary to instruct the knowing, he undertakes, from the overflowing of his own reading, to give the nobility of his own country a detail of Queen Elizabeth's favourites,—of whom, says he, Robert Dudley was the first, and the Earl of Leicester the second. —Could one have believed that it could be necessary to inform Monsieur de Voltaire himself, that Robert Dudley and the Earl of Leicester were the same person!

of his former encomiums on our mighty poet, though the French critic has twice translated the same speech in Hamlet, some years ago in admiration, latterly in derision; and I am sorry to find that his judgment grows weaker, when it ought to be farther matured. But I shall make use of his own words, delivered on the general topic of the theatre, when he was neither thinking to recommend or decry Shakespeare's practice; consequently at a moment when Voltaire was impartial. In the preface to his *Enfant Prodigue*, that exquisite piece, of which I declare my admiration, and which, should I live twenty years longer, I trust I shall never attempt to ridicule, he has these words, speaking of comedy, (but equally applicable to tragedy, if tragedy is, as surely it ought to be, a picture of human life; nor can I conceive why occasional pleasantry ought more to be banished from the tragic scene, than pathetic seriousness from the comic,) "*On y voit un melange de serieux et de plaisanterie, de comique et de touchant;* souvent meme une seule avanture *produit tous ces contrastes. Rien n'est si commun qu'une maison dans laquelle* un pere gronde, une fille occupée de sa passion pleure; *le fils se moque des deux, et quelques parens prennent part differemment à la scene,* &c. *Nous n'inferons pas de là que toute Comedie doive avoir des scenes de bouffonerie et des scenes attendrissantes: Il y a beaucoup de tres bonnes pièces où il ne regne que de la gayeté; d'autres toutes serieuses; D'autres melangées: d'autres où l'attendrissement va jusqu' aux larmes:* Il ne faut donner l'exclusion à aucun genre: *et si l'on me demandoit, quel genre est le meilleur, je repondrois, celui qui est le mieux traité.*" Surely if a comedy may be *toute serieuse*, tragedy may now and then, soberly, be indulged in a smile. Who shall proscribe it? shall the critic, who, in self-defence, declares that *no kind* ought to be excluded from comedy, give laws to Shakespeare?

I am aware that the preface from whence I have quoted these passages, does not stand in Monsieur de Voltaire's name, but in that of his editor; yet who doubts that the editor and author were the same person? or where is the editor, who has so happily possessed himself of his author's style and brilliant ease of argument? These passages were indubitably the genuine sentiments of that great writer. In his epistle to Maffei, prefixed to his *Merope*, he delivers almost the same opinion, though I doubt with a little irony. I will repeat his words, and then give my reason for quoting them. After translating a passage in Maffei's *Merope*, Monsieur de Voltaire adds, "*Tous ces traits sont naifs: Tout y est convenable à ceux que vous introduisez sur la scene,* et aux mœurs que vous leur donnez. *Ces familiarités naturelles eussent été à ce que je crois, bien reçues dans Athenes; mais Paris et notre parterre veulent une autre espece de simplicité.*" I doubt, I say, whether there is not a grain of sneer in this and other passages of that epistle; yet the force of truth is not damaged by being tinged with ridicule. Maffei was to represent a Grecian story: Surely the Athenians were as competent judges of Grecian manners, and of the propriety of introducing them, as the parterre of Paris. "On the contrary," says Voltaire, (and I cannot but admire his reasoning,) "there were but ten thousand citizens at Athens, and Paris has near eight hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom one may reckon thirty thousand judges of dramatic works."——Indeed!——but allowing so numerous a tribunal, I believe this is the only instance in which it was ever pretended that thirty thousand persons, living near two thousand years after the era in question, were, upon the mere face of the poll, declared better judges than the Grecians themselves, of what ought to be the manners of a tragedy written on a Grecian story.

I will not enter into a discussion of the *espece de simplicité*, which the parterre of Paris demands, nor of the shackles with which the thirty thousand judges have cramped their poetry, the chief merit of which, as I gather from repeated passages in the New Commentary on Corneille, consists in vaulting in spite of those fetters; a merit which, if true, would reduce poetry from the lofty effort of imagination, to a puerile and most contemptible labour——*difficiles nugæ* with a witness! I cannot, however, help mentioning a couplet, which, to my English ears, always sounded as the flattest and most trifling instance of circumstantial propriety, but which Voltaire, who has dealt so severely with nine parts in ten of Corneille's works, has singled out to defend in Racine:—

"*De son appartement cette porte est prochaine,*
Et cette autre conduit dans celui de la Reine."

In English,

> "To Cæsar's closet through this door you come,
> And t'other leads to the Queen's drawing-room."

Unhappy Shakespeare! hadst thou made Rosencrantz inform his compeer, Guildenstern, of the ichnography of the palace of Copenhagen, instead of presenting us with a moral dialogue between the Prince of Denmark and the grave-digger, the illuminated pit of Paris would have been instructed *a second time* to adore thy talents.

The result of all I have said, is, to shelter my own daring under the cannon of the brightest genius this country, at least, has produced. I might have pleaded, that having created a new species of Romance, I was at liberty to lay down what rules I thought fit for the conduct of it. But I should be more proud of having imitated, however faintly, weakly, and at a distance, so masterly a pattern, than to enjoy the entire merit of invention, unless I could have marked my work with genius as well as with originality. Such as it is, the public have honoured it sufficiently, whatever rank their suffrages allot to it.

THE

CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

CHAP. I.

Manfred, Prince of Otranto, had one son and one daughter: the latter, a most beautiful virgin, aged eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the son, was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly, and of no promising disposition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never shewed any symptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his son with the Marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabella; and she had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit. Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former indeed, apprehending the severity of their Prince's disposition, did not dare to utter their surmises on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying their only son so early, considering his great youth, and greater infirmities; but she never received any other answer than reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were less cautious in their discourses. They attributed this hasty wedding to the Prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced, that *the Castle and Lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family, whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it.* It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birth-day was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, and every thing ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, dispatched one of his attendants to summon the young Prince. The servant, who had not staid long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court. The company were struck with terror and amazement. The Princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enraged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously, what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing towards the court-yard; and, at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, "Oh! the helmet! the helmet!" In the mean time, some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda remained, endeavouring to assist her mother; and Isabella staid for the same purpose, and to avoid shewing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes, was a group of his servants, endeavouring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed, without believing his sight. "What are ye doing?" cried Manfred, wrathfully; "where is my son?" A volley of voices replied, "Oh! My lord! the Prince! the Prince! the helmet! the helmet!" Shocked with these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily; but, what a sight for a father's eyes! he beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost be-

ried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.

The horror of the spectacle, the ignorance of all around how this misfortune had happened, and, above all, the tremendous phenomenon before him, took away the Prince's speech. Yet his silence lasted longer than even grief could occasion. He fixed his eyes on what he wished in vain to believe a vision; and seemed less attentive to his loss, than buried in meditation on the stupendous object that had occasioned it. He touched, he examined, the fatal casque; nor could even the bleeding mangled remains of the young Prince, divert the eyes of Manfred from the portent before him. All who had known his partial fondness for young Conrad, were as much surprised at their Prince's insensibility, as thunderstruck themselves at the miracle of the helmet. They conveyed the disfigured corpse into the hall, without receiving the least direction from Manfred. As little was he attentive to the ladies who remained in the chapel: on the contrary, without mentioning the unhappy princesses, his wife and daughter, the first sounds that dropped from Manfred's lips were, "Take care of the Lady Isabella."

The domestics, without observing the singularity of this direction, were guided by their affection to their mistress, to consider it as peculiarly addressed to her situation, and flew to her assistance. They conveyed her to her chamber more dead than alive, and indifferent to all the strange circumstances she heard, except the death of her son. Matilda, who doated on her mother, smothered her own grief and amazement, and thought of nothing but assisting and comforting her afflicted parent. Isabella, who had been treated by Hippolita like a daughter, and who returned that tenderness with equal duty and affection, was scarce less assiduous about the Princess; at the same time, endeavouring to partake and lessen the weight of sorrow which she saw Matilda strove to suppress, for whom she had conceived the warmest sympathy of friendship. Yet her own situation could not help finding its place in her thoughts. She felt no concern for the death of young Conrad, except commiseration; and she was not sorry to be delivered from a marriage, which had promised her little felicity, either from her destined bridegroom, or from the severe temper of Manfred; who, though he had distinguished her by great indulgence, had impressed her mind with terror, from his causeless rigour to such amiable princesses as Hippolita and Matilda.

While the ladies were conveying the wretched mother to her bed, Manfred remained in the court, gazing on the ominous casque, and regardless of the crowd which the strangeness of the event had now assembled around him. The few words he articulated, tended solely to inquiries, whether any man knew from whence it could have come? Nobody could give him the least information. However, as it seemed to be the sole object of his curiosity, it soon became so to the rest of the spectators, whose conjectures were as absurd and improbable, as the catastrophe itself was unprecedented. In the midst of their senseless guesses, a young peasant, whom rumour had drawn thither from a neighbouring village, observed, that the miraculous helmet was exactly like that on the figure in black marble of Alfonso the Good, one of their former princes, in the church of St Nicholas. "Villain! what sayest thou?" cried Manfred, starting from his trance in a tempest of rage, and seizing the young man by the collar; "how darest thou utter such treason? thy life shall pay for it." The spectators, who as little comprehended the cause of the Prince's fury as all the rest they had seen, were at a loss to unravel this new circumstance. The young peasant himself was still more astonished, not conceiving how he had offended the Prince: yet, recollecting himself, with a mixture of grace and humility, he disengaged himself from Manfred's gripe, and then with an obeisance, which discovered more jealousy of innocence, than dismay, he asked, with respect, of what he was guilty? Manfred, more enraged at the vigour, however decently exerted, with which the young man had shaken off his hold, than appeased by his submission, ordered his attendants to seize him, and, if he had not been withheld by his friends, whom he had invited to the nuptials, would have poniarded the peasant in their arms.

During this altercation, some of the vulgar spectators had run to the great church, which stood near the castle, and came back open-mouthed, declaring, that the helmet was missing from Alphonso's statue. Manfred, at this news, grew perfectly frantic; and, as if he sought a subject on which to vent the tempest within him, he rushed again on the young peasant, crying, "Villain! monster! sorcerer! 'tis thou hast done this! 'tis thou hast slain my son!" The mob, who wanted some object within the scope of their capacities, on whom they might discharge their bewildered reasonings, caught the words from the mouth of their lord, and re-echoed, "Ay, ay; 'tis he! 'tis he! He has stolen the helmet from good Alfonso's tomb, and dashed out the brains of our young Prince with it!" never reflecting, how enormous the disproportion was between the marble helmet that had been in the church, and that of steel before their eyes; nor, how impossible it was for a youth, seemingly not twenty, to wield a piece of armour of so prodigious a weight.

The folly of these ejaculations brought Manfred to himself: yet, whether provoked at the peasant having observed the resemblance between the two helmets, and thereby led to the farther discovery of the absence of that in the

church; or wishing to bury any fresh rumour under so impertinent a supposition; he gravely pronounced that the young man was certainly a necromancer, and that, till the church could take cognizance of the affair, he would have the magician, whom they had thus detected, kept prisoner under the helmet itself, which he ordered his attendants to raise, and place the young man under it; declaring he should be kept there without food, with which his own infernal art might furnish him.

It was in vain for the youth to represent against this preposterous sentence; in vain did Manfred's friends endeavour to divert him from this savage and ill-grounded resolution. The generality were charmed with their lord's decision, which, to their apprehensions, carried great appearance of justice, as the magician was to be punished by the very instrument with which he had offended; nor were they struck with the least compunction at the probability of the youth being starved, for they firmly believed, that, by his diabolical skill, he could easily supply himself with nutriment.

Manfred thus saw his commands even cheerfully obeyed; and appointing a guard, with strict orders to prevent any food being conveyed to the prisoner, he dismissed his friends and attendants, and retired to his own chamber, after locking the gates of the castle, in which he suffered none but his domestics to remain.

In the mean time, the care and zeal of the young ladies had brought the Princess Hippolita to herself, who, amidst the transports of her own sorrow, frequently demanded news of her lord, would have dismissed her attendants to watch over him, and at last enjoined Matilda to leave her, and visit and comfort her father. Matilda, who wanted not affectionate duty to Manfred, though she trembled at his austerity, obeyed the orders of Hippolita, whom she tenderly recommended to Isabella; and inquiring of the domestics of her father, was informed that he was retired to his chamber, and had commanded that nobody should have admittance to him. Concluding that he was immersed in sorrow for the death of her brother, and fearing to renew his tears by the sight of his sole remaining child, she hesitated whether she should break in upon his affliction; yet solicitude for him, backed by the commands of her mother, encouraged her to venture disobeying the orders he had given; a fault she had never been guilty of before. The gentle timidity of her nature made her pause for some minutes at his door. She heard him traverse his chamber backwards and forwards with disordered steps; a mood which increased her apprehensions. She was however just going to beg admittance, when Manfred suddenly opened the door; and as it was now twilight, concurring with the disorder of his mind, he did not distinguish the person, but asked angrily, who it was? Matilda replied, trembling, "My dearest father, it is I, your daughter." Manfred stepping back hastily, cried, "Begone, I do not want a daughter!" and, flinging back abruptly, clapped the door against the terrified Matilda.

She was too well acquainted with her father's impetuosity to venture a second intrusion. When she had a little recovered the shock of so bitter a reception, she wiped away her tears, to prevent the additional stab that the knowledge of it would give to Hippolita, who questioned her in the most anxious terms on the health of Manfred, and how he bore his loss. Matilda assured her he was well, and supported his misfortune with manly fortitude. "But will he not let me see him," said Hippolita mournfully, "will he not permit me to blend my tears with his, and shed a mother's sorrows in the bosom of her lord? or do you deceive me, Matilda? I know how Manfred doated on his son: is not the stroke too heavy for him? has he not sunk under it? you do not answer me; alas! I dread the worst!—Raise me, my maidens; I will, I will, see my lord. Bear me to him instantly: he is dearer to me even than my children!" Matilda made signs to Isabella to prevent Hippolita's rising; and both those lovely young women were using their gentle violence to stop and calm the Princess, when a servant, on the part of Manfred, arrived, and told Isabella that his lord demanded to speak with her.

"With me!" cried Isabella. "Go," said Hippolita, relieved by a message from her lord: "Manfred cannot support the sight of his own family. He thinks you less disordered than we are, and dreads the shock of my grief. Console him, dear Isabella; and tell him I will smother my own anguish rather than add to his."

As it was now evening, the servant, who conducted Isabella, bore a torch before her. When they came to Manfred, who was walking impatiently about the gallery, he started, and said hastily, "Take away that light, and begone!" Then shutting the door impetuously, he flung himself upon a bench against the wall, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed, trembling. "I sent for you, lady—" said he, and then stopped, under great appearance of confusion. "My lord!"—"Yes, I sent for you, on a matter of great moment," resumed he; "dry your tears, young lady. You have lost your bridegroom—yes, cruel fate! and I have lost the hopes of my race! but Conrad was not worthy of your beauty."—"How! my lord!" said Isabella; "sure you do not suspect me of not feeling the concern I ought! my duty and affection would have always—" "Think no more of him," interrupted Manfred; "he was a sickly, puny child; and heaven has perhaps taken him away, that I might not trust the honours of my house on so frail a foundation. The line of Manfred calls for numerous supports. My foolish fondness for that boy blinded the eyes of my pru-

dence; but it is better as it is. I hope, in a few years, to have reason to rejoice at the death of Conrad."

Words cannot paint the astonishment of Isabella. At first, she apprehended that grief had disordered Manfred's understanding. Her next thought suggested, that this strange discourse was designed to ensnare her: she feared that Manfred had perceived her indifference for his son; and, in consequence of that idea, she replied, "Good my lord, do not doubt my tenderness! my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care; and wherever fate shall dispose of me, I shall always cherish his memory, and regard your highness, and the virtuous Hippolita, as my parents."—"Curse on Hippolita!" cried Manfred. "Forget her from this moment, as I do. In short, lady, you have missed a husband undeserving of your charms: They shall now be better disposed of. Instead of a sickly boy, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring."—"Alas! my lord," said Isabella, "my mind is too sadly engrossed, by the recent catastrophe in your family, to think of another marriage. If ever my father returns, and it shall be his pleasure, I shall obey, as I did when I consented to give my hand to your son: But until his return, permit me to remain under your hospitable roof, and employ the melancholy hours in assuaging yours, Hippolita's, and the fair Matilda's affliction."

"I desired you once before," said Manfred, angrily, "not to name that woman: From this hour she must be a stranger to you, as she must be to me:—in short, Isabella, since I cannot give you my son, I offer you myself."—"Heavens!" cried Isabella, waking from her delusion, "what do I hear! You, my lord! You! My father-in-law! the father of Conrad! the husband of the virtuous and tender Hippolita!"—"I tell you," said Manfred, imperiously, "Hippolita is no longer my wife; I divorce her from this hour. Too long has she cursed me by her unfruitfulness. My fate depends on having sons,—and this night I trust will give a new date to my hopes." At these words he seized the cold hand of Isabella, who was half dead with fright and horror. She shrieked and started from him. Manfred rose to pursue her, when the moon, which was now up and gleamed in at the opposite casement, presented to his sight the plumes of the fatal helmet, which rose to the height of the windows, waving backwards and forwards in a tempestuous manner, and accompanied with a hollow and rustling sound. Isabella, who gathered courage from her situation, and who dreaded nothing so much as Manfred's pursuit of his declaration, cried, "Look! my lord; see, Heaven itself declares against your impious intentions!"—"Heaven nor hell shall impede my designs," said Manfred, advancing again to seize the princess. At that instant the portrait of his grandfather, which hung over the bench where they had been sitting, uttered a deep sigh, and heaved its breast. Isabella, whose back was turned to the picture, saw not the motion, nor whence the sound came, but started, and said, "Hark, my lord! What sound was that?" and at the same time made towards the door. Manfred, distracted between the flight of Isabella, who had now reached the stairs, and yet unable to keep his eyes from the picture, which began to move, had, however, advanced some steps after her, still looking backwards on the portrait, when he saw it quit its pannel, and descend on the floor with a grave and melancholy air. "Do I dream?" cried Manfred, returning; "or are the devils themselves in league against me? Speak, infernal spectre! or, if thou art my grandsire, why dost thou, too, conspire against thy wretched descendent, who too dearly pays for——" Ere he could finish the sentence the vision sighed again, and made a sign to Manfred to follow him. "Lead on!" cried Manfred; "I will follow thee to the gulph of perdition." The spectre marched sedately, but dejected, to the end of the gallery, and turned into a chamber on the right hand. Manfred accompanied him at a little distance, full of anxiety and horror, but resolved. As he would have entered the chamber, the door was clapped to with violence by an invisible hand. The Prince, collecting courage from this delay, would have forcibly burst open the door with his foot, but found that it resisted his utmost efforts. "Since hell will not satisfy my curiosity," said Manfred, "I will use the human means in my power for preserving my race; Isabella shall not escape me."

That lady, whose resolution had given way to terror the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal staircase. There she stopped, not knowing whither to direct her steps, nor how to escape from the impetuosity of the Prince. The gates of the castle she knew were locked, and guards placed in the court. Should she, as her heart prompted her, go and prepare Hippolita for the cruel destiny that awaited her, she did not doubt but Manfred would seek her there, and that his violence would incite him to double the injury he meditated, without leaving room for them to avoid the impetuosity of his passions. Delay might give him time to reflect on the horrid measures he had conceived, or produce some circumstance in her favour, if she could, for that night at least, avoid his odious purpose. Yet, where conceal herself! how avoid the pursuit he would infallibly make throughout the castle! As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she recollected a subterraneous passage which led from the vaults of the castle to the church of St Nicholas. Could she reach the altar before she was overtaken, she knew even

Manfred's violence would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place; and she determined, if no other means of deliverance offered, to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins, whose convent was contiguous to the cathedral. In this resolution, she seized a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was hollowed into several intricate cloisters; and it was not easy for one, under so much anxiety, to find the door that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those subterraneous regions, except, now and then, some blasts of wind, that shook the doors she had passed, and which, grating on the rusty hinges, were re-echoed through that long labyrinth of darkness. Every murmur struck her with new terror; yet more she dreaded to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred urging his domestics to pursue her. She trod as softly as impatience would give her leave, yet frequently stopped, and listened to hear if she was followed. In one of those moments she thought she heard a sigh. She shuddered, and recoiled a few paces. In a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood curdled; she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion, that horror could inspire, rushed into her mind. She condemned her rash flight, which had thus exposed her to his rage, in a place where her cries were not likely to draw any body to her assistance. Yet the sound seemed not to come from behind; if Manfred knew where she was, he must have followed her: she was still in one of the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were too distinct to proceed from the way she had come. Cheered with this reflection, and hoping to find a friend in whoever was not the Prince, she was going to advance, when a door, that stood a-jar, at some distance to the left, was opened gently: but ere her lamp, which she held up, could discover who opened it, the person retreated precipitately, on seeing the light.

Isabella, whom every incident was sufficient to dismay, hesitated whether she should proceed. Her dread of Manfred soon outweighed every other terror. The very circumstance of the person avoiding her, gave her a sort of courage. It could only be, she thought, some domestic belonging to the castle. Her gentleness had never raised her an enemy, and conscious innocence made her hope, that, unless sent by the Prince's order to seek her, his servants would rather assist than prevent her flight. Fortifying herself with these reflections, and believing, by what she could observe, that she was near the mouth of the subterraneous cavern, she approached the door that had been opened; but a sudden gust of wind, that met her at the door, extinguished her lamp, and left her in total darkness.

Words cannot paint the horror of the princess's situation. Alone, in so dismal a place, her mind impressed with all the terrible events of the day, hopeless of escaping, expecting every moment the arrival of Manfred, and far from tranquil on knowing she was within reach of somebody, she knew not whom, who for some cause seemed concealed thereabouts; all these thoughts crowded on her distracted mind, and she was ready to sink under her apprehensions. She addressed herself to every saint in heaven, and inwardly implored their assistance. For a considerable time she remained in an agony of despair. At last, as softly as was possible, she felt for the door; and, having found it, entered trembling into the vault, from whence she had heard the sigh and steps. It gave her a kind of momentary joy to perceive an imperfect ray of clouded moonshine gleam from the roof of the vault, which seemed to be fallen in, and from whence hung a fragment of earth or building, she could not distinguish which, that appeared to have been crushed inwards. She advanced eagerly towards this chasm, when she discerned a human form standing close against the wall.

She shrieked, believing it the ghost of her betrothed Conrad. The figure, advancing, said in a submissive voice, "Be not alarmed, lady; I will not injure you." Isabella, a little encouraged by the words, and tone of voice, of the stranger, and recollecting that this must be the person who had opened the door, recovered her spirits enough to reply, "Sir, whoever you are, take pity on a wretched princess, standing on the brink of destruction: Assist me to escape from this fatal castle, or in a few moments I may be made miserable for ever."—"Alas!" said the stranger, "what can I do to assist you? I will die in your defence; but I am unacquainted with the castle, and want—" "Oh!" said Isabella, hastily interrupting him, "help me but to find a trap-door that must be hereabout, and it is the greatest service you can do me, for I have not a minute to lose." Saying these words, she felt about on the pavement, and directed the stranger to search likewise, for a smooth piece of brass, inclosed in one of the stones. "That," said she, "is the lock, which opens with a spring, of which I know the secret. If we can find that, I may escape—if not, alas! courteous stranger, I fear I shall have involved you in my misfortunes. Manfred will suspect you for the accomplice of my flight, and you will fall a victim to his resentment."—"I value not my life," said the stranger, "and it will be some comfort to lose it, in trying to deliver you from his tyranny."—"Generous youth!" said Isabella, "how shall I ever requite—" As she uttered these words, a ray of moonshine, streaming through a cranny of the ruin above, shone directly on the lock they sought. "Oh! transport!" said Isabella, "here is the trap-door!" and, taking out the key, she touched the spring, which, starting aside, discovered an iron ring. "Lift up the door," said the princess. The stranger obeyed; and beneath appeared some stone steps, descending into a

vault totally dark. "We must go down here," said Isabella: "follow me; dark and dismal as it is, we cannot miss our way; it leads directly to the church of St Nicholas. But, perhaps," added the princess, modestly, "you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I farther occasion for your service; in a few minutes I shall be safe from Manfred's rage—only let me know, to whom I am so much obliged."—"I will never quit you," said the stranger, eagerly, "until I have placed you in safety—nor think me, princess, more generous than I am; though you are my principal care—" The stranger was interrupted by a sudden noise of voices, that seemed approaching, and they soon distinguished these words: "Talk not to me of necromancers! I tell you she must be in the castle: I will find her, in spite of enchantment!"—"Oh! Heavens!" cried Isabella, "it is the voice of Manfred! make haste or we are ruined! and shut the trap-door after you." Saying this, she descended the steps precipitately, and, as the stranger hastened to follow her, he let the door slip out of his hands; it fell, and the spring closed over it. He tried in vain to open it, not having observed Isabella's method of touching the spring; nor had he many moments to make an essay.—The noise of the falling door had been heard by Manfred, who, directed by the sound, hastened thither, attended by his servants with torches.

"It must be Isabella," cried Manfred, before he entered the vault; "she is escaping by this subterraneous passage, but she cannot have got far." What was the astonishment of the Prince, when, instead of Isabella, the light of the torches discovered to him the young peasant, whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet! "Traitor!" said Manfred, "how camest thou here? I thought thee in durance above in the court."—"I am no traitor," replied the young man, boldly, "nor am I answerable for your thoughts."—"Presumptuous villain!" cried Manfred, "dost thou provoke my wrath? tell me; how hast thou escaped from above? thou hast corrupted thy guards, and their lives shall answer it."—"My poverty," said the peasant, calmly, "will disculpate them: though the ministers of a tyrant's wrath, to thee they are faithful, and but too willing to execute the orders which you unjustly imposed upon them."—"Art thou so hardy as to dare my vengeance?" said the Prince; "but tortures shall force the truth from thee. Tell me! I will know thy accomplices."—"There was my accomplice!" said the youth, smiling and pointing to the roof. Manfred ordered the torches to be held up, and perceived, that one of the cheeks of the enchanted casque had forced its way through the pavement of the court, as his servants had let it fall over the peasant, and had broken through into the vault, leaving a gap, through which the peasant had pressed himself, some minutes before he was found by Isabella. "Was that the way by which thou didst descend?" said Manfred. "It was," said the youth.—"But what noise was that," said Manfred, "which I heard as I entered the cloister?"—"A door clapped," said the peasant; "I heard it as well as you."—"What door?" said Manfred, hastily.—"I am not acquainted with your castle," said the peasant; "this is the first time I ever entered it; and this vault the only part of it within which I ever was."—"But I tell thee," said Manfred, (wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door,) "it was this way I heard the noise: my servants heard it too."—"My lord," interrupted one of them, officiously, "to be sure it was the trap-door, and he was going to make his escape."—"Peace! blockhead!" said the Prince, angrily; "if he was going to escape, how should he come on this side? I will know from his own mouth what noise it was I heard.—Tell me truly! thy life depends on thy veracity."—"My veracity is dearer to me than my life," said the peasant; "nor would I purchase the one by forfeiting the other."—"Indeed! young philosopher!" said Manfred, contemptuously; "tell me, then, what was that noise I heard?"—"Ask me what I can answer," said he, "and put me to death instantly if I tell you a lie." Manfred, growing impatient at the steady valour and indifference of the youth, cried, "Well then, thou man of truth! answer; was it the fall of the trap-door that I heard?"—"It was," said the youth.—"It was!" said the Prince; "and how didst thou come to know there was a trap-door here?"—"I saw the plate of brass, by a gleam of moonshine," replied he. "But what told thee it was a lock?" said Manfred; "how didst thou discover the secret of opening it?"—"Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was able to direct me to the spring of a lock," said he.—"Providence should have gone a little farther, and have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment," said Manfred: "When Providence had taught thee to open the lock, it abandoned thee for a fool, who did not know how to make use of its favours. Why didst thou not pursue the path pointed out for thy escape? Why didst thou shut the trap-door before thou hadst descended the steps?"—"I might ask you, my lord," said the peasant, "how I, totally unacquainted with your castle, was to know, that those steps led to any outlet? but I scorn to evade your questions. Wherever those steps led to, perhaps, I should have explored the way—I could not be in a worse situation than I was. But the truth is, I let the trap-door fall: your immediate arrival followed. I had given the alarm—what imported it to me whether I was seized a minute sooner or a minute later?"—"Thou art a resolute villain, for thy years," said Manfred; "yet, on reflection, I suspect thou dost but trifle with me: thou hast not yet told me how thou didst open the lock."—"That I will shew you, my lord," said the peasant; and, taking up a

fragment of stone that had fallen from above, he laid himself on the trap-door, and began to beat on the piece of brass that covered it; meaning to gain time for the escape of the princess. This presence of mind, joined to the frankness of the youth, staggered Manfred. He even felt a disposition towards pardoning one, who had been guilty of no crime. Manfred was not one of those savage tyrants, who wanton in cruelty unprovoked. The circumstances of his fortune had given an asperity to his temper, which was naturally humane; and his virtues were always ready to operate, when his passions did not obscure his reason.

While the Prince was in this suspence, a confused noise of voices echoed through the distant vaults. As the sound approached, he distinguished the clamours of some of his domestics, whom he had dispersed through the castle in search of Isabella, calling out, "Where is my lord? where is the Prince?"—"Here I am," said Manfred, as they came nearer; "have you found the princess?" The first that arrived, replied, "Oh! my lord! I am glad we have found you!"—"Found me!" said Manfred, "have you found the princess?"—"We thought we had, my lord," said the fellow, looking terrified, "but—" "But what?" cried the Prince; "has she escaped?"—"Jaquez, and I, my lord—" "Yes, I and Diego," interrupted the second, who came up in still greater consternation—"Speak one of you at a time!" said Manfred; "I ask you where is the princess?"—"We do not know," said they, both together; "but we are frightened out of our wits!"—"So I think, blockheads," said Manfred; "what is it has scared you thus?"—"Oh, my lord," said Jaquez, "Diego has seen such a sight! your highness would not believe your eyes!"—"What new absurdity is this!" cried Manfred; "give me a direct answer, or by heaven—" "Why, my lord, if it please your highness to hear me," said the poor fellow; "Diego and I—" "Yes, I and Jaquez," cried his comrade—"Did not I forbid you to speak both at a time?" said the Prince; "you, Jaquez, answer; for the other fool seems more distracted than thou art; what is the matter?"—"My gracious lord," said Jaquez, "if it please your highness to hear me, Diego and I, according to your highness's orders, went to search for the young lady; but, being apprehensive that we might meet the ghost of my young lord, your highness's son, God rest his soul, as he has not received christian burial—" "Sot!" cried Manfred, in a rage, "is it only a ghost, then, that thou hast seen?"—"Oh! worse! worse! my lord," cried Diego; "I had rather have seen ten whole ghosts."—"Grant me patience!" said Manfred; "these blockheads distract me. Out of my sight, Diego! and thou, Jaquez, tell me, in one word, art thou sober? art thou raving? thou wast wont to have some sense; has the other sot frightened himself and thee too? speak, what is it he fancies he has seen?"—"Why, my lord," replied Jaquez, trembling, "I was going to tell your highness, that since the calamitous misfortune of my young lord, God rest his precious soul! not one of us, your highness's faithful servants—indeed we are, my lord, though poor men—I say, not one of us has dared to set a foot about the castle, but two together: so, Diego and I, thinking that my young lady might be in the great gallery, went up there to look for her, and tell her your highness wanted something to impart to her."—"O blundering fools!" cried Manfred, "and, in the mean time, she has made her escape, because you were afraid of goblins! Why, thou knave! she left me in the gallery; I came from thence myself."—"For all that, she may be there still, for aught I know," said Jaquez, "but the devil shall have me before I seek her there again—poor Diego! I do not believe he will ever recover it!"—"Recover what?" said Manfred; "am I never to learn what it is has terrified these rascals? but I lose my time: follow me, slave; I will see if she is in the gallery."—"For heaven's sake, my dear good lord," cried Jaquez, "do not go to the gallery! Satan himself, I believe, is in the chamber next to the gallery." Manfred, who hitherto had treated the terror of his servants as an idle panic, was struck at this new circumstance. He recollected the apparition of the portrait, and the sudden closing of the door at the end of the gallery—his voice faltered, and he asked with disorder, "What is in the great chamber?"—"My lord," said Jaquez, "when Diego and I came into the gallery—he went first, for he said he had more courage than I—So, when we came into the gallery, we found nobody. We looked under every bench and stool; and still we found nobody."—"Were all the pictures in their places?" said Manfred.—"Yes, my lord," answered Jaquez, "but we did not think of looking behind them."—"Well, well," said Manfred, "proceed."—"When we came to the door of the great chamber," continued Jaquez, "we found it shut."—"And could not you open it?" said Manfred.—"Oh yes, my lord! would to heaven we had not," replied he. "Nay, it was not I neither, it was Diego: he was grown fool-hardy, and would go on, though I advised him not—if ever I open a door that is shut again!"—"Trifle not," said Manfred, shuddering, "but tell me what you saw in the great chamber, on opening the door."—"I, my lord," said Jaquez, "I saw nothing; I was behind Diego; but I heard the noise."—"Jaquez," said Manfred, in a solemn tone of voice, "tell me, I adjure thee by the souls of my ancestors, what was it thou sawest? what was it thou heardest?"—"It was Diego saw it, my lord, it was not I," replied Jaquez; "I only heard the noise. Diego had no sooner opened the door, than he cried out, and ran back—I ran back too, and said, Is it the ghost? The ghost!

No, no, said Diego, and his hair stood an end—it is a giant, I believe; he is all clad in armour, for I saw his foot and part of his leg, and they are as large as the helmet, below in the court. As he said these words, my lord, we heard a violent motion, and the rattling of armour, as if the giant was rising, for Diego has told me since, that he believes the giant was lying down, for the foot and leg were stretched at length on the floor. Before we could get to the end of the gallery, we heard the door of the great chamber clap behind us, but we did not dare turn back to see if the giant was following us—yet, now I think on it, we must have heard him if he pursued us. But, for heaven's sake, good my lord, send for the chaplain, and have the castle exorcised! for, for certain it is enchanted."—"Ay, pray do, my lord," cried all the servants at once, "or we must leave your highness's service."—"Peace, dotards!" said Manfred, "and follow me; I will know what all this means."—"We, my lord!" cried they with one voice, "we would not go up to the gallery for your highness's revenue." The young peasant, who had stood silent, now spoke. "Will your highness," said he, "permit me to try this adventure? my life is of consequence to nobody: I fear no bad angel, and have offended no good one."—"Your behaviour is above your seeming," said Manfred, viewing him with surprise and admiration—"hereafter I will reward your bravery—but now," continued he, with a sigh, "I am so circumstanced, that I dare trust no eyes but my own—however, I give you leave to accompany me."

Manfred, when he first followed Isabella from the gallery, had gone directly to the apartment of his wife, concluding the princess had retired thither. Hippolita, who knew his step, rose with anxious fondness to meet her lord, whom she had not seen since the death of her son. She would have flown in a transport, mixed of joy and grief, to his bosom; but he pushed her rudely off, and said, "Where is Isabella?"—"Isabella, my lord!" said the astonished Hippolita.—"Yes! Isabella," cried Manfred, imperiously; "I want Isabella."—"My lord," replied Matilda, who perceived how much his behaviour had shocked her mother, "she has not been with us since your highness summoned her to your apartment."—"Tell me where she is," said the Prince; "I do not want to know where she has been."—"My good lord," says Hippolita, "your daughter tells you the truth: Isabella left us by your command, and has not returned since; but, my good lord, compose yourself; retire to your rest: this dismal day has disordered you. Isabella shall wait your orders in the morning."—"What, then, you know where she is!" cried Manfred: "Tell me directly, for I will not lose an instant—and you, woman," speaking to his wife, "order your chaplain to attend me forthwith."—"Isabella,' said Hippolita, calmly, "is retired, I suppose, to her chamber: she is not accustomed to watch at this late hour. Gracious my lord," continued she, "let me know what has disturbed you. Has Isabella offended you?"—"Trouble me not with questions," said Manfred, "but tell me where she is."—"Matilda shall call her," said the Princess—"Sit down, my lord, and resume your wonted fortitude."—"What! art thou jealous of Isabella," replied he, "that you wish to be present at our interview?"—"Good heavens! my lord," said Hippolita, "what is it your highness means?"—"Thou wilt know ere many minutes are past," said the cruel Prince. "Send your chaplain to me, and wait my pleasure here." At these words he flung out of the room in search of Isabella; leaving the amazed ladies thunderstruck with his words and frantic deportment, and lost in vain conjectures on what he was meditating.

Manfred was now returning from the vault, attended by the peasant, and a few of his servants, whom he had obliged to accompany him. He ascended the stair-case without stopping, till he arrived at the gallery, at the door of which he meet Hippolita and her chaplain. When Diego had been dismissed by Manfred, he had gone directly to the Princess's apartment with the alarm of what he had seen. That excellent lady, who no more than Manfred doubted of the reality of the vision, yet affected to treat it as a delirium of the servant. Willing, however, to save her lord from any additional shock, and prepared by a series of grief not to tremble at any accession to it, she determined to make herself the first sacrifice, if fate had marked the present hour for their destruction. Dismissing the reluctant Matilda to her rest, who in vain sued for leave to accompany her mother, and attended only by her chaplain, Hippolita had visited the gallery and great chamber, and now, with more serenity of soul than she had felt for many hours, she met her lord, and assured him that the vision of the gigantic leg and foot was all a fable; and, no doubt, an impression made by fear, and the dark and dismal hour of the night, on the minds of his servants. She and the chaplain had examined the chamber, and found every thing in the usual order.

Manfred, though persuaded, like his wife, that the vision had been no work of fancy, recovered a little from the tempest of mind into which so many strange events had thrown him. Ashamed, too, of his inhuman treatment of a princess, who returned every injury with new marks of tenderness and duty, he felt returning love forcing itself into his eyes—but not less ashamed of feeling remorse towards one against whom he was inwardly meditating a yet more bitter outrage, he curbed the yearnings of his heart, and did not dare to lean even towards pity. The next transition of his soul was to exquisite villainy. Presuming on the unshaken submission of Hippolita, he flattered himself that

she would not only acquiesce with patience to a divorce, but would obey, if it was his pleasure, in endeavouring to persuade Isabella to give him her hand; but, ere he could indulge this horrid hope, he reflected that Isabella was not to be found. Coming to himself, he gave orders that every avenue to the castle should be strictly guarded, and charged his domestics, on pain of their lives, to suffer nobody to pass out. The young peasant, to whom he spoke favourably, he ordered to remain in a small chamber on the stairs, in which there was a pallet-bed, and the key of which he took away himself, telling the youth he would talk with him in the morning. Then, dismissing his attendants, and bestowing a sullen kind of half-nod on Hippolita, he retired to his own chamber.

CHAP. II.

Matilda, who, by Hippolita's order, had retired to her apartment, was ill-disposed to take any rest. The shocking fate of her brother had deeply affected her. She was surprised at not seeing Isabella: but the strange words which had fallen from her father, and his obscure menace to the Princess, his wife, accompanied by the most furious behaviour, had filled her gentle mind with terror and alarm. She waited anxiously for the return of Bianca, a young damsel that attended her, whom she had sent to learn what was become of Isabella. Bianca soon appeared, and informed her mistress of what she had gathered from the servants, that Isabella was no where to be found. She related the adventure of the young peasant, who had been discovered in the vault, though with many simple additions from the incoherent accounts of the domestics; and she dwelt principally on the gigantic leg and foot, which had been seen in the gallery chamber. This last circumstance had terrified Bianca so much, that she was rejoiced when Matilda told her that she would not go to rest, but would watch till the Princess should rise.

The young princess wearied herself in conjectures on the flight of Isabella, and on the threats of Manfred to her mother. "But what business could he have so urgent with the chaplain," said Matilda; "does he intend to have my brother's body interred privately in the chapel?"—"Oh! madam," said Bianca, "now I guess. As you are become his heiress, he is impatient to have you married; he has always been raving for more sons; I warrant he is now impatient for grandsons. As sure as I live, madam, I shall see you a bride at last—Good madam, you won't cast off your faithful Bianca! you won't put Donna Rossara over me, now you are a great princess!"—"My poor Bianca," said Matilda, "how fast your thoughts amble! I a great princess! what hast thou seen in Manfred's behaviour, since my brother's death, that bespeaks any increase of tenderness to me? No, Bianca: his heart was ever a stranger to me—but he is my father, and I must not complain. Nay, if Heaven shuts my father's heart against me, it overpays my little merit in the tenderness of my mother. O that dear mother! yes, Bianca, 'tis there I feel the rugged temper of Manfred. I can support his harshness to me with patience; but it wounds my soul when I am witness to his causeless severity towards her."—"Oh! madam," said Bianca, "all men use their wives so, when they are weary of them."—"And yet, you congratulated me but now," said Matilda, "when you fancied my father intended to dispose of me."—"I would have you a great lady," replied Bianca, "come what will. I do not wish to see you moped in a convent, as you would be if you had your will, and if my lady, your mother, who knows that a bad husband is better than no husband at all, did not hinder you—Bless me! what noise is that! St Nicholas forgive me! I was but in jest."—"It is the wind," said Matilda, "whistling through the battlements in the tower above: you have heard it a thousand times."—"Nay," said Bianca, "there was no harm neither in what I said: it is no sin to talk of matrimony—And so, madam, as I was saying, if my Lord Manfred should offer you a handsome young prince for a bridegroom, you would drop him a curtsey, and tell him you would rather take the veil?"—"Thank Heaven! I am in no such danger," said Matilda: "you know how many proposals for me he has rejected."—"And you thank him, like a dutiful daughter, do you, madam? But come, madam; suppose, to-morrow morning, he was to send for you to the great council-chamber, and there you should find at his elbow a lovely young prince, with large black eyes, a smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet; in short, madam, a young hero resembling the picture of the good Alfonso in the gallery, which you sit and gaze at for hours together."—"Do not speak lightly of that picture," interrupted Matilda, sighing; "I know the adoration, with which I look at that picture, is uncommon—but I am not in love with a coloured pannel. The character of that virtuous prince, the veneration with which my mother has inspired me for his memory, the orisons which, I know not why, she has enjoined me to pour forth at his tomb, all have concurred to persuade me, that, somehow or other, my destiny is linked with something relating to him."—"Lord, madam, how should that be?" said Bianca; "I have always heard that your family was no way related to his; and I am sure I cannot conceive why my lady, the Princess, sends you in a cold morning, or a damp evening, to pray at his tomb: he is no saint by the almanack. If you must pray, why does she not bid you address yourself to our great St Nicholas? I am sure he is the saint I pray to for a husband."—"Perhaps my mind would be less af-

fected," said Matilda, "if my mother would explain her reasons to me: but it is the mystery she observes, that inspires me with this—I know not what to call it. As she never acts from caprice, I am sure there is some fatal secret at bottom—nay, I know there is: in her agony of grief for my brother's death, she dropped some words that intimated as much."—"Oh! dear madam," cried Bianca, "what were they?"—"No," said Matilda; "if a parent lets fall a word, and wishes it recalled, it is not for a child to utter it."—"What! was she sorry for what she had said?" asked Bianca; "I am sure, madam, you may trust me."—"With my own little secrets, when I have any, I may," said Matilda; "but never with my mother's: a child ought to have no ears or eyes, but as a parent directs."—"Well, to be sure, madam, you was born to be a saint," said Bianca, "and there is no resisting one's vocation: you will end in a convent at last. But there is my lady Isabella would not be so reserved to me; she will let me talk to her of young men; and when a handsome cavalier has come to the castle, she has owned to me that she wished your brother Conrad resembled him."—"Bianca," said the princess, "I do not allow you to mention my friend disrespectfully. Isabella is of a cheerful disposition, but her soul is as pure as virtue itself. She knows your idling babbling humour, and, perhaps, has now and then encouraged it, to divert melancholy, and enliven the solitude in which my father keeps us."—"Blessed Mary!" said Bianca, starting, "there it is again! dear madam, do you hear nothing? this castle is certainly haúnted!"—"Peace!" said Matilda, "and listen! I did think I heard a voice—but it must be fancy; your terrors, I suppose, have infected me."—"Indeed! indeed! madam," said Bianca, half weeping with agony, "I am sure I heard a voice!"—"Does any body lie in the chamber beneath?" said the princess.—"Nobody has dared to lie there," answered Bianca, "since the great astrologer, that was your brother's tutor, drowned himself. For certain, madam, his ghost and the young prince's are now met in the chamber below—for heaven's sake, let us fly to your mother's apartment!"—"I charge you not to stir," said Matilda; "if they are spirits in pain, we may ease their sufferings by questioning them. They can mean no hurt to us, for we have not injured them; and if they should, shall we be more safe in one chamber, than in another? reach me my beads; we will say a prayer, and then speak to them."—"Oh! dear lady, I would not speak to a ghost for the world," cried Bianca.

As she said these words, they heard the casement of the little chamber below Matilda's open. They listened attentively, and in a few minutes thought they heard a person sing, but could not distinguish the words. "This can be no evil spirit," said the princess, in a low voice; "it is undoubtedly one of the family—open the window, and we shall know the voice."—"I dare not indeed, madam," said Bianca.—"Thou art a very fool," said Matilda, opening the window gently herself. The noise that the princess made, was, however, heard by the person beneath, who stopped, and they concluded had heard the casement open. "Is any body below?" said the princess; "if there is, speak."—"Yes," said an unknown voice.—"Who is it?" said Matilda.—"A stranger," replied the voice.—"What stranger?" said she, "and how didst thou come here at this unusual hour, when all the gates of the castle are locked?"—"I am not here willingly," answered the voice; "but, pardon me, lady, if I have disturbed your rest; I knew not that I was overheard. Sleep had forsaken me; I left a restless couch, and came to waste the irksome hours, with gazing on the fair approach of morning, impatient to be dismissed from this castle."—"Thy words and accents," said Matilda, "are of a melancholy cast; if thou art unhappy, I pity thee. If poverty afflicts thee, let me know it: I will mention thee to the Princess, whose beneficent soul ever melts for the distressed, and she will relieve thee."—"I am indeed unhappy," said the stranger, "and I know not what wealth is; but I do not complain of the lot which Heaven has cast for me; I am young and healthy, and am not ashamed of owing my support to myself; yet think me not proud, or that I disdain your generous offers. I will remember you in my orisons, and I will pray for blessings on your gracious self and your noble mistress. If I sigh, lady, it is for others, not for myself."—"Now I have it, madam!" said Bianca, whispering the princess; "this is certainly the young peasant; and, by my conscience, he is in love—well this is a charming adventure!—do, madam, let us sift him. He does not know you, but takes you for one of my lady Hippolita's women."—"Art thou not ashamed, Bianca!" said the princess: "what right have we to pry into the secrets of this young man's heart? he seems virtuous and frank, and tells us he is unhappy: are those circumstances that authorize us to make a property of him? how are we entitled to his confidence?"—"Lord! madam, how little you know of love!" replied Bianca: "why lovers have no pleasure equal to talking of their mistress!"—"And would you have me become a peasant's confidant?" said the princess.—"Well, then, let me talk to him," said Bianca; "though I have the honour of being your highness's maid of honour, I was not always so great: besides, if love levels ranks, it raises them too: I have a respect for a young man in love."—"Peace, simpleton!" said the princess; "though he said he was unhappy, it does not follow that he must be in love. Think of all that has happened to-day, and tell me, if there are no misfortunes but what love causes!—Stranger," resumed the princess, "if thy misfortunes have not

been occasioned by thy own fault, and are within the compass of the Princess Hippolita's power to redress, I will take upon me to answer that she will be thy protectress. When thou art dismissed from this castle, repair to holy father Jerome, at the convent adjoining to the church of St Nicholas, and make thy story known to him, as far as thou thinkest meet: he will not fail to inform the Princess, who is the mother of all that want her assistance. Farewell: it is not seemly for me to hold farther converse with a man, at this unwonted hour."—"May the saints guard thee, gracious lady!" replied the peasant—"but oh! if a poor and worthless stranger might presume to beg a minute's audience farther—am I so happy? the casement is not shut—might I venture to ask—" "Speak quickly," said Matilda; "the morning dawns apace; should the labourers come into the fields and perceive us—what wouldst thou ask?"—"I know not how—I know not if I dare," said the young stranger, faultering, "yet the humanity with which you have spoken to me emboldens—lady! dare I trust you?"—"Heavens!" said Matilda, "what dost thou mean? with what wouldst thou trust me? speak boldly, if thy secret is fit to be entrusted to a virtuous breast."—"I would ask," said the peasant, recollecting himself, "whether what I have heard from the domestics is true, that the princess is missing from the castle?"—"What imports it to thee to know?" replied Matilda. "Thy first words bespoke a prudent and becoming gravity. Dost thou come hither to pry into the secrets of Manfred? Adieu. I have been mistaken in thee." Saying these words, she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply. "I had acted more wisely," said the princess to Bianca, with some sharpness, "if I had let thee converse with this peasant: his inquisitiveness seems of a piece with thy own."—"It is not fit for me to argue with your highness," replied Bianca; "but perhaps the questions, I should have put to him, would have been more to the purpose than those you have been pleased to ask him."—"Oh! no doubt," said Matilda: "you are a very discreet personage! may I know what you would have asked him?"—"A by-stander often sees more of the game than those that play," answered Bianca. "Does your highness think, madam, that his question about my lady Isabella was the result of mere curiosity? No, no, madam; there is more in it than you great folks are aware of. Lopez told me, that all the servants believe this young fellow contrived my lady Isabella's escape: now, pray, madam, observe—you and I both know that my lady Isabella never much fancied the prince your brother—well! he is killed just in the critical minute—I accuse nobody. A helmet falls from the moon—so my lord, your father, says; but Lopez and all the servants say, that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from Alfonso's tomb."—"Have done with this rhapsody of impertinence," said Matilda.—"Nay, madam, as you please," cried Bianca;—"yet it is very particular, though, that my lady Isabella should be missing the very same day, and that this young sorcerer should be found at the mouth of the trap-door;—I accuse nobody; but if my young lord came honestly by his death—" "Dare not, on thy duty," said Matilda, "to breathe a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's fame."—"Purity or not purity," said Bianca, "gone she is—a stranger is found that nobody knows: you question him yourself: he tells you he is in love, or unhappy, it is the same thing—nay, he owned he was unhappy about others; and is any body unhappy about another unless they are in love with them? And at the very next word he asks, innocently, poor soul! if my lady Isabella is missing."—"To be sure," said Matilda, "thy observations are not totally without foundation—Isabella's flight amazes me; the curiosity of this stranger is very particular—yet Isabella never concealed a thought from me."—"So she told you," said Bianca, "to fish out your secrets; but who knows, madam, but this stranger may be some prince in disguise? do, madam, let me open the window, and ask him a few questions."—"No," replied Matilda, "I will ask him myself: if he knows aught of Isabella, he is not worthy that I should converse farther with him." She was going to open the casement, when they heard the bell ring at the postern gate of the castle, which is on the right hand of the tower, where Matilda lay. This prevented the princess from renewing the conversation with the stranger.

After continuing silent for some time, "I am persuaded," said she to Bianca, "that whatever be the cause of Isabella's flight, it had no unworthy motive. If this stranger was accessary to it, she must be satisfied of his fidelity and worth. I observed, did not you, Bianca? that his words were tinctured with an uncommon infusion of piety. It was no ruffian's speech: his phrases were becoming a man of gentle birth."—"I told you, madam," said Bianca, "that I was sure he was some prince in disguise."—"Yet," said Matilda, "if he was privy to her escape, how will you account for his not accompanying her in her flight? why expose himself unnecessarily and rashly to my father's resentment?"—"As for that, madam," replied she, "if he could get from under the helmet, he will find ways of eluding your father's anger. I do not doubt but he has some talisman or other about him."—"You resolve every thing into magic," said Matilda; "but a man who has any intercourse with infernal spirits, does not dare to make use of those tremendous and holy words which he uttered. Didst thou not observe with what fervour he vowed to remember me to heaven in his prayers? Yes; Isabella was undoubt-

edly convinced of his piety."—"Commend me to the piety of a young fellow and a damsel that consult to elope!" said Bianca. "No, no, madam: my lady Isabella is of another guess mould than you take her for. She used indeed to sigh and lift up her eyes in your company, because she knows you are a saint—but when your back was turned—" "You wrong her," said Matilda: "Isabella is no hypocrite: she has a due sense of devotion, but never affected a call she has not. On the contrary, she always combated my inclination for the cloister; and, though I own the mystery she has made to me of her flight, confounds me; though it seems inconsistent with the friendship between us; I cannot forget the disinterested warmth with which she always opposed my taking the veil: she wished to see me married, though my dower would have been a loss to her and my brother's children. For her sake, I will believe well of this young peasant." —"Then you do think there is some liking between them," said Bianca.—While she was speaking, a servant came hastily into the chamber, and told the princess, that the lady Isabella was found. "Where?" said Matilda. "She has taken sanctuary in St Nicholas's church," replied the servant: "Father Jerome has brought the news himself: he is below with his highness."—"Where is my mother?" said Matilda. —"She is in her own chamber, madam, and has asked for you."

Manfred had risen at the first dawn of light, and gone to Hippolita's apartment, to inquire if she knew aught of Isabella. While he was questioning her, word was brought that Jerome demanded to speak with him. Manfred, little suspecting the cause of the friar's arrival, and knowing he was employed by Hippolita in her charities, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella. "Is your business with me or the Princess?" said Manfred.—"With both," replied the holy man. "The lady Isabella——" "What of her!" interrupted Manfred eagerly.—"Is at St Nicholas's altar," replied Jerome.—"That is no business of Hippolita's!" said Manfred with confusion: "let us retire to my chamber, father; and inform me how she came thither."—"No, my lord," replied the good man with an air of firmness and authority, that daunted even the resolute Manfred, who could not help revering the saint-like virtues of Jerome—"my commission is to both; and, with your highness's good liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it—But first, my lord, I must interrogate the Princess, whether she is acquainted with the cause of the lady Isabella's retirement from your castle."—"No, on my soul," said Hippolita: "does Isabella charge me with being privy to it?"—"Father," interrupted Manfred, "I pay due reverence to your holy profession; but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priest to interfere in the affairs of my domestic. If you have aught to say, attend me to my chamber—I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state; they are not within a woman's province."—"My lord," said the holy man, "I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier Prince than Manfred. Hearken to him who speaks through my organs." Manfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippolita's countenance declared her astonishment and impatience to know where this would end: her silence more strongly spoke her observance of Manfred.

"The lady Isabella," resumed Jerome, "commends herself to both your highnesses; she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle: she deplores the loss of your son, and her own misfortune in not becoming the daughter of such wise and noble Princes, whom she shall always respect as parents; she prays for uninterrupted union and felicity between you: (Manfred's colour changed) but, as it is no longer possible for her to be allied to you, she entreats your consent to remain in sanctuary, till she can learn news of her father; or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispose of herself in suitable marriage."—"I shall give no such consent," said the Prince; "but insist on her return to the castle without delay: I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not brook her being in any hands but my own."—"Your highness will recollect whether that can any longer be proper," replied the friar. —"I want no monitor," said Manfred, colouring; "Isabella's conduct leaves room for strange suspicions—and that young villain, who was at least the accomplice of her flight, if not the cause of it——" "The cause!" interrupted Jerome; "was a *young* man the cause?"—"This is not to be borne!" cried Manfred. "Am I to be beardied in my own palace by an insolent monk? thou art privy, I guess, to their amours."—"I would pray to heaven to clear up your uncharitable surmises," said Jerome, "if your highness were not satisfied in your conscience how unjustly you accuse me. I do pray to Heaven to pardon that uncharitableness: and I implore your highness to leave the princess at peace in that holy place, where she is not liable to be disturbed by such vain and worldly fantasies as discourses of love from any man."—"Cant not to me," said Manfred, "but return and bring the princess to her duty."—"It is my duty to prevent her return hither," said Jerome. "She is where orphans and virgins are safest from the snares and wiles of this world; and nothing but a parent's authority shall take her thence."—"I am her parent," cried Manfred, "and demand her."—"She

wished to have you for her parent," said the friar; "but Heaven, that forbade that connection, has for ever dissolved all ties betwixt you: and I announce to your highness——" "Stop! audacious man," said Manfred, "and dread my displeasure."—"Holy father," said Hippolita, "it is your office to be no respecter of persons: you must speak as your duty prescribes—but it is my duty to hear nothing that it pleases not my lord should hear. Attend the Prince to his chamber. I will retire to my oratory, and pray to the blessed Virgin to inspire you with her holy counsels, and to restore the heart of my gracious lord to its wonted peace and gentleness."—"Excellent woman!" said the friar. "My lord, I attend your pleasure."

Manfred, accompanied by the friar, passed to his own apartment, where, shutting the door, "I perceive, father," said he, "that Isabella has acquainted you with my purpose. Now hear my resolve, and obey. Reasons of state, most urgent reasons, my own and the safety of my people, demand that I should have a son. It is in vain to expect an heir from Hippolita. I have made choice of Isabella. You must bring her back; and you must do more. I know the influence you have with Hippolita: her conscience is in your hands.—She is, I allow, a faultless woman: her soul is set on heaven, and scorns the little grandeur of this world: you can withdraw her from it entirely. Persuade her to consent to the dissolution of our marriage, and to retire into a monastery: she shall endow one if she will, and shall have the means of being as liberal to your order, as she or you can wish. Thus you will divert the calamities that are hanging over our heads, and have the merit of saving the principality of Otranto from destruction. You are a prudent man, and, though the warmth of my temper betrayed me into some unbecoming expressions, I honour your virtue, and wish to be indebted to you for the repose of my life and the preservation of my family."

"The will of Heaven be done!" said the friar, "I am but its worthless instrument. It makes use of my tongue to tell thee, Prince, of thy unwarrantable designs. The injuries of the virtuous Hippolita have mounted to the throne of pity. By me thou art reprimanded for thy adulterous intention of repudiating her: by me thou art warned not to pursue the incestuous design on thy contracted daughter. Heaven, that delivered her from thy fury, when the judgments so recently fallen on thy house ought to have inspired thee with other thoughts, will continue to watch over her. Even I, a poor and despised friar, am able to protect her from thy violence. I, sinner as I am, and uncharitably reviled by your highness, as an accomplice of I know not what amours, scorn the allurements with which it has pleased thee to tempt mine honesty. I love my order; I honour devout souls; I respect the piety of thy Princess; but I will not betray the confidence she reposes in me, nor serve even the cause of religion by foul and sinful compliances.—But, forsooth, the welfare of the state depends on your highness having a son. Heaven mocks the short-sighted views of man. But yester-morn, whose house was so great, so flourishing as Manfred's? where is young Conrad now? My lord, I respect your tears, but I mean not to check them: let them flow, Prince: they will weigh more with Heaven, toward the welfare of thy subjects, than a marriage, which, founded on lust or policy, could never prosper. The sceptre, which passed from the race of Alfonso to thine, cannot be preserved by a match which the church will never allow. If it is the will of the Most High that Manfred's name must perish, resign yourself, my lord, to its decrees; and thus deserve a crown that can never pass away. Come, my lord; I like this sorrow; let us return to the Princess: she is not apprized of your cruel intentions; nor did I mean more than to alarm you. You saw with what gentle patience, with what efforts of love, she heard, she rejected hearing the extent of your guilt. I know she longs to fold you in her arms, and assure you of her unalterable affection."—"Father," said the Prince, "you mistake my compunction: true, I honour Hippolita's virtues; I think her a saint; and wish it were for my soul's health to tie faster the knot that has united us—but, alas! father, you know not the bitterest of my pangs! It is some time that I have had scruples on the legality of our union. Hippolita is related to me in the fourth degree. It is true, we had a dispensation; but I have been informed that she had also been contracted to another. This it is that sits heavy at my heart: to this state of unlawful wedlock, I impute the visitation that has fallen on me in the death of Conrad!—ease my conscience of this burden: dissolve our marriage, and accomplish the work of godliness which your divine exhortations have commenced in my soul."

How cutting was the anguish which the good man felt, when he perceived this turn in the wily Prince! He trembled for Hippolita, whose ruin he saw was determined; and he feared, if Manfred had no hope of recovering Isabella, that his impatience for a son would direct him to some other object, who might not be equally proof against the temptation of Manfred's rank. For some time the holy man remained absorbed in thought. At length, conceiving some hopes from delay, he thought the wisest conduct would be to prevent the Prince from despairing of recovering Isabella. Her the friar knew he could dispose, from her affection to Hippolita, and from the aversion she had expressed to him for Manfred's addresses, to second his views, till the censures of the church could be fulminated against a divorce. With this intention, as if struck with the Prince's scruples, he at length said, "My lord, I have been pondering on what

your highness has said; and if in truth it is delicacy of conscience that is the real motive of your repugnance to your virtuous lady, far be it from me to endeavour to harden your heart. The church is an indulgent mother; unfold your griefs to her; she alone can administer comfort to your soul, either by satisfying your conscience, or, upon examination of your scruples, by setting you at liberty, and indulging you in the lawful means of continuing your lineage. In the latter case, if the lady Isabella can be brought to consent——" Manfred, who concluded that he had either overreached the good man, or that his first warmth had been but a tribute paid to appearance, was overjoyed at his sudden turn, and repeated the most magnificent promises, if he should succeed by the friar's mediation. The well-meaning priest suffered him to deceive himself, fully determined to traverse his views, instead of seconding them.

"Since we now understand one another," resumed the Prince, "I expect, father, that you satisfy me in one point. Who is the youth that I found in the vault? He must have been privy to Isabella's flight: Tell me truly; is he her lover? or is he an agent for another's passion? I have often suspected Isabella's indifference to my son; a thousand circumstances crowd on my mind that confirm that suspicion. She herself was so conscious of it, that while I discoursed her in the gallery, she outran my suspicions, and endeavoured to justify herself from coolness to Conrad." The friar, who knew nothing of the youth, but what he had learned occasionally from the princess, ignorant what was become of him, and not sufficiently reflecting on the impetuosity of Manfred's temper, conceived that it might not be amiss to sow the seeds of jealousy in his mind. They might be turned to some use hereafter, either by prejudicing the Prince against Isabella, if he persisted in that union; or, by diverting his attention to a wrong scent, and employing his thoughts on a visionary intrigue, prevent his engaging in any new pursuit. With this unhappy policy, he answered in a manner to confirm Manfred in the belief of some connection between Isabella and the youth. The Prince, whose passions wanted little fuel to throw them into a blaze, fell into a rage at the idea of what the friar had suggested. "I will fathom to the bottom of this intrigue," cried he; and quitting Jerome abruptly, with a command to remain there till his return, he hastened to the great hall of the castle, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him.

"Thou hardened young impostor," said the Prince, as soon as he saw the youth, "what becomes of thy boasted veracity now? It was Providence, was it, and the light of the moon, that discovered the lock of the trap-door to thee? Tell me, audacious boy, who thou art, and how long thou hast been acquainted with the princess——and take care to answer with less equivocation than thou didst last night, or tortures shall wring the truth from thee." The young man, perceiving that his share in the flight of the princess was discovered, and concluding that any thing he should say could no longer be of service or detriment to her, replied, "I am no impostor, my lord, nor have I deserved opprobrious language. I answered to every question your highness put to me last night with the same veracity that I shall speak now; and that will not be from fear of your tortures, but because my soul abhors a falsehood. Please to repeat your questions, my lord; I am ready to give you all the satisfaction in my power."—"You know my questions," replied the Prince, "and only want time to prepare an evasion. Speak directly; who art thou? and how long hast thou been known to the princess?"—"I am a labourer at the next village," said the peasant; "my name is Theodore. The princess found me in the vault last night; before that hour I never was in her presence."—"I may believe as much or as little as I please of this," said Manfred; "but I will hear thy own story before I examine into the truth of it. Tell me, what reason did the princess give thee for making her escape? Thy life depends on thy answer."—"She told me," replied Theodore, "that she was on the brink of destruction, and that if she could not escape from the castle, she was in danger in a few moments of being made miserable for ever."—"And on this slight foundation, on a silly girl's report," said Manfred, "thou didst hazard my displeasure?"—"I fear no man's displeasure," said Theodore, "when a woman in distress puts herself under my protection." During this examination, Matilda was going to the apartment of Hippolita. At the upper end of the hall, where Manfred sat, was a boarded gallery, with latticed windows, through which Matilda and Bianca were to pass. Hearing her father's voice, and seeing the servants assembled round him, she stopped to learn the occasion. The prisoner soon drew her attention; the steady and composed manner in which he answered, and the gallantry of his last reply, which were the first words she heard distinctly, interested her in his favour. His person was noble, handsome, and commanding, even in that situation; but his countenance soon engrossed her whole care. "Heavens! Bianca," said the princess softly, "do I dream? or is not that youth the exact resemblance of Alfonso's picture in the gallery?" She could say no more, for her father's voice grew louder at every word. "This bravado," said he, "surpasses all thy former insolence. Thou shalt experience the wrath with which thou darest to trifle.—Seize him," continued Manfred, "and bind him—the first news the princess hears of her champion shall be, that he has lost his head for her sake."—"The injustice of which thou art guilty

towards me," said Theodore, "convinces me that I have done a good deed in delivering the princess from thy tyranny. May she be happy, whatever becomes of me!"—"This is a lover," cried Manfred in a rage; "a peasant within sight of death is not animated by such sentiments. Tell me, tell me, rash boy, who thou art, or the rack shall force thy secret from thee."—"Thou hast threatened me with death already," said the youth, "for the truth I have told thee. If that is all the encouragement I am to expect for sincerity, I am not tempted to indulge thy vain curiosity farther."—"Then thou wilt not speak?" said Manfred. "I will not," replied he. "Bear him away into the court-yard," said Manfred; "I will see his head this instant severed from his body."—Matilda fainted at hearing those words. Bianca shrieked, and cried, "Help! help! the princess is dead!" Manfred started at this ejaculation, and demanded what was the matter. The young peasant, who heard it too, was struck with horror, and asked eagerly the same question; but Manfred ordered him to be hurried into the court, and kept there for execution, till he had informed himself of the cause of Bianca's shrieks. When he learned the meaning, he treated it as a womanish panic, and ordering Matilda to be carried to her apartment, he rushed into the court, and calling for one of his guards, bade Theodore kneel down, and prepare to receive the fatal blow.

The undaunted youth received the bitter sentence with a resignation that touched every heart but Manfred's. He wished earnestly to know the meaning of the words he had heard relating to the princess; but fearing to exasperate the tyrant more against her, he desisted. The only boon he deigned to ask, was, that he might be permitted to have a confessor, and make his peace with heaven. Manfred, who hoped by the confessor's means to come at the youth's history, readily granted his request; and being convinced that Father Jerome was now in his interest, he ordered him to be called and shrieve the prisoner. The holy man, who had little foreseen the catastrophe that his imprudence occasioned, fell on his knees to the Prince, and adjured him in the most solemn manner not to shed innocent blood. He accused himself in the bitterest terms for his indiscretion, endeavoured to exculpate the youth, and left no method untried to soften the tyrant's rage. Manfred, more incensed than appeased by Jerome's intercession, whose retraction now made him suspect he had been imposed upon by both, commanded the friar to do his duty, telling him he would not allow the prisoner many minutes for confession. "Nor do I ask many, my lord," said the unhappy young man. "My sins, thank heaven, have not been numerous; nor exceed what might be expected at my years.—Dry your tears, good father, and let us dispatch: This is a bad world; nor have I had cause to leave it with regret."—"Oh, wretched youth!" said Jerome, "how canst thou bear the sight of me with patience? I am thy murderer! It is I have brought this dismal hour upon thee!"—"I forgive thee from my soul," said the youth, "as I hope heaven will pardon me. Hear my confession, father, and give me thy blessing."—"How can I prepare thee for thy passage as I ought?" said Jerome. "Thou canst not be saved without pardoning thy foes—and canst thou forgive that impious man there?"—"I can," said Theodore; "I do."—"And does not this touch thee, cruel Prince?" said the friar.—"I sent for thee to confess him," said Manfred sternly; "not to plead for him. Thou didst first incense me against him—his blood be upon thy head."—"It will! it will!" said the good man, in an agony of sorrow. "Thou and I must never hope to go where this blessed youth is going!"—"Dispatch!" said Manfred; "I am no more to be moved by the whining of priests, than by the shrieks of women."—"What!" said the youth, "is it possible that my fate could have occasioned what I heard? Is the princess then again in thy power?"—"Thou dost but remember me of my wrath," said Manfred: "Prepare thee, for this moment is thy last." The youth, who felt his indignation rise, and who was touched with the sorrow which he saw he had infused into all the spectators, as well as into the friar, suppressed his emotions, and putting off his doublet, and unbuttoning his collar, knelt down to his prayers. As he stooped, his shirt slipped down below his shoulder, and discovered the mark of a bloody arrow. "Gracious heaven!" cried the holy man, starting, "what do I see!—It is my child! my Theodore!"

The passions that ensued must be conceived; they cannot be painted. The tears of the assistants were suspended by wonder, rather than stopped by joy. They seemed to inquire into the eyes of their lord what they ought to feel. Surprise, doubt, tenderness, respect, succeeded each other in the countenance of the youth. He received with modest submission the effusion of the old man's tears and embraces; yet, afraid of giving a loose to hope, and suspecting from what had passed the inflexibility of Manfred's temper, he cast a glance towards the Prince, as if to say, canst thou be unmoved at such a scene as this?

Manfred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his astonishment; yet his pride forbade his owning himself affected. He even doubted whether this discovery was not a contrivance of the friar to save the youth. "What may this mean?" said he. "How can he be thy son? Is it consistent with thy profession or reputed sanctity to avow a peasant's offspring for the fruit of thy irregular amours?"—"Oh, God!" said the holy man, "dost thou question his being mine? could I feel the anguish I do if I were not his father? Spare him, good Prince! spare

him! and revile me as thou pleasest."—"Spare him, spare him!" cried the attendants, "for this good man's sake!"—"Peace!" said Manfred, sternly; "I must know, ere I am disposed to pardon. A saint's bastard may be no saint himself."—"Injurious lord," said Theodore; "add not insult to cruelty. If I am this venerable man's son, though no prince, as thou art, know, the blood that flows in my veins—" "Yes," said the friar, interrupting him, "his blood is noble; nor is he that abject thing, my lord, you speak him. He is my lawful son; and Sicily can boast of few houses more ancient than that of Falconara——But, alas! my lord, what is blood! what is nobility! We are all reptiles, miserable, sinful creatures. It is piety alone that can distinguish us from the dust whence we sprung, and whither we must return."—"Truce to your sermon," said Manfred; "you forget you are no longer Friar Jerome, but the Count of Falconara. Let me know your history; you will have time enough to moralize hereafter, if you should not happen to obtain the grace of that sturdy criminal there."—"Mother of God!" said the friar, "is it possible my lord can refuse a father the life of his only, his long-lost child! Trample me, my lord, scorn, afflict me, accept my life for his, but spare my son!"—"Thou canst feel, then," said Manfred, "what it is to lose an only son!——a little hour ago thou didst preach up resignation to me. *My* house, if fate so pleased, must perish—but the Count of Falconara"—"Alas, my lord!" said Jerome, "I confess I have offended; but aggravate not an old man's sufferings! I boast not of my family, nor think of such vanities—it is nature that pleads for this boy; it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him—is she, Theodore, is she dead?"—"Her soul has long been with the blessed," said Theodore. "Oh! how!" cried Jerome, "tell me—No—she is happy! Thou art all my care now!—most dread lord! will you——will you grant me my poor boy's life?"—"Return to thy convent," answered Manfred; "conduct the princess hither; obey me in what else thou knowest; and I promise thee the life of thy son."—"Oh, my lord!" said Jerome, "is my honesty the price I must pay for this dear youth's safety?"—"For me!" cried Theodore, "let me die a thousand deaths, rather than stain thy conscience. What is it the tyrant would exact of thee? Is the princess still safe from his power? Protect her, thou venerable old man, and let all the weight of his wrath fall on me." Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuosity of the youth; and ere Manfred could reply, the trampling of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung without the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded. At the same instant the sable plumes on the enchanted helmet, which still remained at the other end of the court, were tempestuously agitated, and nodded thrice, as if bowed by some invisible wearer.

CHAP. III.

Manfred's heart misgave him when he beheld the plumage on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the sounding of the brazen trumpet. "Father," said he to Jerome, whom he now ceased to treat as Count of Falconara, "what mean these portents? If I have offended"—the plumes were shaken with greater violence than before. "Unhappy prince that I am," cried Manfred—"holy father! will you not assist me with your prayers?"—"My lord," replied Jerome, "heaven is no doubt displeased with your mockery of its servants. Submit yourself to the church; and cease to persecute her ministers. Dismiss this innocent youth; and learn to respect the holy character I wear. Heaven will not be trifled with. You see"——the trumpet sounded again. "I acknowledge I have been too hasty," said Manfred. "Father, do you go to the wicket, and demand who is at the gate."—"Do you grant me the life of Theodore?" replied the friar.—"I do," said Manfred; "but inquire who is without!"

Jerome, falling on the neck of his son, discharged a flood of tears, that spoke the fulness of his soul. "You promised to go to the gate," said Manfred. "I thought," replied the friar, "your highness would excuse my thanking you first in this tribute of my heart."—"Go, dearest sir," said Theodore; "obey the Prince; I do not deserve that you should delay his satisfaction for me."

Jerome, inquiring who was without, was answered, a herald. "From whom?" said he. "From the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre," said the herald; "and I must speak with the usurper of Otranto." Jerome returned to the Prince, and did not fail to repeat the message in the very words it had been uttered. The first sounds struck Manfred with terror; but when he heard himself styled usurper, his rage rekindled, and all his courage revived. "Usurper! insolent villain!" cried he, "who dares to question my title? Retire, father; this is no business for monks; I will meet this presumptuous man myself. Go to your convent, and prepare the princess's return; your son shall be a hostage for your fidelity; his life depends on your obedience."—"Good heaven, my lord," cried Jerome, "your highness did but this instant freely pardon my child—have you so soon forgot the interposition of heaven?"—"Heaven," replied Manfred, "does not send heralds to question the title of a lawful prince——I doubt whether it even notifies its will through friars—but that is your affair, not mine. At present you know my pleasure; and it is not a saucy herald that shall save your son, if you do not return with the princess."

It was in vain for the holy man to reply.—

Manfred commanded him to be conducted to the postern-gate, and shut out from the castle; and he ordered some of his attendants to carry Theodore to the top of the black tower, and guard him strictly; scarce permitting the father and son to exchange a hasty embrace at parting. He then withdrew to the hall, and seating himself in princely state, ordered the herald to be admitted to his presence.

"Well, thou insolent!" said the Prince, "what wouldst thou with me?"—"I come," replied he, "to thee, Manfred, usurper of the principality of Otranto, from the renowned and invincible knight, the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre: In the name of his lord, Frederic Marquis of Vicenza, he demands the lady Isabella, daughter of that prince, whom thou hast basely and traitorously got into thy power, by bribing her false guardians during his absence; and he requires thee to resign the principality of Otranto, which thou hast usurped from the said Lord Frederic, the nearest of blood to the last rightful Lord, Alfonso the Good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these just demands, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity." And so saying, the herald cast down his warder.

"And where is this braggart who sends thee?" said Manfred. "At the distance of a league," said the herald; "he comes to make good his lord's claim against thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an usurper and ravisher."

Injurious as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his interest to provoke the Marquis. He knew how well-founded the claim of Frederic was; nor was this the first time he had heard of it. Frederic's ancestors had assumed the style of Princes of Otranto from the death of Alfonso the Good without issue; but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the house of Vicenza to dispossess them. Frederic, a martial and amorous young prince, had married a beautiful young lady, of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in childbed of Isabella. Her death affected him so much, that he had taken the cross and gone to the Holy Land, where he was wounded in an engagement against the infidels, made prisoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the Lady Isabella to deliver her up to him as a bride for his son Conrad, by which alliance he had proposed to unite the claims of the two houses. This motive, on Conrad's death, had co-operated to make him so suddenly resolve on espousing her himself; and the same reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the consent of Frederic to this marriage. A like policy inspired him with the thought of inviting Frederic's champion into his castle, lest he should be informed of Isabella's flight, which he strictly enjoined his domestics not to disclose to any of the knight's retinue.

"Herald," said Manfred, as soon as he had digested these reflections, "return to thy master, and tell him, ere we liquidate our differences by the sword, Manfred would hold some converse with him. Bid him welcome to my castle, where by my faith, as I am a true knight, he shall have courteous reception, and full security for himself and followers. If we cannot adjust our quarrel by amicable means, I swear he shall depart in safety, and shall have full satisfaction according to the laws of arms. So help me God and his holy Trinity!" The herald made three obeisances and retired.

During this interview, Jerome's mind was agitated by a thousand contrary passions. He trembled for the life of his son, and his first thought was to persuade Isabella to return to the castle. Yet he was scarce less alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolita's unbounded submission to the will of her lord; and though he did not doubt but he could alarm her piety not to consent to a divorce, if he could get access to her; yet, should Manfred discover that the obstruction came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodore. He was impatient to know whence came the herald, who with so little management had questioned the title of Manfred; yet he did not dare absent himself from the convent, lest Isabella should leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned disconsolately to the monastery, uncertain on what conduct to resolve. A monk, who met him in the porch, and observed his melancholy air, said, "Alas, brother, is it then true that we have lost our excellent Princess Hippolita?" The holy man started and cried, "What meanest thou, brother? I came this instant from the castle, and left her in perfect health."—"Martelli," replied the other friar, "passed by the convent but a quarter of an hour ago on his way from the castle, and reported that her highness was dead. All our brethren are gone to the chapel to pray for her happy transit to a better life, and willed me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cause thee—indeed we have all reason to weep; she was a mother to our house—but this life is but a pilgrimage; we must not murmur—we shall all follow her! May our end be like her's!"—"Good brother, thou dreamest," said Jerome; "I tell thee I come from the castle, and left the Princess well.—Where is the Lady Isabella?"—"Poor gentlewoman!" replied the friar; "I told her the sad news, and offered her spiritual comfort; I reminded her of the transitory condition of mortality, and advised her to take the veil. I quoted the example of the holy Princess Sanchia of Arragon."—"Thy zeal was laudable," said Jerome, impatiently; "but at present it was unnecessary. Hippolita is well—at least I trust in the Lord she is; I heard nothing to the contrary—yet methinks, the Prince's earnestness—well, brother, but where is the Lady

Isabella?"—"I know not," said the friar; "she wept much, and said she would retire to her chamber." Jerome left his comrade abruptly, and hastened to the princess, but she was not in her chamber. He inquired of the domestics of the convent, but could learn no news of her. He searched in vain throughout the monastery and the church, and dispatched messengers round the neighbourhood, to get intelligence if she had been seen; but to no purpose. Nothing could equal the good man's perplexity. He judged that Isabella, suspecting Manfred of having precipitated his wife's death, had taken the alarm, and withdrawn herself to some more secret place of concealment. This new flight would probably carry the Prince's fury to the height. The report of Hippolita's death, though it seemed almost incredible, increased his consternation; and though Isabella's escape bespoke her aversion of Manfred for a husband, Jerome could feel no comfort from it, while it endangered the life of his son. He determined to return to the castle, and made several of his brethren accompany him, to attest his innocence to Manfred, and, if necessary, join their intercessions with his for Theodore.

The Prince, in the mean time, had passed into the court, and ordered the gates of the castle to be flung open for the reception of the stranger knight and his train. In a few minutes the cavalcade arrived. First came two harbingers with wands. Next a herald, followed by two pages and two trumpeters. Then an hundred footguards. These were attended by as many horse. After them fifty footmen, clothed in scarlet and black, the colours of the knight. Then a led horse. Two heralds on each side of a gentleman on horseback bearing a banner, with the arms of Vicenza and Otranto quarterly—a circumstance that much offended Manfred—but he stifled his resentment. Two more pages. The knight's confessor telling his beads. Fifty more footmen clad as before. Two knights habited in complete armour, their beavers down, comrades to the principal knight. The squires of the two knights, carrying their shields and devices. The knight's own squire. An hundred gentlemen bearing an enormous sword, and seeming to faint under the weight of it. The knight himself on a chesnut steed, in complete armour, his lance in the rest, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, which was surmounted by a large plume of scarlet and black feathers. Fifty footguards, with drums and trumpets, closed the procession, which wheeled off to the right and left, to make room for the principal knight.

As soon as he approached the gate, he stopped; and the herald advancing, read again the words of the challenge. Manfred's eyes were fixed on the gigantic sword, and he scarce seemed to attend to the cartel; but his attention was soon diverted by a tempest of wind that rose behind him. He turned, and beheld the plumes of the enchanted helmet agitated in the same extraordinary manner as before. It required intrepidity like Manfred's not to sink under a concurrence of circumstances that seemed to announce his fate. Yet, scorning in the presence of strangers to betray the courage he had always manifested, he said boldly, "Sir Knight, whoever thou art, I bid thee welcome. If thou art of mortal mould, thy valour shall meet its equal; and if thou art a true knight, thou wilt scorn to employ sorcery to carry thy point. Be these omens from heaven or hell, Manfred trusts to the righteousness of his cause, and to the aid of St Nicholas, who has ever protected his house. Alight, Sir Knight, and repose thyself. To-morrow thou shalt have a fair field; and heaven befriend the juster side!"

The knight made no reply, but dismounting, was conducted by Manfred to the great hall of the castle. As they traversed the court, the knight stopped to gaze on the miraculous casque; and kneeling down, seemed to pray inwardly for some minutes. Rising, he made a sign to the Prince to lead on. As soon as they entered the hall, Manfred proposed to the stranger to disarm, but the knight shook his head in token of refusal. "Sir Knight," said Manfred, "this is not courteous; but by my good faith I will not cross thee; nor shall thou have cause to complain of the Prince of Otranto. No treachery is designed on my part; I hope none is intended on thine. Here, take my gage, (giving him his ring,) your friends and you shall enjoy the laws of hospitality. Rest here until refreshments are brought; I will but give orders for the accommodation of your train, and return to you." The three knights bowed, as accepting his courtesy. Manfred directed the stranger's retinue to be conducted to an adjacent hospital, founded by the Princess Hippolita for the reception of pilgrims. As they made the circuit of the court to return towards the gate, the gigantic sword burst from the supporters, and falling to the ground opposite to the helmet, remained immovable. Manfred, almost hardened to preternatural appearances, surmounted the shock of this new prodigy, and returning to the hall, where by this time the feast was ready, he invited his silent guests to take their places. Manfred, however ill his heart was at ease, endeavoured to inspire the company with mirth. He put several questions to them, but was answered only by signs. They raised their vizors but sufficiently to feed themselves, and that but sparingly. "Sirs," said the Prince, "ye are the first guests I ever treated within these walls who scorned to hold any intercourse with me; nor has it oft been been customary, I ween, for princes to hazard their state and dignity against strangers and mutes. You say you come in the name of Frederic of Vicenza; I have ever heard that he was a gallant and courteous knight; nor

would he, I am bold to say, think it beneath him to mix in social converse with a prince who is his equal, and not unknown by deeds in arms —Still ye are silent—well, be it as it may; by the laws of hospitality and chivalry ye are masters of this roof: Ye shall do your pleasure —but come, give me a goblet of wine; ye will not refuse to pledge me to the healths of your fair mistresses." The principal knight sighed and crossed himself, and was rising from the board—"Sir Knight," said Manfred, "what I said was but in sport; I shall constrain you in nothing; use your good liking. Since mirth is not your mood, let us be sad. Business may hit your fancies better; let us withdraw, and hear if what I have to unfold may be better relished than the vain efforts I have made for your pastime."

Manfred then conducting the three knights into an inner chamber, shut the door, and inviting them to be seated, began thus, addressing himself to the chief personage.

"You come, Sir Knight, as I understand, in the name of the Marquis of Vicenza, to re-demand the lady Isabella, his daughter, who has been contracted, in the face of holy church, to my son, by the consent of her legal guardians; and to require me to resign my dominions to your lord, who gives himself for the nearest of blood to Prince Alfonso, whose soul God rest! I shall speak to the latter article of your demands first. You must know—your lord knows, that I enjoy the principality of Otranto from my father Don Manuel, as he received it from his father Don Ricardo. Alfonso, their predecessor, dying childless in the Holy Land, bequeathed his estates to my grandfather, Don Ricardo, in consideration of his faithful services."—The stranger shook his head.—"Sir Knight," said Manfred, warmly, "Ricardo was a valiant and upright man; he was a pious man;—witness his munificent foundation of the adjoining church and two convents. He was peculiarly patronized by St Nicholas—my grandfather was incapable —I say, sir, Don Ricardo was incapable—excuse me, your interruption has disordered me. I venerate the memory of my grandfather. Well! sirs, he held this estate; he held it by his good sword, and by the favour of St Nicholas—so did my father—and so, sirs, will I, come what come will. But Frederic, your lord, is nearest in blood—I have consented to put my title to the issue of the sword—does that imply a vicious title? I might have asked, where is Frederic your lord? Report speaks him dead in captivity. You say, your actions say, he lives—I question it not—I might, sirs, I might, but I do not.—Other princes would bid Frederic take his inheritance by force, if he can. They would not stake their dignity on a single combat; they would not submit it to the decision of unknown mutes! Pardon me, gentlemen, I am too warm. But suppose yourselves in my situation;—as ye are stout knights, would it not move your choler to have your own and the honour of your ancestors called in question? But to the point. Ye require me to deliver up the Lady Isabella—sirs, I must ask if ye are authorized to receive her?" The knight nodded.—"Receive her," continued Manfred; "well, you are authorized to receive her: but, gentle knight, may I ask if you have full powers?"—The knight nodded.—"'Tis well," said Manfred; "then hear what I have to offer:—Ye see, gentlemen, before you, the most unhappy of men! (he began to weep)—afford me your compassion; I am entitled to it; indeed I am. Know, I have lost my only hope, my joy, the support of my house—Conrad died yester-morning."—The knights discovered signs of surprise.—"Yes, sirs, fate has disposed of my son. Isabella is at liberty."—"Do you then restore her?" cried the chief knight, breaking silence.—"Afford me your patience," said Manfred. "I rejoice to find, by this testimony of your good-will, that this matter may be adjusted without bloodshed. It is no interest of mine dictates what little I have farther to say. Ye behold in me a man disgusted with the world. The loss of my son has weaned me from earthly cares. Power and greatness have no longer any charms in my eyes. I wished to transmit the sceptre I had received from my ancestors with honour to my son—but that is over! Life itself is so indifferent to me, that I accepted your defiance with joy;—a good knight cannot go to the grave with more satisfaction than when falling in his vocation. Whatever is the will of Heaven, I submit; for, alas! sirs, I am a man of many sorrows. Manfred is no object of envy; but no doubt you are acquainted with my story." The knight made signs of ignorance, and seemed curious to have Manfred proceed.—"Is it possible, sirs," continued the Prince, "that my story should be a secret to you? Have you heard nothing relating to me and the Princess Hippolita?"—They shook their heads.—"No! Thus then, sirs, it is: You think me ambitious; ambition, alas! is composed of more rugged materials. If I were ambitious, I should not for so many years have been a prey to all the hell of conscientious scruples; but I weary your patience; I will be brief. Know then, that I have long been troubled in mind on my union with the Princess Hippolita. Oh, sirs, if ye were acquainted with that excellent woman! if ye knew that I adore her like a mistress, and cherish her as a friend!—But man was not born for perfect happiness;—she shares my scruples, and with her consent I have brought this matter before the church, for we are related within the forbidden degrees. I expect every hour the definitive sentence that must separate us for ever —I am sure you feel for me—I see you do—pardon these tears!"—The knights gazed on

each other, wondering where this would end.—Manfred continued. "The death of my son betiding while my soul was under this anxiety, I thought of nothing but resigning my dominions, and retiring for ever from the sight of mankind. My only difficulty was to fix on a successor, who would be tender of my people, and to dispose of the Lady Isabella, who is dear to me as my own blood. I was willing to restore the line of Alfonso, even in his most distant kindred; and though, pardon me, I am satisfied it was his will that Ricardo's lineage should take place of his own relations, yet where was I to search for those relations? I knew of none but Frederic your lord; he was a captive to the infidels, or dead; and were he living, and at home, would he quit the flourishing state of Vicenza for the inconsiderable principality of Otranto? If he would not, could I bear the thought of seeing a hard unfeeling viceroy set over my poor faithful people? for, sirs, I love my people, and, thank heaven, am beloved by them——But ye will ask, whither tends this long discourse? briefly then, thus, sirs. Heaven in your arrival seems to point out a remedy for these difficulties and my misfortunes. The Lady Isabella is at liberty; I shall soon be so—I would submit to any thing for the good of my people—were it not the best, the only way to extinguish the feuds between our families, if I was to take the Lady Isabella to wife—you start—but though Hippolita's virtues will ever be dear to me, a Prince must not consider himself; he is born for his people."—A servant at that instant entering the chamber, apprized Manfred that Jerome and several of his brethren demanded immediate access to him.

The Prince, provoked at this interruption, and fearing that the friar would discover to the strangers that Isabella had taken sanctuary, was going to forbid Jerome's entrance; but, recollecting that he was certainly arrived to notify the princess's return, Manfred began to excuse himself to the knights for leaving them for a few moments, but was prevented by the arrival of the friars. Manfred angrily reprimanded them for their intrusion, and would have forced them back from the chamber; but Jerome was too much agitated to be repulsed. He declared aloud the flight of Isabella, with protestations of his own innocence. Manfred, distracted at the news, and not less at its coming to the knowledge of the strangers, uttered nothing but incoherent sentences, now upbraiding the friar, now apologizing to the knights, earnest to know what was become of Isabella, yet equally afraid of their knowing; impatient to pursue her, yet dreading to have them join in the pursuit. He offered to dispatch messengers in quest of her; but the chief knight no longer keeping silence, reproached Manfred in bitter terms for his dark and ambiguous dealing, and demanded the cause of Isabella's first absence from the castle. Manfred, casting a stern look at Jerome, implying a command of silence, pretended that on Conrad's death he had placed her in a sanctuary until he could determine how to dispose of her. Jerome, who trembled for his son's life, did not dare contradict this falsehood; but one of his brethren, not under the same anxiety, declared frankly, that she had fled to their church in the preceding night. The Prince in vain endeavoured to stop this discovery, which overwhelmed him with shame and confusion. The principal stranger, amazed at the contradictions he heard, and more than half persuaded that Manfred had secreted the princess, notwithstanding the concern he expressed at her flight, rushing to the door, said, "Thou traitor Prince, Isabella shall be found!" Manfred endeavoured to hold him, but the other knights assisting their comrade, he broke from the Prince, and hastened into the court, demanding his attendants. Manfred, finding it vain to divert him from the pursuit, offered to accompany him; and summoning his attendants, and taking Jerome and some of the friars to guide them, they issued from the castle; Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company secured, while to the knight he affected to dispatch a messenger to require their assistance.

The company had no sooner quitted the castle, than Matilda, who felt herself deeply interested for the young peasant, since she had seen him condemned to death in the hall, and whose thoughts had been taken up with concerting measures to save him, was informed by some of the female attendants, that Manfred had dispatched all his men various ways in pursuit of Isabella. He had in his hurry given this order in general terms, not meaning to extend it to the guard he had set upon Theodore, but forgetting it. The domestics, officious to obey so peremptory a Prince, and urged by their own curiosity and love of novelty to join in any precipitate chace, had, to a man, left the castle. Matilda disengaged herself from her women, stole up to the black tower, and unbolting the door, presented herself to the astonished Theodore. "Young man," said she, "though filial duty, and womanly, modesty condemn the step I am taking, yet holy charity, surmounting all other ties, justifies this act. Fly; the doors of thy prison are open. My father and his domestics are absent, but they may soon return. Begone in safety; and may the angels of heaven direct thy course!"—"Thou art surely one of those angels!" said the enraptured Theodore. "None but a blessed saint could speak, could act——could look like thee!—may I not know the name of my divine protectress! methought thou namedst thy father. Is it possible? Can Manfred's blood feel holy pity?—Lovely lady, thou answerest not——but how art thou here thy-

self? why dost thou neglect thy own safety, and waste a thought on a wretch like Theodore? let us fly together. The life thou bestowest shall be dedicated to thy defence."—"Alas, thou mistakest," said Matilda, sighing; "I am Manfred's daughter, but no dangers await me."—"Amazement!" said Theodore; "but last night I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now."—"Still thou art in an error," said the princess; "but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth, while it is in my power to save thee. Should my father return, thou and I both should indeed have cause to tremble."—"How?" said Theodore; "thinkest thou, charming maid, that I will accept of life at the hazard of aught calamitous to thee? better I endured a thousand deaths."—"I run no risk," said Matilda, "but by thy delay. Depart; it cannot be known that I assisted thy flight."—"Swear by the saints above," said Theodore, "that thou canst not be suspected; else here I vow to wait, whatever can befal me."—"Oh, thou art too generous," said Matilda; "but rest assured that no suspicion can alight on me."—"Give me thy beauteous hand in token that thou dost not deceive me," said Theodore; "and let me bathe it with the warm tears of gratitude."—"Forbear," said the princess, "this must not be."—"Alas, said Theodore, "I have never known but calamity until this hour—perhaps shall never know other fortune again. Suffer the chaste raptures of holy gratitude. 'Tis my soul would print its effusions on thy hand."—"Forbear, and begone," said Matilda;—"how would Isabella approve of seeing thee at my feet?"—"Who is Isabella?" said the young man with surprise. "Ah me! I fear," said the princess, "I am serving a deceitful one!—hast thou forgot thy curiosity this morning?"—"Thy looks, thy actions, all thy beauteous self, seem an emanation of divinity," said Theodore; "but thy words are dark and mysterious——speak, lady, speak to thy servant's comprehension."—"Thou understandest but too well," said Matilda; "but once more, I command thee to begone. Thy blood, which I may preserve, will be on my head, if I waste the time in vain discourse."—"I go, lady," said Theodore, "because it is thy will, and because I would not bring the grey hairs of my father with sorrow to the grave. Say but, adored lady, that I have thy gentle pity."—"Stay," said Matilda, "I will conduct thee to the subterraneous vault by which Isabella escaped; it will lead thee to the church of St Nicholas, where thou mayest take sanctuary."—"What!" said Theodore, "was it another, and not thy lovely self, that I assisted to find the subterraneous passage?"—"It was," said Matilda; "but ask no more. I tremble to see thee still abide here. Fly to the sanctuary."—"To sanctuary?" said Theodore. "No, princess; sanctuaries are for helpless damsels, or for criminals. Theodore's soul is free from guilt, nor will wear the appearance of it. Give me a sword, lady, and thy father shall learn that Theodore scorns an ignominious flight."—"Rash youth," said Matilda, "thou wouldst not dare to lift thy presumptuous arm against the Prince of Otranto?"—"Not against thy father; indeed, I dare not," said Theodore. "Excuse me, lady; I had forgotten——but could I gaze on thee, and remember thou art sprung from the tyrant Manfred?——but he is thy father, and from this moment my injuries are buried in oblivion." A deep and hollow groan, which seemed to come from above, startled the princess and Theodore. "Good heaven! we are overheard!" said the princess. They listened, but perceived no further noise; they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapours; and the princess, preceding Theodore softly, carried him to her father's armoury, where, equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted by Matilda to the postern-gate. "Avoid the town," said the princess, "and all the western side of the castle. It is there the search must be making by Manfred and the strangers; but hie thee to the opposite quarter. Yonder, behind that forest to the east, is a chain of rocks, hollowed into a labyrinth of caverns that reach to the sea-coast. There thou mayest lie concealed, till thou canst make signs to some vessel to put on shore and take thee off. Go! heaven be thy guide!—and sometimes in thy prayers remember—Matilda!" Theodore flung himself at her feet, and seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vowed on the earliest opportunity to get himself knighted, and fervently entreated her permission to swear himself eternally her knight.—Ere the princess could reply, a clap of thunder was suddenly heard, that shook the battlements. Theodore, regardless of the tempest, would have urged his suit; but the princess, dismayed, retreated hastily into the castle, and commanded the youth to be gone, with an air that would not be disobeyed. He sighed and retired, but with eyes fixed on the gate, until Matilda closing it, put an end to an interview, in which the hearts of both had drunk so deeply of a passion, which both now tasted for the first time.

Theodore went pensively to the convent, to acquaint his father with his deliverance. There he learned the absence of Jerome, and the pursuit that was making after the Lady Isabella, with some particulars of whose story he now first became acquainted. The generous gallantry of his nature prompted him to wish to assist her; but the monks could lend him no lights to guess at the route she had taken. He was not tempted to wander far in search of her, for the idea of Matilda had imprinted itself so strongly on his heart, that he could not bear to

absent himself at much distance from her abode. The tenderness Jerome had expressed for him concurred to confirm this reluctance; and he even persuaded himself that filial affection was the chief cause of his hovering between the castle and monastery, until Jerome should return at night. Theodore at length determined to repair to the forest that Matilda had pointed out to him. Arriving there, he sought the gloomiest shades, as best suited to the pleasing melancholy that reigned in his mind. In this mood he roved insensibly to the caves which had formerly served as a retreat to hermits, and were now reported round the country to be haunted by evil spirits. He recollected to have heard this tradition; and being of a brave and adventurous disposition, he willingly indulged his curiosity in exploring the secret recesses of this labyrinth. He had not penetrated far before he thought he heard the steps of some person who seemed to retreat before him. Theodore, though firmly grounded in all our holy faith enjoins to be believed, had no apprehension that good men were abandoned without cause to the malice of the powers of darkness. He thought the place more likely to be infested robbers, than by those infernal agents who are reported to molest and bewilder travellers. He had long burned with impatience to approve his valour——drawing his sabre, he marched sedately onwards, still directing his steps, as the imperfect rustling sound before him led the way. The armour he wore was a like indication to the person who avoided him. Theodore, now convinced that he was not mistaken, redoubled his pace, and evidently gained on the person that fled, whose haste increasing, Theodore came up just as a woman fell breathless before him. He hasted to raise her, but her terror was so great, that he apprehended she would faint in his arms. He used every gentle word to dispel her alarms, and assured her, that, far from injuring, he would defend her at the peril of his life. The lady, recovering her spirits, from his courteous demeanour, and gazing on her protector, said, "Sure, I have heard that voice before!"—"Not to my knowledge," replied Theodore, "unless, as I conjecture, thou art the Lady Isabella."—"Merciful heaven!" cried she, "thou art not sent in quest of me, art thou?" and saying these words, she threw herself at his feet, and besought him not to deliver her up to Manfred.—"To Manfred!" cried Theodore; "no, lady, I have once already delivered thee from his tyranny, and it shall fare hard with me now, but I will place thee out of the reach of his daring."—"Is it possible," said she, "that thou shouldst be the generous unknown whom I met last night in the vault of the castle? sure thou art not a mortal, but my guardian angel. On my knees let me thank"——"Hold, gentle Princess," said Theodore, "nor demean thyself before a poor and friendless young man. If heaven has selected me for thy deliverer, it will accomplish its work, and strengthen my arm in thy cause. But come, lady, we are too near the mouth of the cavern; let us seek its inmost recesses. I can have no tranquillity till I have placed thee beyond the reach of danger."—"Alas, what mean you, sir?" said she. "Though all your actions are noble, though your sentiments speak the purity of your soul, is it fitting that I should accompany you alone in these perplexed retreats? Should we be found together, what would a censorious world think of my conduct?"—"I respect your virtuous delicacy," said Theodore; "nor do you harbour a suspicion that wounds my honour. I meant to conduct you into the most private cavity of these rocks, and then, at the hazard of my life, to guard their entrance against every living thing. Besides, lady," continued he, drawing a deep sigh, "beauteous and all perfect as your form is, and though my wishes are not guiltless of aspiring, know, my soul is dedicated to another; and although"———a sudden noise prevented Theodore from proceeding. They soon distinguished these sounds, "Isabella! what ho! Isabella!"—The trembling princess relapsed into her former agony of fear. Theodore endeavoured to encourage her, but in vain. He assured her he would rather die than suffer her to return under Manfred's power, and begging her to remain concealed, he went forth to prevent the person in search of her from approaching.

At the mouth of the cavern he found an armed knight, discoursing with a peasant, who assured him he had seen a lady enter the passes of the rock. The knight was preparing to seek her, when Theodore, placing himself in his way, with his sword drawn, sternly forbade him, at his peril, to advance. "And who art thou who darest to cross my way?" said the knight haughtily. "One who does not dare more than he will perform," said Theodore. "I seek the Lady Isabella," said the knight, "and understand she has taken refuge among these rocks. Impede me not, or thou wilt repent having provoked my resentment."—"Thy purpose is as odious as thy resentment is contemptible," said Theodore. "Return whence thou camest, or we shall soon know whose resentment is most terrible." The stranger, who was the principal knight that had arrived from the Marquis of Vicenza, had galloped from Manfred as he was busied in getting information of the princess, and giving various orders to prevent her falling into the power of the three knights. Their chief had suspected Manfred of being privy to the princess's absconding; and this insult from a man who, he concluded, was stationed by that Prince to secrete her, confirming his suspicions, he made no reply, but discharging a blow with his sabre at Theodore, would soon have removed all obstruction, if Theodore, who took him for one of Man-

fred's captains, and who had no sooner given the provocation than he prepared to support it, had not received the stroke on his shield. The valour that had so long been smothered in his breast, broke forth at once; he rushed impetuously on the knight, whose pride and wrath were not less powerful incentives to hardy deeds. The combat was furious, but not long. Theodore wounded the knight in three several places, and at last disarmed him, as he fainted by the loss of blood. The peasant, who had fled on the first onset, had given the alarm to some of Manfred's domestics, who, by his orders, were dispersed through the forest, in pursuit of Isabella. They came up as the knight fell, whom they soon discovered to be the noble stranger. Theodore, notwithstanding his hatred to Manfred, could not behold the victory he had gained without emotions of pity and generosity; but he was more touched when he learned the quality of his adversary, and was informed that he was no retainer, but an enemy of Manfred. He assisted the servants of the latter in disarming the knight, and in endeavouring to staunch the blood that flowed from his wounds. The knight recovering his speech, said, in a faint and faultering voice, "Generous foe, we have both been in an error. I took thee for an instrument of the tyrant; I perceive thou hast made the like mistake—it is too late for excuses—I faint—if Isabella is at hand, call her—I have important secrets to——" "He is dying," said one of the attendants; "has nobody a crucifix about them? Andrea, do thou pray over him."—"Fetch some water," said Theodore, "and pour it down his throat, while I hasten to the princess."—Saying this, he flew to Isabella, and in few words told her modestly, that he had been so unfortunate, by mistake, as to wound a gentleman from her father's court, who wished, ere he died, to impart something of consequence to her. The princess, who had been transported at hearing the voice of Theodore, as he called to her to come forth, was astonished at what she heard. Suffering herself to be conducted by Theodore, the new proof of whose valour recalled her dispersed spirits, she came where the bleeding knight lay speechless on the ground; but her fears returned, when she beheld the domestics of Manfred. She would again have fled, if Theodore had not made her observe that they were unarmed, and had not threatened them with instant death, if they should dare to seize the princess. The stranger, opening his eyes, and beholding a woman, said, "Art thou—pray tell me truly—art thou Isabella of Vicenza?"—"I am," said she. "Good heaven restore thee!"——"Then thou—then thou——" said the knight, struggling for utterance——"seest—thy father—give me one——" "Oh, amazement! horror! what do I hear! what do I see?" cried Isabella. "My father! you my father! how came you here, sir; for heaven's sake speak!——Oh! run for help, or he will expire!"——"'Tis most true," said the wounded knight, exerting all his force; "I am Frederic thy father—yes, I came to deliver thee—It will not be—give me a parting kiss, and take——" "Sir," said Theodore, "do not exhaust yourself; suffer us to convey you to the castle."—"To the castle!" said Isabella; "is there no help nearer than the castle? would you expose my father to the tyrant? If he goes thither I cannot accompany him——and yet, can I leave him?"—"My child," said Frederic, "it matters not for me whither I am carried. A few minutes will place me beyond danger—but while I have eyes to doat on thee, forsake me not, dear Isabella!—This brave knight—I know not who he is, will protect thy innocence.—Sir, you will not abandon my child, will you?" Theodore, shedding tears over his victim, and vowing to guard the princess at the expence of his life, persuaded Frederic to suffer himself to be conducted to the castle. They placed him on a horse belonging to one of the domestics, after binding up his wounds as well as they were able. Theodore marched by his side; and the afflicted Isabella, who could not bear to quit him, followed mournfully behind.

CHAP. IV.

The sorrowful troop no sooner arrived at the castle, than they were met by Hippolita and Matilda, whom Isabella had sent one of the domestics before to advertise of their approach. The ladies causing Frederic to be conveyed into the nearest chamber, retired, while the surgeons examined his wounds. Matilda blushed at seeing Theodore and Isabella together, but endeavoured to conceal it by embracing the latter, and condoling with her on her father's mischance. The surgeons soon came to acquaint Hippolita that none of the Marquis's wounds were dangerous; and that he was desirous of seeing his daughter and the princesses. Theodore, under pretence of expressing his joy at being freed from his apprehensions of the combat being fatal to Frederic, could not resist the impulse of following Matilda. Her eyes were so often cast down on meeting his, that Isabella, who regarded Theodore as attentively as he gazed on Matilda, soon divined who the object was that he had told her in the cave engaged his affections. While this mute scene passed, Hippolita demanded of Frederic the cause of his having taken that mysterious course for reclaiming his daughter; and threw in various apologies to excuse her lord for the match contracted between their children. Frederic, however incensed against Manfred, was not insensible to the courtesy and benevolence of Hippolita; but he was still more struck with the lovely form of Matilda. Wishing to detain them

by his bed-side, he informed Hippolita of his story. He told her, that, while prisoner to the infidel, he had dreamed that his daughter, of whom he had learned no news since his captivity, was detained in a castle, where she was in danger of the most dreadful misfortunes; and that if he obtained his liberty, and repaired to a wood near Joppa, he would learn more. Alarmed at this dream, and incapable of obeying the direction given by it, his chains became more grievous than ever. But while his thoughts were occupied on the means of obtaining his liberty, he received the agreeable news that the confederate princes, who were warring in Palestine, had paid his ransom. He instantly set out for the wood that had been marked in his dream. For three days he and his attendants had wandered in the forest without seeing a human form; but on the evening of the third they came to a cell, in which they found a venerable hermit in the agonies of death. Applying rich cordials, they brought the saint-like man to his speech. "My sons," said he, "I am bounden to your charity—but it is in vain—I am going to my eternal rest—yet I die with the satisfaction of performing the will of heaven. When first I repaired to this solitude, after seeing my country become a prey to unbelievers—it is, alas! above fifty years since I was witness to that dreadful scene! St Nicholas appeared to me, and revealed a secret, which he bade me never disclose to mortal man, but on my death-bed. This is that tremendous hour, and ye are no doubt the chosen warriors to whom I was ordered to reveal my trust. As soon as ye have done the last offices to this wretched corse, dig under the seventh tree on the left hand of this poor cave, and your pains will——Oh! good heaven receive my soul!" With those words the devout man breathed his last.—"By break of day," continued Frederic, "when we had committed the holy relics to earth, we dug according to direction; but what was our astonishment, when about the depth of six feet we discovered an enormous sabre—the very weapon yonder in the court. On the blade, which was then partly out of the scabbard, though since closed by our efforts in removing it, were written the following lines——No; excuse me, madam," added the Marquis, turning to Hippolita, "if I forbear to repeat them. I respect your sex and rank, and would not be guilty of offending your ear with sounds injurious to aught that is dear to you."

He paused. Hippolita trembled. She did not doubt but Frederic was destined by heaven to accomplish the fate that seemed to threaten her house. Looking with anxious fondness at Matilda, a silent tear stole down her cheek; but recollecting herself, she said, "Proceed, my lord—Heaven does nothing in vain—Mortals must receive its divine behests with lowliness and submission. It is our part to deprecate its wrath, or bow to its decrees. Repeat the sentence, my lord; we listen resigned." Frederic was grieved that he had proceeded so far. The dignity and patient firmness of Hippolita penetrated him with respect; and the tender silent affection with which the Princess and her daughter regarded each other, melted him almost to tears. Yet apprehensive that his forbearance to obey would be more alarming, he repeated, in a faultering and low voice, the following lines:—

"Where'er a casque that suits this sword is found,
With perils is thy daughter compass'd round;
Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid,
And quiet a long restless Prince's shade."

"What is there in these lines," said Theodore, impatiently, "that affects these princesses? Why were they to be shocked by a mysterious delicacy, that has so little foundation?"—"Your words are rude, young man," said the Marquis; "and though fortune has favoured you once——" "My honoured lord," said Isabella, who resented Theodore's warmth, which she perceived was dictated by his sentiments for Matilda, "discompose not yourself for the glosing of a peasant's son; he forgets the reverence he owes you; but he is not accustomed——"

Hippolita, concerned at the heat that had arisen, checked Theodore for his boldness, but with an air acknowledging his zeal; and changing the conversation, demanded of Frederic where he had left her lord? As the Marquis was going to reply, they heard a noise without; and rising to inquire the cause, Manfred, Jerome, and part of the troop, who had met an imperfect rumour of what had happened, entered the chamber. Manfred advanced hastily towards Frederic's bed, to condole with him on his misfortune, and to learn the circumstances of the combat; when, starting in an agony of terror and amazement, he cried, "Ha! what art thou? Thou dreadful spectre! Is my hour come?"—"My dearest, gracious lord," cried Hippolita, clasping him in her arms, "what is it you see?—Why do you fix your eye-balls thus?"—"What!" cried Manfred, breathless, "Dost thou see nothing, Hippolita?—Is this ghastly phantom sent to me alone?—To me, who did not——" "For mercy's sweetest self, my lord," said Hippolita, "resume your soul—command your reason. There are none here, but us, your friends."—"What, is not that Alfonso?" cried Manfred. "Dost thou not see him? Can it be my brain's delirium?"—"This, my lord," said Hippolita, "this is Theodore, the youth who has been so unfortunate—" "Theodore!" said Manfred, mournfully, and striking his forehead—"Theodore, or a phantom, he has unhinged the soul of Manfred. But how comes he here?—and how comes he in armour?"—"I believe he went in search of Isabella," said Hippolita.—

"Of Isabella!" said Manfred, relapsing into rage. "Yes, yes; that is not doubtful. But how did he escape from durance, in which I left him? Was it Isabella, or this hypocritical old friar, that procured his enlargement?"—"And would a parent be criminal, my lord," said Theodore, "if he meditated the deliverance of his child?"

Jerome, amazed to hear himself in a manner accused by his son, and without foundation, knew not what to think. He could not comprehend how Theodore had escaped—how he came to be armed, and to encounter Frederic. Still he would not venture to ask any questions that might tend to inflame Manfred's wrath against his son. Jerome's silence convinced Manfred that he had contrived Theodore's release. "And is it thus, thou ungrateful old man," said the Prince, addressing himself to the friar, "that thou repayest mine and Hippolita's bounties? And not content with traversing my heart's nearest wishes, thou armest thy bastard, and bringest him into my own castle to insult me!"—"My lord," said Theodore, "you wrong my father. Nor he nor I are capable of harbouring a thought against your peace. Is it insolence thus to surrender myself to your highness's pleasure?" added he, laying his sword respectfully at Manfred's feet. "Behold my bosom. Strike, my lord, if you suspect that a disloyal thought is lodged there. There is not a sentiment engraven on my heart that does not venerate you and yours."

The grace and fervour with which Theodore uttered these words, interested every person present in his favour. Even Manfred was touched; yet still possessed with his resemblance to Alfonso, his admiration was dashed with secret horror. "Rise," said he, "thy life is not my present purpose. But tell me thy history, and how thou camest connected with this old traitor here."—"My lord," said Jerome, eagerly——"Peace, impostor!" said Manfred; "I will not have him prompted."—"My lord," said Theodore, "I want no assistance; my story is very brief. I was carried, at five years of age, to Algiers, with my mother, who had been taken by corsairs from the coast of Sicily. She died of grief, in less than a twelvemonth." The tears gushed from Jerome's eyes, on whose countenance a thousand anxious passions stood expressed. "Before she died," continued Theodore, "she bound a writing about my arm, under my garments, which told me I was the son of the Count Falconara."—"It is most true," said Jerome; "I am that wretched father."—"Again I enjoin thee silence," said Manfred. "Proceed."—"I remained in slavery," said Theodore, "until within these two years; when, attending on my master in his cruizes, I was delivered by a Christian vessel, which overpowered the pirate; and discovering myself to the captain, he generously put me on shore in Sicily. But alas! instead of finding a father, I learned that his estate, which was situated on the coast, had, during his absence, been laid waste by the rover who had carried my mother and me into captivity; that his castle had been burnt to the ground; and that my father, on his return, had sold what remained, and was retired into religion in the kingdom of Naples; but where, no man could inform me. Destitute and friendless, hopeless almost of attaining the transport of a parent's embrace, I took the first opportunity of setting sail for Naples; from whence, within these six days, I wandered into this province, still supporting myself by the labour of my hands; nor until yestermorn did I believe that Heaven had reserved any lot for me but peace of mind and contented poverty.—This, my lord, is Theodore's story. I am blessed beyond my hope in finding a father—I am unfortunate beyond my desert in having incurred your highness's displeasure." He ceased. A murmur of approbation gently arose from the audience. "This is not all," said Frederic; "I am bound in honour to add what he suppresses. Though he is modest, I must be generous. He is one of the bravest youths on Christian ground. He is warm, too; and from the short knowledge I have of him, I will pledge myself for his veracity. If what he reports of himself were not true, he would not utter it.—And for me, youth, I honour a frankness which becomes thy birth. But now, and thou didst offend me; yet the noble blood which flows in thy veins may well be allowed to boil out, when it has so recently traced itself to its source.—Come, my lord," turning to Manfred, "if I can pardon him, surely you may. It is not the youth's fault if you took him for a spectre." This bitter taunt galled the soul of Manfred. "If beings from another world," replied he, haughtily, "have power to impress my mind with awe, it is more than living man can do; nor could a stripling's arm——" "My lord," interrupted Hippolita, "your guest has occasion for repose; shall we not leave him to his rest?"

Saying this, and taking Manfred by the hand, she took leave of Frederic, and led the company forth. The Prince, not sorry to quit a conversation which recalled to mind the discovery he had made of his most secret sensations, suffered himself to be conducted to his own apartment, after permitting Theodore, though under engagement to return to the castle on the morrow, (a condition the young man gladly accepted,) to retire with his father to the convent. Matilda and Isabella were too much occupied with their own reflections, and too little content with each other, to wish for farther converse that night. They separated, each to her chamber, with more expressions of ceremony, and fewer of affection, than had passed between them since their childhood.

If they parted with small cordiality, they did

but meet with greater impatience, as soon as the sun was risen. Their minds were in a situation that excluded sleep; and each recollected a thousand questions which she wished she had put to the other overnight. Matilda reflected that Isabella had been twice delivered by Theodore in very critical situations, which she could not believe accidental. His eyes, it was true, had been fixed on her in Frederic's chamber, but that might have been to disguise his passion for Isabella from the fathers of both. It were better to clear this up. She wished to know the truth, lest she should wrong her friend by entertaining a passion for Isabella's lover. Thus jealousy prompted, and at the same borrowed an excuse from friendship to justify its curiosity.

Isabella, not less restless, had better foundation for her suspicions. Both Theodore's tongue and eyes had told her his heart was engaged—it was true—yet perhaps Matilda might not correspond to his passion—she had ever appeared insensible to love. All her thoughts were set on heaven. "Why did I dissuade her?" said Isabella to herself. "I am punished for my generosity—But when did they meet?—Where?—It cannot be. I have deceived myself—perhaps last night was the first time they ever beheld each other—it must be some other object that has prepossessed his affections. If it is, I am not so unhappy as I thought; if it is not my friend Matilda—How! can I stoop to wish for the affection of a man who rudely and unnecessarily acquainted me with his indifference? and that at the very moment in which common courtesy demanded at least expressions of civility? I will go to my dear Matilda, who will confirm me in this becoming pride—Man is false—I will advise with her on taking the veil. She will rejoice to find me in this disposition; and I will acquaint her that I no longer oppose her inclination for the cloister."—In this frame of mind, and determined to open her heart entirely to Matilda, she went to that princess's chamber, whom she found already dressed, and leaning pensively on her arm. This attitude, so correspondent to what she felt herself, revived Isabella's suspicions, and destroyed the confidence she had purposed to place in her friend. They blushed at meeting, and were too much novices to disguise their sensations with address. After some unmeaning questions and replies, Matilda demanded of Isabella the cause of her flight? The latter, who had almost forgotten Manfred's passion, so entirely was she occupied by her own, concluding that Matilda referred to her last escape from the convent, which had occasioned the events of the preceding evening, replied, "Martelli brought word to the convent that your mother was dead."—"Oh!" said Matilda, interrupting her, "Bianca has explained that mistake to me. On seeing me faint, she cried out, the Princess is dead! and Martelli who had come for the usual dole to the castle—" "And what made you faint?" said Isabella, indifferent to the rest. Matilda blushed, and stammered,—"My father—he was sitting in judgment on a criminal."—"What criminal?" said Isabella, eagerly.—"A young man," said Matilda—"I believe—I think it was that young man that—"—"What, Theodore?" said Isabella.—"Yes," answered she; "I never saw him before; I do not know how he had offended my father; but as he has been of service to you, I am glad my lord has pardoned him."—"Served me?" replied Isabella; "do you term it serving me, to wound my father, and almost occasion his death! Though it is but since yesterday that I am blessed with knowing a parent, I hope Matilda does not think I am such a stranger to filial tenderness as not to resent the boldness of that audacious youth, and that it is impossible for me ever to feel any affection for one who dared to lift his arm against the author of my being. No, Matilda, my heart abhors him; and if you still retain the friendship for me that you have vowed from your infancy, you will detest a man who has been on the point of making me miserable for ever."—Matilda held down her head, and replied, "I hope my dearest Isabella does not doubt her Matilda's friendship. I never beheld that youth until yesterday; he is almost a stranger to me. But as the surgeons have pronounced your father out of danger, you ought not to harbour uncharitable resentment against one, who, I am persuaded, did not know the Marquis was related to you."—"You plead his cause very pathetically," said Isabella, "considering he is so much a stranger to you! I am mistaken, or he returns your charity."—"What mean you?" said Matilda.—"Nothing," said Isabella, repenting that she had given Matilda a hint of Theodore's inclination for her. Then changing the discourse, she asked Matilda what occasioned Manfred to take Theodore for a spectre?—"Bless me," said Matilda, "did you not observe his extreme resemblance to the portrait of Alfonso in the gallery? I took notice of it to Bianca even before I saw him in armour; but, with the helmet on, he is the very image of that picture."—"I do not much observe pictures," said Isabella; "much less have I examined this young man so attentively as you seem to have done. Ah, Matilda, your heart is in danger!—But let me warn you as a friend—he has owned to me that he is in love; it cannot be with you, for yesterday was the first time you ever met.—Was it not?"—"Certainly," replied Matilda; "but why does my dearest Isabella conclude from any thing I have said, that"—she paused—then continuing; "He saw you first, and I am far from having the vanity to think that my little portion of charms could engage a heart devoted to you. May you be happy, Isabella, whatever is the fate of Matilda!"—"My

lovely friend," said Isabella, whose heart was too honest to resist a kind expression, "it is you that Theodore admires; I saw it; I am persuaded of it; nor shall a thought of my own happiness suffer me to interfere with yours."—This frankness drew tears from the gentle Matilda; and jealousy, that for a moment had raised a coolness between these amiable maidens, soon gave way to the natural sincerity and candour of their souls. Each confessed to the other the impression that Theodore had made on her, and this confidence was followed by a struggle of generosity, each insisting on yielding her claim to her friend. At length, the dignity of Isabella's virtue reminding her of the preference which Theodore had almost declared for her rival, made her determine to conquer her passion, and cede the beloved object to her friend.

During this contest of amity, Hippolita entered her daughter's chamber. "Madam," said she to Isabella, "you have so much tenderness for Matilda, and interest yourself so kindly in whatever affects our wretched house, that I can have no secrets with my child, which are not proper for you to hear." The princesses were all attention and anxiety. "Know then, madam," continued Hippolita, "and you, my dearest Matilda, that being convinced by all the events of these two last ominous days, that Heaven purposes the sceptre of Otranto should pass from Manfred's hands into those of the Marquis Frederic, I have been perhaps inspired with the thought of averting our total destruction by the union of our rival houses. With this view I have been proposing to Manfred, my lord, to tender this dear, dear child to Frederic, your father."—"Me to Lord Frederic!" cried Matilda; "good heavens! my gracious mother—And have you named it to my father?"—"I have," said Hippolita. "He listened benignly to my proposal, and is gone to break it to the Marquis."—"Ah, wretched Princess!" cried Isabella, "what hast thou done? what ruin has thy inadvertent goodness been preparing for thyself, for me, and for Matilda?" "Ruin from me to you and to my child!" said Hippolita; "what can this mean?"—"Alas!" said Isabella, "the purity of your own heart prevents your seeing the depravity of others. Manfred, your lord, that impious man——" "Hold," said Hippolita, "you must not, in my presence, young lady, mention Manfred with disrespect; he is my lord and husband, and——" "Will not long be so," said Isabella, "if his wicked purposes can be carried into execution."—"This language amazes me," said Hippolita. "Your feeling, Isabella, is warm; but until this hour I never knew it betray you into intemperance. What deed of Manfred authorizes you to treat him as a murderer, an assassin?"—"Thou virtuous, and too credulous Princess!" replied Isabella; "it is not thy life he aims at—it is to separate himself from thee! to divorce thee! to——" "To divorce me!"—"To divorce my mother!" cried Hippolita and Matilda at once.—"Yes," said Isabella; "and to complete his crime, he meditates—I cannot speak it!"—"What can surpass what thou hast already uttered?" said Matilda. Hippolita was silent. Grief choaked her speech; and the recollection of Manfred's late ambiguous discourses confirmed what she heard. "Excellent, dear lady! Madam! Mother!" cried Isabella, flinging herself at Hippolita's feet in a transport of passion; "trust me, believe me, I will die a thousand deaths sooner than consent to injure you, than yield to so odious——" "Oh, this is too much!" cried Hippolita. "What crimes does one crime suggest! Rise, dear Isabella, I do not doubt your virtue. Oh, Matilda, this stroke is too heavy for thee! Weep not, my child; and not a murmur, I charge thee. Remember, he is *thy* father still."—"But you are my mother too," said Matilda, fervently, "and *you* are virtuous, *you* are guiltless!—Oh, must not I, must not I complain?"—"You must not," said Hippolita—"Come, all will be well. Manfred, in the agony for the loss of thy brother, knew not what he said; perhaps Isabella misunderstood him; his heart is good—and, my child, thou knowest not all! There is a destiny hangs over us; the hand of Providence is stretched out—Oh, could I but save thee from the wreck?—Yes," continued she, in a firmer tone, "perhaps the sacrifice of myself may atone for all—I will go and offer myself to this divorce—it boots not what becomes of me. I will withdraw into the neighbouring monastery, and waste the remainder of life in prayers and tears for my child and—the Prince!"—"Thou art as much too good for this world," said Isabella, "as Manfred is execrable—But think not, lady, that thy weakness shall determine for me. I swear, hear me all ye angels——" "Stop, I adjure thee," cried Hippolita; "remember thou dost not depend on thyself; thou hast a father."—"My father is too pious, too noble," interrupted Isabella, "to command an impious deed. But should he command it, can a father enjoin a cursed act? I was contracted to the son, can I wed the father?—No, madam, no; force should not drag me to Manfred's hated bed. I loath him, I abhor him; divine and human laws forbid—and my friend, my dearest Matilda! would I wound her tender soul by injuring her adored mother? my own mother—I never have known another."—"Oh, she is the mother of both!" cried Matilda. "Can we, can we, Isabella, adore her too much?"—"My lovely children," said the touched Hippolita, "your tenderness overpowers me—but I must not give way to it. It is not ours to make election for ourselves; heaven, our fathers, and our husbands, must decide for us. Have patience until you hear what Manfred and Frederic have determined. If the Mar-

quis accepts Matilda's hand, I know she will readily obey. Heaven may interpose and prevent the rest.—What means my child?" continued she, seeing Matilda fall at her feet with a flood of speechless tears—"but no; answer me not, my daughter; I must not hear a word against the pleasure of thy father."—"Oh, doubt not my obedience, my dreadful obedience to him and to you!" said Matilda. "But can I, most respected of women, can I experience all this tenderness, this world of goodness, and conceal a thought from the best of mothers?"—"What art thou going to utter?" said Isabella, trembling. "Recollect thyself, Matilda."—"No, Isabella," said the princess, "I should not deserve this incomparable parent, if the inmost recesses of my soul harboured a thought without her permission—nay, I have offended her; I have suffered a passion to enter my heart without her avowal—but here I disclaim it; here I vow to heaven and her——" "My child! my child!" said Hippolita, "what words are these? what new calamities has fate in store for us? Thou, a passion! thou, in this hour of destruction!"—"Oh, I see all my guilt!" said Matilda. "I abhor myself, if I cost my mother a pang. She is the dearest thing I have on earth.—Oh, I will never, never behold him more!"—"Isabella," said Hippolita, "thou art conscious to this unhappy secret, whatever it is—Speak."—"What!" cried Matilda, "have I so forfeited my mother's love, that she will not permit me even to speak my own guilt? Oh, wretched, wretched Matilda!"—"Thou art too cruel," said Isabella to Hippolita. "Canst thou behold this anguish of a virtuous mind, and not commiserate it?"—"Not pity my child!" said Hippolita, catching Matilda in her arms. "Oh! I know she is good, she is all virtue, all tenderness, and duty. I do forgive thee, my excellent, my only hope!"—The princesses then revealed to Hippolita their mutual inclination for Theodore, and the purpose of Isabella to resign him to Matilda. Hippolita blamed their imprudence, and shewed them the improbability that either father would consent to bestow his heiress on so poor a man, though nobly born. Some comfort it gave her to find their passion of so recent a date, and that Theodore had had but little cause to suspect it in either. She strictly enjoined them to avoid all correspondence with him. This Matilda fervently promised; but Isabella, who flattered herself that she meant no more than to promote his union with her friend, could not determine to avoid him, and made no reply. "I will go to the convent," said Hippolita, "and order new masses to be said for a deliverance from these calamities."—"Oh! my mother," said Matilda, "you mean to quit us: you mean to take sanctuary, and to give my father an opportunity of pursuing his fatal intention. Alas! on my knees I supplicate you to forbear.—Will you leave me a prey to Frederic? I will follow you to the convent."—"Be at peace, my child," said Hippolita; "I will return instantly. I will never abandon thee, until I know it is the will of heaven, and for thy benefit."—"Do not deceive me," said Matilda. "I will not marry Frederic until thou commandest it.—Alas! what will become of me?"—"Why that exclamation?" said Hippolita. "I have promised thee to return."—"Ah, my mother," replied Matilda, "stay and save me from myself. A frown from thee can do more than all my father's severity. I have given away my heart, and you alone can make me reveal it."—"No more," said Hippolita; "thou must not relapse, Matilda."—"I can quit Theodore," said she, "but must I wed another; let me attend thee to the altar, and shut myself from the world for ever."—"Thy fate depends on thy father," said Hippolita; "I have ill bestowed my tenderness, if it has taught thee to revere aught beyond him. Adieu! my child: I go to pray for thee."

Hippolita's real purpose was to demand of Jerome, whether in conscience she might not consent to the divorce. She had oft urged Manfred to resign the principality, which the delicacy of her conscience rendered an hourly burden to her. These scruples concurred to make the separation from her husband appear less dreadful to her, than it would have seemed in any other situation.

Jerome, at quitting the castle overnight, had questioned Theodore severely why he had accused him to Manfred of being privy to his escape. Theodore owned it had been with design to prevent Manfred's suspicion from alighting on Matilda; and added, the holiness of Jerome's life and character secured him from the tyrant's wrath. Jerome was heartily grieved to discover his son's inclination for that princess; and leaving him to his rest, promised in the morning to acquaint him with important reasons for conquering his passion. Theodore, like Isabella, was too recently acquainted with parental authority to submit to its decisions against the impulse of his heart. He had little curiosity to learn the prior's reasons, and less disposition to obey them. The lovely Matilda had made stronger impressions on him than filial affection. All night he pleased himself with visions of love; and it was not till late after the morning-office, that he recollected the friar's commands to attend him at Alfonso's tomb.

"Young man," said Jerome, when he saw him, "this tardiness does not please me. Have a father's commands already so little weight?" Theodore made awkward excuses, and attributed his delay to having overslept himself. "And on whom were thy dreams employed?" said the friar, sternly. His son blushed. "Come, come," resumed the friar, "inconsiderate youth, this must not be: eradicate this guilty passion from

thy breast."—"Guilty passion!" cried Theodore; "can guilt dwell with innocent beauty and virtuous modesty?"—"It is sinful," replied the friar, "to cherish those whom heaven has doomed to destruction. A tyrant's race must be swept from the earth to the third and fourth generation."—"Will heaven visit the innocent for the crimes of the guilty?" said Theodore. "The fair Matilda has virtues enough—to undo thee," interrupted Jerome. "Hast thou so soon forgotten that twice the savage Manfred has pronounced thy sentence?"—"Nor have I forgotten, sir," said Theodore, "that the charity of his daughter delivered me from his power. I can forget injuries, but never benefits."—"The injuries thou hast received from Manfred's race," said the friar, "are beyond what thou canst conceive.—Reply not, but view this holy image! Beneath this marble monument rest the ashes of the good Alfonso; a prince adorned with every virtue; the father of his people, the delight of mankind: Kneel, head-strong boy, and list, while a father unfolds a tale of horror, that will expel every sentiment from thy soul, but sensations of sacred vengeance—Alfonso, much injured prince, let thy unsatisfied shade sit awful on the troubled air, while these trembling lips—ha! who comes there?"—"The most wretched of women," said Hippolita, entering the choir. "Good father, art thou at leisure?——but why this kneeling youth? what means the horror imprinted on each countenance? why at this venerable tomb—alas! hast thou seen aught?"—"We were pouring forth our orisons to heaven," replied the friar with some confusion, "to put an end to the woes of this deplorable province. Join with us, lady; thy spotless soul may obtain an exemption from the judgments which the portents of these days but too speakingly denounce against thy house."—"I pray fervently to heaven to divert them," said the pious Princess. "Thou knowest it has been the occupation of my life to wrest a blessing for my lord and my harmless children—One, alas! is taken from me; would heaven but hear me for my poor Matilda! Father, intercede for her!"—"Every heart will bless her," cried Theodore, with rapture.—"Be dumb, rash youth," said Jerome. "And thou, fond Princess, contend not with the powers above; the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away: Bless his holy name, and submit to his decrees."—"I do most devoutly," said Hippolita; "but will he not spare my only comfort; must Matilda perish too?—Ah! father, I came—but dismiss thy son. No ear but thine must hear what I have to utter."—"May heaven grant thy every wish, most excellent Princess!" said Theodore retiring. Jerome frowned.

Hippolita then acquainted the friar with the proposal she had suggested to Manfred, his approbation of it, and the tender of Matilda that he was gone to make to Frederic. Jerome could not conceal his dislike of the motion, which he covered under pretence of the improbability that Frederic, the nearest of blood to Alfonso, and who was come to claim his succession, would yield to an alliance with the usurper of his right. But nothing could equal the perplexity of the friar, when Hippolita confessed her readiness not to oppose the separation, and demanded his opinion on the legality of her acquiescence. The friar catched eagerly at her request of his advice, and without explaining his aversion to the proposed marriage of Manfred and Isabella, he painted to Hippolita, in the most alarming colours, the sinfulness of her consent, denounced judgments against her if she complied, and enjoined her in the severest terms to treat any such proposition with every mark of indignation and refusal.

Manfred, in the mean time, had broken his purpose to Frederic, and proposed the double marriage. That weak prince, who had been struck with the charms of Matilda, listened but too eagerly to the offer. He forgot his enmity to Manfred, whom he saw but little hope of dispossessing by force; and flattering himself that no issue might succeed from the union of his daughter with the tyrant, he looked upon his own succession to the principality as facilitated by wedding Matilda. He made faint opposition to the proposal; affecting, for form only, not to acquiesce unless Hippolita should consent to the divorce. Manfred took that upon himself. Transported with his success, and impatient to see himself in a situation to expect sons, he hastened to his wife's apartment, determined to extort her compliance. He learned with indignation that she was absent at the convent. His guilt suggested to him that she had probably been informed by Isabella of his purpose. He doubted whether her retirement to the convent did not import an intention of remaining there, until she could raise obstacles to their divorce; and the suspicions he had already entertained of Jerome, made him apprehend that the friar would not only traverse his views, but might have inspired Hippolita with the resolution of taking sanctuary. Impatient to unravel this clue, and to defeat its success, Manfred hastened to the convent, and arrived there as the friar was earnestly exhorting the Princess never to yield to the divorce.

"Madam," said Manfred, "what business drew you hither? why did you not await my return from the Marquis?"—"I came to implore a blessing on your councils," replied Hippolita.—"My councils do not need a friar's intervention," said Manfred; "and of all men living is that hoary traitor the only one whom you delight to confer with?"—"Profane Prince!" said Jerome; "is it at the altar thou choosest to insult the servants of the altar?—but, Manfred, thy impious schemes are known. Heaven and this virtuous lady know them—Nay, frown not, Prince; the church despises thy menaces.

Her thunders will be heard above thy wrath. Dare to proceed in thy curst purpose of a divorce, until her sentence be known, and here I lance her anathema at thy head."—"Audacious rebel!" said Manfred, endeavouring to conceal the awe with which the friar's words inspired him; "dost thou presume to threaten thy lawful prince?"—"Thou art no lawful prince," said Jerome; "thou art no prince—go, discuss thy claim with Frederic; and when that is done—" "It is done," replied Manfred; "Frederic accepts Matilda's hand, and is content to waive his claim, unless I have no male issue." As he spoke those words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alfonso's statue. Manfred turned pale, and the Princess sunk on her knees. "Behold!" said the friar; "mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso will never mix with that of Manfred!"—"My gracious lord," said Hippolita, "let us submit ourselves to heaven. Think not thy ever obedient wife rebels against thy authority. I have no will but that of my lord and the church. To that revered tribunal let us appeal. It does not depend on us to burst the bonds that unite us. If the church shall approve the dissolution of our marriage, be it so—I have but few years, and those of sorrow, to pass. Where can they be worn away so well as at the foot of this altar, in prayers for thine and Matilda's safety?"—"But thou shalt not remain here until then," said Manfred—"Repair with me to the castle, and there I will advise on the proper measures for a divorce; but this meddling friar comes not thither; my hospitable roof shall never more harbour a traitor.—And for thy reverence's offspring," continued he, "I banish him from my dominions. He, I ween, is no sacred personage, nor under the protection of the church. Whoever weds Isabella, it shall not be Father Falconara's started-up son."—"They start up," said the friar, "who are suddenly beheld in the seat of lawful princes; but they wither away like the grass, and their place knows them no more."—Manfred, casting a look of scorn at the friar, led Hippolita forth, but, at the door of the church, whispered one of his attendants to remain concealed about the convent, and bring him instant notice if any one from the castle should repair thither.

CHAP. V.

Every reflection which Manfred made on the friar's behaviour, conspired to persuade him that Jerome was privy to an amour between Isabella and Theodore. But Jerome's new presumption, so dissonant from his former meekness, suggested still deeper apprehensions: the Prince even suspected that the friar depended on some secret support from Frederic, whose arrival coinciding with the novel appearance of Theodore, seemed to bespeak a correspondence. Still more was he troubled with the resemblance of Theodore to Alfonso's portrait. The latter he knew had unquestionably died without issue. Frederic had consented to bestow Isabella on him. These contradictions agitated his mind with numberless pangs. He saw but two methods of extricating himself from his difficulties. The one was to resign his dominions to the Marquis. Pride, ambition, and his reliance on ancient prophecies, which had pointed out a possibility of his preserving them to his posterity, combated that thought. The other was to press his marriage with Isabella. After long ruminating on these anxious thoughts, as he marched silently with Hippolita to the castle, he at last discoursed with that princess on the subject of his disquiet, and used every insinuating and plausible argument to extract her consent to, even her promise of promoting, the divorce. Hippolita needed little persuasions to bend her to his pleasure. She endeavoured to win him over to the measure of resigning his dominions; but finding her exhortations fruitless, she assured him, that as far as her conscience would allow, she would raise no opposition to a separation, though without better founded scruples than what he yet alleged, she would not engage to be active in demanding it.

This compliance, though inadequate, was sufficient to raise Manfred's hopes. He trusted that his power and wealth would easily advance his suit at the court of Rome, whither he resolved to engage Frederic to take a journey on purpose. That prince had discovered so much passion for Matilda, that Manfred hoped to obtain all he wished by holding out or withdrawing his daughter's charms, according as the Marquis should appear more or less disposed to co-operate in his views. Even the absence of Frederic would be a material point gained, until he could take further measures for his security.

Dismissing Hippolita to her apartment, he repaired to that of the Marquis; but crossing the great hall through which he was to pass, he met Bianca. The damsel he knew was in the confidence of both the young ladies. It immediately occurred to him to sift her on the subject of Isabella and Theodore. Calling her aside into the recess of the oriel window of the hall, and soothing her with many fair words and promises, he demanded of her whether she knew aught of the state of Isabella's affections. "I! my lord! no, my lord!—yes, my lord—poor lady! she is wonderfully alarmed about her father's wounds; but I tell her he will do well,—don't your highness think so?"—"I do not ask you," replied Manfred, "what she thinks about her father: but you are in her secrets; come, be a good girl, and tell me; is there any young man—ha!—you understand me?"—"Lord bless

me! understand your highness, no, not I. I told her a few vulnerary herbs and repose"—"I am not talking," replied the Prince impatiently, "about her father; I know he will do well."—"Bless me, I rejoice to hear your highness say so; for though I thought it not right to let my young lady despond, methought his greatness had a wan look, and a something—I remember when young Ferdinand was wounded by the Venetian——" "Thou answerest from the point," interrupted Manfred; "but here, take this jewel, perhaps that may fix thy attention—nay, no reverences; my favour shall not stop here—Come, tell me truly, how stands Isabella's heart?"—"Well! your highness has such a way," said Bianca, "to be sure—but can your highness keep a secret? If it should ever come out of your lips——" "It shall not, it shall not," cried Manfred—"Nay, but swear, your highness: by my halidame, if it should ever be known that I said it——why, truth is truth, I do not think my lady Isabella ever much affectioned my young lord your son—yet he was a sweet youth as one should see. I am sure, if I had been a princess—but bless me! I must attend my lady Matilda; she will marvel what is become of me."—"Stay," cried Manfred, "thou hast not satisfied my question. Hast thou ever carried any message, any letter?"—"I! good gracious!" cried Bianca; "I carry a letter! I would not to be a queen. I hope your highness thinks, though I am poor, I am honest. Did your highness never hear what Count Marsigli offered me, when he came a wooing to my lady Matilda?"—"I have not leisure," said Manfred, "to listen to thy tales. I do not question thy honesty; but it is thy duty to conceal nothing from me. How long has Isabella been acquainted with Theodore?"—"Nay, there is nothing can escape your highness!" said Bianca; "not that I know any thing of the matter. Theodore, to be sure, is a proper young man, and, as my lady Matilda says, the very image of good Alfonso; has not your highness remarked it?"—"Yes, yes—no—thou torturest me," said Manfred: "Where did they meet? when?"—"Who! my lady Matilda?" said Bianca.—"No, no, not Matilda—Isabella. When did Isabella first become acquainted with this Theodore?"—"Virgin Mary!" said Bianca, "how should I know?"—"Thou dost know," said Manfred; "and I must know; I will."—"Lord! your highness is not jealous of young Theodore?" said Bianca.—"Jealous! No, no: why should I be jealous?—perhaps I mean to unite them; if I were sure Isabella would have no repugnance."—"Repugnance! no, I'll warrant her," said Bianca; "he is as comely a youth as ever trod on Christian ground. We are all in love with him; there is not a soul in the castle but would be rejoiced to have him for our prince—I mean, when it shall please heaven to call your highness to itself."—"Indeed!" said Manfred, "has it gone so far?—oh! this cursed friar!—but I must not lose time—go, Bianca, attend Isabella; but I charge thee, not a word of what has passed. Find out how she is affected towards Theodore; bring me good news, and that ring has a companion. Wait at the foot of the winding stair-case; I am going to visit the Marquis, and will talk farther with thee at my return."

Manfred, after some general conversation, desired Frederic to dismiss the two knights his companions, having to talk with him on urgent affairs. As soon as they were alone, he began, in artful guise, to sound the Marquis on the subject of Matilda; and finding him disposed to his wish, he let drop hints on the difficulties that would attend the celebration of their marriage, unless—at that instant Bianca burst into the room with a wildness in her look and gestures that spoke the utmost terror. "Oh! my lord, my lord!" cried she, "we are all undone! it is come again! it is come again!"—"What is come again?" cried Manfred, amazed.—"Oh! the hand! the giant! the hand!—support me! I am terrified out of my senses," cried Bianca. "I will not sleep in the castle to-night; where shall I go? my things may come after me to-morrow—would I had been content to wed Francesco! this comes of ambition!"—"What has terrified thee thus, young woman?" said the Marquis—"Thou art safe here; be not alarmed."—"Oh! your greatness is wonderfully good," said Bianca, "but I dare not—no, pray let me go—I had rather leave every thing behind me, than stay another hour under this roof."—"Go to, thou hast lost thy senses," said Manfred. "Interrupt us not; we were communing on important matters—My lord, this wench is subject to fits—Come with me, Bianca."—"Oh! the saints! no," said Bianca; "for certain it comes to warn your highness; why should it appear to me else? I say my prayers morning and evening. Oh! if your highness had believed Diego—'tis the same hand that he saw the foot to in the gallery-chamber. Father Jerome has often told us the prophecy would be out one of these days—'Bianca,' said he, 'mark my words'"—"Thou ravest," said Manfred, in a rage; "begone, and keep these fooleries to frighten thy companions."—"What! my lord," cried Bianca, "do you think I have seen nothing? go to the foot of the great stairs yourself—as I live I saw it."—"Saw what? tell us, fair maid, what thou hast seen," said Frederic.—"Can your highness listen," said Manfred, "to the delirium of a silly wench, who has heard stories of apparitions until she believes them?"—"This is more than fancy," said the Marquis; "her terror is too natural and too strongly impressed to be the work of imagination. Tell us, fair maiden, what it is has moved thee thus."—"Yes, my lord, thank your greatness," said Bianca; "I believe I look very pale; I shall be better when I have

recovered myself.—I was going to my lady Isabella's chamber by his highness's order"—"We do not want the circumstances," interrupted Manfred: "Since his highness will have it so, proceed; but be brief."—"Lord! your highness thwarts one so!" replied Bianca. "I fear my hair—I am sure I never in my life—well! as I was telling your greatness, I was going, by his highness's order, to my lady Isabella's chamber; she lies in the watchet-coloured chamber, on the right hand, one pair of stairs; so when I came to the great stairs—I was looking on his highness's present here—" "Grant me patience!" said Manfred, "will this wench never come to the point? What imports it to the Marquis that I gave thee a bauble for thy faithful attendance on my daughter? we want to know what thou sawest."—"I was going to tell your highness," said Bianca, "if you would permit me. So as I was rubbing the ring—I am sure I had not gone up three steps, but I heard the rattling of armour; for all the world such a clatter, as Diego says he heard when the giant turned him about in the gallery-chamber."—"What does she mean, my lord?" said the Marquis; "is your castle haunted by giants and goblins?"—"Lord! what, has not your greatness heard the story of the giant in the gallery-chamber?" cried Bianca; "I marvel his highness has not told you—mayhap you do not know there is a prophecy"—"This trifling is intolerable," interrupted Manfred. "Let us dismiss this silly wench, my lord; we have more important affairs to discuss."—"By your favour," said Frederic, "these are no trifles; "the enormous sabre I was directed to in the wood—yon casque, its fellow—are these visions of this poor maiden's brain?"—"So Jaquez thinks, may it please your greatness," said Bianca: "He says this moon will not be out without our seeing some strange revolution. For my part, I should not be surprised if it was to happen to-morrow; for, as I was saying, when I heard the clattering of armour, I was all in a cold sweat—I looked up and, if your greatness will believe me, I saw upon the uppermost bannister of the great stairs a hand in armour as big, as big—I thought I should have swooned—I never stopped until I came hither—Would I were well out of this castle! My lady Matilda told me but yester-morning that her highness Hippolita knows something."—"Thou art an insolent!" cried Manfred. "Lord Marquis, it much misgives me that this scene is concerted to affront me. Are my own domestics suborned to spread tales injurious to my honour? Pursue your claim by manly daring; or let us bury our feuds, as was proposed, by the intermarriage of our children: But trust me, it ill becomes a prince of your bearing to practise on mercenary wenches."—"I scorn your imputation," said Frederic: "Until this hour I never set eyes on this damsel—I have given her no jewel! My lord, my lord, your conscience, your guilt accuses you, and would throw the suspicion on me—but keep your daughter, and think no more of Isabella. The judgments already fallen on your house forbid me matching into it."

Manfred, alarmed at the resolute tone in which Frederic delivered these words, endeavoured to pacify him. Dismissing Bianca, he made such submissions to the Marquis, and threw in such artful encomiums on Matilda, that Frederic was once more staggered. However, as his passion was of so recent a date, it could not at once surmount the scruples he had conceived. He had gathered enough from Bianca's discourse to persuade him that Heaven declared itself against Manfred. The proposed marriages, too, removed his claim to a distance; and the principality of Otranto was a stronger temptation than the contingent reversion of it with Matilda. Still he would not absolutely recede from his engagements; but purposing to gain time, he demanded of Manfred if it was true in fact that Hippolita consented to the divorce. The Prince, transported to find no other obstacle, and depending on his influence over his wife, assured the Marquis it was so, and that he might satisfy himself of the truth from her own mouth.

As they were thus discoursing, word was brought that the banquet was prepared. Manfred conducted Frederic to the great hall, where they were received by Hippolita and the young princesses. Manfred placed the Marquis next to Matilda, and seated himself between his wife and Isabella. Hippolita comported herself with an easy gravity; but the young ladies were silent and melancholy. Manfred, who was determined to pursue his point with the Marquis in the remainder of the evening, pushed on the feast until it waxed late; affecting unrestrained gaiety, and plying Frederic with repeated goblets of wine. The latter, more upon his guard than Manfred wished, declined his frequent challenges, on pretence of his late loss of blood; while the Prince, to raise his own disordered spirits, and to counterfeit unconcern, indulged himself in plentiful draughts, though not to the intoxication of his senses.

The evening being far advanced, the banquet concluded. Manfred would have withdrawn with Frederic; but the latter, pleading weakness and want of repose, retired to his chamber, gallantly telling the Prince, that his daughter should amuse his highness until himself could attend him. Manfred accepted the party, and, to the no small grief of Isabella, accompanied her to her apartment. Matilda waited on her mother, to enjoy the freshness of the evening on the ramparts of the castle.

Soon as the company were dispersed their several ways, Frederic, quitting his chamber, inquired if Hippolita was alone, and was told by one of her attendants, who had not noticed her going forth, that at that hour she generally with-

drew to her oratory, where he probably would find her. The Marquis, during the repast, had beheld Matilda with increase of passion. He now wished to find Hippolita in the disposition her lord had promised. The portents that had alarmed him were forgotten in his desires. Stealing softly and unobserved to the apartment of Hippolita, he entered it with a resolution to encourage her acquiescence to the divorce, having perceived that Manfred was resolved to make the possession of Isabella an unalterable condition, before he would grant Matilda to his wishes.

The Marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the Princess's apartment. Concluding her, as he had been advertised, in her oratory, he passed on. The door was a-jar; the evening gloomy and overcast. Pushing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but one in a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed in prayer. The Marquis was about to return, when the figure rising, stood some moments fixed in meditation, without regarding him. The Marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his uncivil interruption, said, "Reverend father, I sought the lady Hippolita——" "Hippolita!" replied a hollow voice; "camest thou to this castle to seek Hippolita?" and then the figure, turning slowly round, discovered to Frederic the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton, wrapt in a hermit's cowl. "Angels of peace protect me!" cried Frederic, recoiling. "Deserve their protection!" said the spectre. Frederic, falling on his knees, adjured the phantom to take pity on him. "Dost thou not remember me?" said the apparition. "Remember the wood of Joppa!"—"Art thou that holy hermit?" cried Frederic, trembling—"Can I do aught for thy eternal peace?"—"Wast thou delivered from bondage," said the spectre, "to pursue carnal delights? Hast thou forgotten the buried sabre, and the behest of Heaven engraven on it?"—"I have not, I have not," said Frederic——"but say, blest spirit, what is thy errand to me? what remains to be done?"—"To forget Matilda!" said the apparition—and vanished.

Frederic's blood froze in his veins. For some minutes he remained motionless. Then falling prostrate on his face before the altar, he besought the intercession of every saint for pardon. A flood of tears succeeded to this transport; and the image of the beauteous Matilda rushing, in spite of him, on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a conflict of penitence and passion. Ere he could recover from this agony of his spirits, the Princess Hippolita, with a taper in her hand, entered the oratory alone. Seeing a man without motion on the floor, she gave a shriek, concluding him dead. Her fright brought Frederic to himself. Rising suddenly, his face bedewed with tears, he would have rushed from her presence, but Hippolita stopping him, conjured him, in the most plaintive accents, to explain the cause of his disorder, and by what strange chance she had found him there in that posture. "Ah, virtuous Princess!" said the Marquis, penetrated with grief—and stopped. "For the love of Heaven, my lord," said Hippolita, "disclose the cause of this transport; what mean these doleful sounds, this alarming exclamation on my name? What woes has Heaven still in store for the wretched Hippolita?——Yet silent! by every pitying angel, I adjure thee, noble prince," continued she, falling at his feet, "to disclose the purport of what lies at thy heart—I see thou feelest for me; thou feelest the sharp pangs that thou inflictest——speak for pity!—does aught thou knowest concern my child?"—"I cannot speak," cried Frederic, bursting from her—"Oh, Matilda!"

Quitting the Princess thus abruptly, he hastened to his own apartment. At the door of it he was accosted by Manfred, who, flushed by wine and love, had come to seek him, and to propose to waste some hours of the night in music and revelling. Frederic, offended at an invitation so dissonant from the mood of his soul, pushed him rudely aside, and, entering his chamber, flung the door intemperately against Manfred, and bolted it inwards. The haughty Prince, enraged at this unaccountable behaviour, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of the most fatal excesses. As he crossed the court, he was met by the domestic, whom he had planted at the convent as a spy on Jerome and Theodore. This man, almost breathless with the haste he had made, informed his lord, that Theodore, and some lady from the castle, were at that instant in private conference at the tomb of Alfonso, in St Nicholas's Church. He had dogged Theodore thither, but the gloominess of the night had prevented his discovering who the woman was.

Manfred, whose spirits were inflamed, and whom Isabella had driven from her on his urging his passion with too little reserve, did not doubt but the inquietude she had expressed had been occasioned by her impatience to meet Theodore. Provoked by this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he hastened secretly to the great church. Gliding softly between the aisles, and guided by an imperfect gleam of moonshine that shone faintly through the illuminated windows, he stole towards the tomb of Alfonso, to which he was directed by indistinct whispers of the persons he sought. The first sounds he could distinguish were,—"Does it, alas, depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union——"—"No, this shall prevent it!" cried the tyrant, drawing his dagger, and plunging it over her shoulder into the bosom of the person that spoke.—"Ah, me, I am slain!" cried Matilda, sinking. "Good heaven receive my soul!"—"Savage, inhuman monster, what hast thou done?" cried Theodore, rushing on him, and

wrenching his dagger from him.—"Stop, stop thy impious hand," cried Matilda; "it is my father!" Manfred, waking as from a trance, beat his breast, twisted his hands in his locks, and endeavoured to recover his dagger from Theodore to dispatch himself. Theodore, scarce less distracted, and only mastering the transports of his grief to assist Matilda, had now, by his cries, drawn some of the monks to his aid. While part of them endeavoured, in concert with the afflicted Theodore, to stop the blood of the dying princess, the rest prevented Manfred from laying violent hands on himself.

Matilda, resigning herself patiently to her fate, acknowledged, with looks of grateful love, the zeal of Theodore. Yet oft, as her faintness would permit her speech its way, she begged the assistants to comfort her father. Jerome, by this time, had learned the fatal news, and reached the church. His looks seemed to reproach Theodore; but turning to Manfred, he said, "Now, tyrant, behold the completion of woe fulfilled on thy impious and devoted head! The blood of Alfonso cried to Heaven for vengeance; and Heaven has permitted its altar to be polluted by assassination, that thou mightest shed thy own blood at the foot of that Prince's sepulchre!"—"Cruel man," cried Matilda, "to aggravate the woes of a parent! may Heaven bless my father, and forgive him as I do.—My lord, my gracious sire, dost thou forgive thy child? Indeed I came not hither to meet Theodore. I found him praying at this tomb, whither my mother sent me to intercede for thee, for her——dearest father, bless your child, and say you forgive her!"—"Forgive thee! murderous monster!" cried Manfred, "can assassins forgive? I took thee for Isabella; but Heaven directed my bloody hand to the heart of my child——oh, Matilda!—I cannot utter it—canst thou forgive the blindness of my rage?"—"I can! I do! and may Heaven confirm it!" said Matilda—"but while I have life to ask it—Oh, my mother! what will she feel!—will you comfort her, my lord? will you not put her away? Indeed she loves you—Oh, I am faint! bear me to the castle—Can I live to have her close my eyes?

Theodore and the monks besought her earnestly to suffer herself to be borne into the convent; but her instances were so pressing to be carried to the castle, that, placing her on a litter, they conveyed her thither as she requested. Theodore supporting her head with his arm, and hanging over her in an agony of despairing love, still endeavoured to inspire her with hopes of life. Jerome, on the other side, comforted her with discourses of Heaven, and holding a crucifix before her, which she bathed with innocent tears, prepared her for her passage to immortality. Manfred, plunged in the deepest affliction, followed the litter in despair.

Ere they reached the castle, Hippolita, informed of the dreadful catastrophe, had flown to meet her murdered child; but when she saw the afflicted procession, the mightiness of her grief deprived her of her senses, and she fell lifeless to the earth in a swoon. Isabella and Frederic, who attended her, were overwhelmed in almost equal sorrow. Matilda alone seemed insensible to her own situation. Every thought was lost in tenderness for her mother. Ordering the litter to stop, as soon as Hippolita was brought to herself, she asked for her father. He approached, unable to speak. Matilda, seizing his hand and her mother's, locked them in her own, and then clasped them to her heart. Manfred could not support this act of pathetic piety. He dashed himself on the ground, and cursed the day he was born. Isabella, apprehensive that these struggles of passion were more than Matilda could support, took upon herself to order Manfred to be borne to his apartment, while she caused Matilda to be conveyed to the nearest chamber. Hippolita, scarce more alive than her daughter, was regardless of every thing but her; but when the tender Isabella's care would have likewise removed her, while the surgeons examined Matilda's wound, she cried, "Remove me! never! never! I lived but in her, and will expire with her." Matilda raised her eyes at her mother's voice, but closed them again without speaking. Her sinking pulse and the damp coldness of her hand soon dispelled all hopes of recovery. Theodore followed the surgeons into the outer chamber, and heard them pronounce the fatal sentence with a transport equal to frenzy—"Since she cannot live mine," cried he, "at least she shall be mine in death!—Father! Jerome! will you not join our hands?" cried he to the friar, who, with the Marquis, had accompanied the surgeons. "What means thy distracted rashness?" said Jerome; "is this an hour for marriage?"—"It is, it is," cried Theodore, "alas, there is no other!"—"Young man, thou art too unadvised," said Frederic; "dost thou think we are to listen to thy fond transports in this hour of fate? what pretensions hast thou to the princess?"—"Those of a prince," said Theodore; "of the sovereign of Otranto. This reverend man, my father, has informed me who I am."—"Thou ravest," said the Marquis; "there is no Prince of Otranto but myself, now Manfred, by murder, by sacrilegious murder, has forfeited all pretensions."—"My lord," said Jerome, assuming an air of command, "he tells you true. It was not my purpose the secret should have been divulged so soon; but fate presses onward to its work. What his hot-headed passion has revealed, my tongue confirms. Know, prince, that when Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land—"—"Is this a season for explanations?" cried Theodore. "Father, come and unite me to the princess; she shall be mine—in every other thing I will dutifully obey you.—My life! my adored Matilda!" continued Theodore, rushing back into the inner chamber, "will you not be mine?

will you not bless your——" Isabella made signs to him to be silent, apprehending the princess was near her end. "What, is she dead?" cried Theodore; "is it possible?" The violence of his exclamations brought Matilda to herself. Lifting up her eyes, she looked around for her mother—"Life of my soul! I am here," cried Hippolita; "think not I will quit thee!"—"Oh, you are too good," said Matilda, "but weep not for me, my mother! I am going where sorrow never dwells—Isabella, thou hast loved me; wot thou not supply my fondness to this dear, dear woman?——indeed I am faint!"—"Oh, my child! my child!" said Hippolita, in a flood of tears, "can I not withhold thee a moment?"—"It will not be," said Matilda—"commend me to Heaven—where is my father? forgive him, dearest mother——forgive him my death; it was an error—Oh! I had forgotten—dearest mother, I vowed never to see Theodore more—perhaps that has drawn down this calamity—but it was not intentional—can you pardon me?"—"Oh, wound not my agonizing soul!" said Hippolita; "thou never couldst offend me—Alas, she faints! help! help!"—"I would say something more," said Matilda struggling,—"but it wonnot be——Isabella——Theodore——for my sake—Oh!—" she expired. Isabella and her women tore Hippolita from the corse; but Theodore threatened destruction to all who attempted to remove him from it. He printed a thousand kisses on her clay-cold hands, and uttered every expression that despairing love could dictate.

Isabella, in the meantime, was accompanying the afflicted Hippolita to her apartment; but, in the middle of the court they were met by Manfred, who, distracted with his own thoughts, and anxious once more to behold his daughter, was advancing to the chamber where she lay. As the moon was now at its height, he read in the countenances of this unhappy company the event he dreaded. "What! is she dead?" cried he in wild confusion.—A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind. Frederic and Jerome thought the last day was at hand. The latter, forcing Theodore along with them, rushed into the court. The moment Theodore appeared, the walls of the castle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. "Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso!" said the vision. And having pronounced those words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where the clouds, parting asunder, the form of St Nicholas was seen, and receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

The beholders fell prostrate on their faces, acknowledging the divine will. The first that broke silence was Hippolita. "My lord," said she to the desponding Manfred, "behold the vanity of human greatness! Conrad is gone! Matilda is no more! in Theodore we view the true Prince of Otranto. By what miracle he is so, I know not—suffice it to us, our doom is pronounced! Shall we not—can we but—dedicate the few deplorable hours we have to live, in deprecating the farther wrath of Heaven? Heaven ejects us,——whither can we fly, but to yon holy cells that yet offer us a retreat?"—"Thou guiltless but unhappy woman! unhappy by my crimes!" replied Manfred, "my heart at last is open to thy devout admonitions. Oh, could!—but it cannot be—ye are lost in wonder—let me at last do justice on myself! To heap shame on my own head is all the satisfaction I have left to offer to offended Heaven. My story has drawn down these judgments. Let my confession atone——but ah! what can atone for usurpation and a murdered child! a child murdered in a consecrated place!—List, sirs, and may this bloody record be a warning to future tyrants!

"Alfonso, ye all know, died in the Holy Land—ye would interrupt me; ye would say he came not fairly to his end—it is most true—why else this bitter cup which Manfred must drink to the dregs? Ricardo, my grandfather, was his chamberlain—I would draw a veil over my ancestor's crimes—but it is in vain! Alfonso died by poison! A fictitious will declared Ricardo his heir. His crimes pursued him—yet he lost no Conrad, no Matilda! I pay the price of usurpation for all! A storm overtook him. Haunted by his guilt, he vowed to St Nicholas to found a church and two convents, if he lived to reach Otranto. The sacrifice was accepted; the saint appeared to him in a dream, and promised that Ricardo's posterity should reign in Otranto, until the rightful owner should be grown too large to inhabit the castle, and as long as issue-male from Ricardo's loins should remain to enjoy it——Alas, alas! nor male nor female, except myself, remains of all his wretched race!——I have done——the woes of these three days speak the rest. How this young man can be Alfonso's heir, I know not—yet I do not doubt it. His are these dominions: I resign them—yet I knew not Alfonso had an heir—I question not the will of Heaven—poverty and prayer must fill up the woeful space, until Manfred shall be summoned to Ricardo."

"What remains is my part to declare," said Jerome. "When Alfonso set sail for the Holy Land, he was driven by a storm to the coast of Sicily. The other vessel, which bore Ricardo and his train, as your *Lordship* must have heard, was separated from him."—"It is most true," said Manfred; "and the title you give me is more than an outcast can claim—Well! be it so—proceed."—Jerome blushed, and continued. "For three months Lord Alfonso was windbound in Sicily. There he became enamoured of a fair virgin named Victoria. He was too

pious to tempt her to forbidden pleasures; they were married. Yet deeming this amour incongruous with the holy vow of arms by which he was bound, he determined to conceal their nuptials until his return from the Crusado, when he purposed to seek and acknowledge her for his lawful wife. He left her pregnant. During his absence she was delivered of a daughter; but scarce had she felt a mother's pangs, ere she heard the fatal rumour of her lord's death, and the succession of Ricardo. What could a friendless, helpless woman do? would her testimony avail?—Yet, my lord, I have an authentic writing——" "It needs not," said Manfred; "the horrors of these days, the vision we have but now seen—all corroborate thy evidence beyond a thousand parchments. Matilda's death and my expulsion——" "Be composed, my lord," said Hippolita; "this holy man did not mean to recal your griefs."—Jerome proceeded.

"I shall not dwell on what is needless. The daughter of which Victoria was delivered, was at her maturity bestowed in marriage on me. Victoria died; and the secret remained locked in my breast. Theodore's narrative has told the rest."

The friar ceased. The disconsolate company retired to the remaining part of the castle. In the morning Manfred signed his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippolita, and each took on them the habit of religion in the neighbouring convents. Frederic offered his daughter to the new Prince, which Hippolita's tenderness for Isabella concurred to promote. But Theodore's grief was too fresh to admit the thought of another love; and it was not until after frequent discourses with Isabella of his dear Matilda, that he was persuaded he could know no happiness but in the society of one, with whom he could for ever indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of his soul.

END OF THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

"Vathek" 1787 (Oliver)

THE

OLD ENGLISH BARON;

A GOTHIC STORY.

BY

CLARA REEVE.

DEDICATION.

TO

MRS BRIDGEN.

MADAM,

THIS new Edition of the ENGLISH BARON begs permission to acknowledge your patronage and protection, of which it has long since felt the advantages.

You cast an eye of favour upon his first appearance, under all the disadvantages of an incorrect and very faulty impression. You took him out of this degrading dress, and encouraged him to assume a graceful and ornamental habit.

You did still more for him. You took upon yourself the trouble to revise and correct the errors of the first impression; and, in short, you gave him all the graces necessary to solicit and obtain the notice and approbation of the public.

The Author cannot fully enjoy her success, without acknowledging from whence she in great measure derives it.

You, madam, as becomes the daughter of Richardson, are more solicitous to deserve the acknowledgments of a grateful heart, than to receive them. You have no reason to suspect me of flattery, but of vanity you may, in wishing to mention your name thus publicly as the patroness and friend of,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

CLARA REEVE.

Sept. 1, 1780.

PREFACE.

As this Story is of a species which, though not new, is out of the common track, it has been thought necessary to point out some circumstances to the reader which will elucidate the design, and, it is hoped, will induce him to form a favourable, as well as a right judgment of the work before him.

The Story is the literary offspring of the CASTLE OF OTRANTO, written upon the same plan, with a design to unite the most attractive and interesting circumstances of the ancient Romance and modern Novel, at the same time it assumes a character and manner of its own, that differs from both; it is distinguished by the appellation of a Gothic Story, being a picture of Gothic times and manners. Fictitious stories have been the delight of all times and all countries, by oral tradition in barbarous, by writing in more civilized ones; and although some persons of wit and learning have condemned them indiscriminately, I would venture to affirm, that even those who so much affect to despise them under one form, will receive and embrace them under another.

Thus, for instance, a man shall admire and almost adore the Epic poems of the Ancients, and yet despise and execrate the ancient Romances, which are only Epics in prose.

History represents human nature as it is in real life, alas, too often a melancholy retrospect! Romance displays only the amiable side of the picture; it shews the pleasing features, and throws a veil over the blemishes. Mankind are naturally pleased with what gratifies their vanity; and vanity, like all other passions of the human heart, may be rendered subservient to good and useful purposes.

I confess that it may be abused, and become an instrument to corrupt the manners and morals of mankind; so may poetry, so may plays, so may every kind of composition; but that will prove nothing more than the old saying lately revived by the philosophers, the most in fashion, "that every earthly thing has two handles."

The business of Romance is, first, to excite the attention; and, secondly, to direct it to some useful, or at least innocent, end. Happy the writer who attains both these points, like Richardson; and not unfortunate, or undeserving praise, he who gains only the latter, and furnishes out an entertainment for the reader.

Having in some degree opened my design, I beg leave to conduct my reader back again, till he comes within view of the Castle of Otranto; a work which, as already has been observed, is an attempt to unite the various merits and graces of the ancient Romance and modern Novel. To attain this end, there is required a sufficient degree of the marvellous, to excite attention; enough of the manners of real life, to give an air of probability to the work; and enough of the pathetic to engage the heart in its behalf.

The book we have mentioned is excellent in the two last points, but has a redundancy in the first. The opening excites the attention very strongly; the conduct of the story is artful and judicious; the characters are admirably drawn and supported; the diction polished and elegant; yet, with all these brilliant advantages, it palls upon the mind (though it does not upon the ear;) and the reason is obvious, the machinery is so violent, that it destroys the effect it is intended to excite. Had the story been kept within the utmost *verge* of probability, the effect had been preserved, without losing the least circumstance that excites or detains the attention.

For instance; we can conceive, and allow of, the appearance of a ghost; we can even dispense with an enchanted sword and helmet; but then they must keep within certain limits of credibility. A sword so large as to require an hundred men to lift it; a helmet that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard, into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame; a skeleton ghost in a hermit's cowl:—When your expectation is wound up to the highest pitch, these circumstances take it down with a witness, destroy the work of imagination, and instead of attention, excite laughter. I was both surprised and vexed to find the enchantment dissolved, which I wished might continue to the end of the book; and several of its readers have confessed the same disappointment to me. The beauties are so numerous, that we cannot bear the defects, but want it to be perfect in all respects.

In the course of my observations upon this singular book, it seemed to me that it was possible to compose a work upon the same plan, wherein these defects might be avoided; and the *keeping*, as in *painting*, might be preserved.

But then I began to fear it might happen to me as to certain translators and imitators of Shakespeare; the unities may be preserved, while the spirit is evaporated. However, I ventured to attempt it; I read the beginning to a circle of friends of approved judgment, and by their approbation was encouraged to proceed and to finish it.

THE OLD ENGLISH BARON.

In the minority of Henry the Sixth, King of England, when the renowned John, Duke of Bedford, was Regent of France, and Humphry, the good Duke of Gloucester, was Protector of England, a worthy knight, called Sir Philip Harclay, returned from his travels to England, his native country. He had served under the glorious King Henry the Fifth with distinguished valour, had acquired an honourable fame, and was no less esteemed for Christian virtues than for deeds of chivalry. After the death of his Prince, he entered into the service of the Greek emperor, and distinguished his courage against the encroachments of the Saracens. In a battle there, he took prisoner a certain gentleman, by name M. Zadisky, of Greek extraction, but brought up by a Saracen officer; this man he converted to the Christian faith; after which he bound him to himself by the ties of friendship and gratitude, and he resolved to continue with his benefactor. After thirty years travel and warlike service, he determined to return to his native land, and to spend the remainder of his life in peace; and, by devoting himself to works of piety and charity, prepare for a better state hereafter.

This noble knight had, in his early youth, contracted a strict friendship with the only son of the Lord Lovel, a gentleman of eminent virtues and accomplishments. During Sir Philip's residence in foreign countries, he had frequently written to his friend, and had for a time received answers; the last informed him of the death of old Lord Lovel, and the marriage of the young one; but from that time he had heard no more from him. Sir Philip imputed it not to neglect or forgetfulness, but to the difficulties of intercourse, common at that time to all travellers and adventurers. When he was returning home, he resolved, after looking into his family affairs, to visit the castle of Lovel, and inquire into the situation of his friend. He landed in Kent, attended by his Greek friend and two faithful servants, one of which was maimed by the wounds he had received in the defence of his master.

Sir Philip went to his family-seat in Yorkshire. He found his mother and sister were dead, and his estates sequestered in the hands of commissioners appointed by the Protector. He was obliged to prove the reality of his claim, and the identity of his person, (by the testimony of some of the old servants of his family,) after which every thing was restored to him. He took possession of his own house, established his household, settled the old servants in their former stations, and placed those he brought home in the upper offices of his family. He then left his friend to superintend his domestic affairs; and, attended by only one of his old servants, he set out for the castle of Lovel, in the west of England. They travelled by easy journeys; but, towards the evening of the second day, the servant was so ill and fatigued he could go no further; he stopped at an inn, where he grew worse every hour, and the next day expired. Sir Philip was under great concern for the loss of his servant, and some for himself, being alone in a strange place; however, he took courage, ordered his servant's funeral, attended it himself, and, having shed a tear of humanity over his grave, proceeded alone on his journey.

As he drew near the estate of his friend, he began to inquire of every one he met, whether the Lord Lovel resided at the seat of his ancestors? He was answered by one, he did not know; by another, he could not tell; by a third, that he never heard of such a person. Sir Philip thought it strange that a man of Lord Lovel's consequence should be unknown in his own neighbourhood, and where his ancestors had

usually resided. He ruminated on the uncertainty of human happiness. "This world," said he, "has nothing for a wise man to depend upon. I have lost all my relations, and most of my friends, and am even uncertain whether any are remaining. I will, however, be thankful for the blessings that are spared to me, and I will endeavour to replace those that I have lost. If my friend lives, he shall share my fortune with me; his children shall have the reversion of it; and I will share his comforts in return. But perhaps my friend may have met with troubles that have made him disgusted with the world; perhaps he has buried his amiable wife, or his promising children, and, tired of public life, he has retired into a monastery. At least, I will know what all this silence means."

When he came within a mile of the castle of Lovel, he stopped at a cottage, and asked for a draught of water; a peasant, master of the house, brought it, and asked if his honour would alight, and take a moment's refreshment. Sir Philip accepted his offer, being resolved to make further inquiry before he approached the castle. He asked the same questions of him that he had before of others.—"Which Lord Lovel," said the man, "does your honour inquire after?"—"The man whom I knew was called Arthur," said Sir Philip.—"Ay," said the peasant, "he was the only surviving son of Richard, Lord Lovel, as I think."—"Very true, friend, he was so."—"Alas, sir," said the man, "he is dead! He survived his father but a short time."—"Dead! say you? how long since?"—"About fifteen years, to the best of my remembrance."—Sir Philip sighed deeply. "Alas!" said he, "what do we, by living long, but survive all our friends! But pray tell me how he died?"—"I will, sir, to the best of my knowledge. An't please your honour, I heard say, that he attended the king when he went against the Welsh rebels, and he left his lady big with child; and so there was a battle fought, and the king got the better of the rebels. There came first a report that none of the officers were killed; but a few days after there came a messenger with an account very different, that several were wounded, and that the Lord Lovel was slain; which sad news overset us all with sorrow, for he was a noble gentleman, a bountiful master, and the delight of all the neighbourhood."—"He was, indeed," said Sir Philip, "all that is amiable and good; he was my dear and noble friend, and I am inconsolable for his loss. But the unfortunate lady, what became of her?"—"Why, an't please your honour, they said she died of grief for the loss of her husband; but her death was kept private for a time, and we did not know it for certain till some weeks afterwards."—"The will of heaven be obeyed!" said Sir Philip; "but who succeeded to the title and estate?"—"The next heir," said the peasant, "a kinsman of the deceased, Sir Walter Lovel by name."—"I have seen him," said Sir Philip, "formerly; but where was he when these events happened?"—"At the Castle of Lovel, sir; he came there on a visit to the lady, and waited there to receive my lord, at his return from Wales. When the news of his death arrived, Sir Walter did every thing in his power to comfort her, and some said he was to marry her; but she refused to be comforted, and took it so to heart that she died."—"And does the present Lord Lovel reside at the castle?"—"No, sir."—"Who then?"—"The Lord Baron Fitz-Owen."—"And how came Sir Walter to leave the seat of his ancestors?"—"Why, sir, he married his sister to this said lord; and so he sold the castle to him, and went away, and built himself a house in the north country, as far as Northumberland, I think they call it."—"That is very strange," said Sir Philip.—"So it is, please your honour; but this is all I know about it."—"I thank you, friend, for your intelligence. I have taken a long journey to no purpose, and have met with nothing but cross accidents. This life is, indeed, a pilgrimage! Pray, direct me the nearest way to the next monastery."—"Noble sir," said the peasant, "it is full five miles off, the night is coming on, and the ways are bad; I am but a poor man, and cannot entertain your honour as you are used to; but if you will enter my poor cottage, that, and every thing in it, are at your service."—"My honest friend, I thank you heartily," said Sir Philip; "your kindness and hospitality might shame many of higher birth and breeding; I will accept your kind offer;—but pray let me know the name of my host?"—"John Wyatt, sir; an honest man though a poor one, and a Christian man though a sinful one."—"Whose cottage is this?"—"It belongs to the Lord Fitz-Owen."—"What family have you?"—"A wife, two sons, and a daughter, who will all be proud to wait upon your honour. Let me hold your honour's stirrup whilst you alight."—He seconded these words by the proper action, and having assisted his guest to dismount, he conducted him into his house, called his wife to attend him, and then led his horse under a poor shed, that served him as a stable. Sir Philip was fatigued in body and mind, and was glad to repose himself any where. The courtesy of his host engaged his attention, and satisfied his wishes. He soon after returned, followed by a youth of about eighteen years.—"Make haste, John," said the father, "and be sure you say neither more nor less than what I have told you."—"I will, father," said the lad; and immediately set off, ran like a buck across the fields, and was out of sight in an instant.—"I hope, friend," said Sir Philip, "you have not sent your son to provide for my entertainment; I am a soldier, used to lodge and fare hard; and if it were otherwise, your courtesy

and kindness would give a relish to the most ordinary food."—"I wish heartily," said Wyatt, "it was in my power to entertain your honour as you ought to be; but, as I cannot do so, I will, when my son returns, acquaint you with the errand I sent him on."—After this they conversed together on common subjects, like fellow-creatures of the same natural form and endowments, though different kinds of education had given a conscious superiority to the one, a conscious inferiority to the other; and the due respect was paid by the latter, without being exacted by the former. In about half an hour young John returned. "Thou hast made haste," said the father.—"Not more than good speed," quoth the son.—"Tell us, then, how you sped?"—"Shall I tell all that passed?" said John.—"All," said the father; "I don't want to hide any thing."—John stood with his cap in his hand, and thus told his tale:—"I went straight to the castle as fast as I could run; it was my hap to light on young Master Edmund first, so I told him just as you bade me, that a noble gentleman was come a long journey from foreign parts to see the Lord Lovel, his friend; and having lived abroad many years, he did not know that he was dead, and that the castle was fallen into other hands; that upon hearing these tidings he was much grieved and disappointed, and wanting a night's lodging to rest himself before he returned to his own home, he was fain to take up with one at our cottage; that my father thought my lord would be angry with him, if he were not told of the stranger's journey and intentions, especially to let such a man lie at our cottage, where he could neither be lodged nor entertained according to his quality."—Here John stopped, and his father exclaimed, "A good lad! you did your errand very well; and tell us the answer."—John proceeded:—"Master Edmund ordered me some beer, and went to acquaint my lord of the message;—he stayed a while, and then came back to me.—'John,' said he, 'tell the noble stranger that the Baron Fitz-Owen greets him well, and desires him to rest assured, that though Lord Lovel is dead, and the castle fallen into other hands, his friends will always find a welcome there; and my lord desires that he will accept of a lodging there, while he remains in this country.'—So I came away directly, and made haste to deliver my errand."

Sir Philip expressed some dissatisfaction at this mark of old Wyatt's respect. "I wish," said he, "that you had acquainted me with your intention before you sent to inform the Baron I was here. I choose rather to lodge with you; and I propose to make amends for the trouble I shall give you."—"Pray, sir, don't mention it," said the peasant, "you are as welcome as myself; I hope no offence: the only reason of my sending was, because I am both unable and unworthy to entertain your honour."—"I am sorry," said Sir Philip, "you should think me so dainty; I am a Christian soldier; and him I acknowledge for my Prince and Master, accepted the invitations of the poor, and washed the feet of his disciples. Let us say no more on this head; I am resolved to stay this night in your cottage, to-morrow I will wait on the Baron, and thank him for his hospitable invitation."—"That shall be as your honour pleases, since you will condescend to stay here. John, do you run back and acquaint my lord of it."—"Not so," said Sir Philip, "it is now almost dark."—"'Tis no matter," said John, "I can go it blindfold." Sir Philip then gave him a message to the Baron in his own name, acquainting him that he would pay his respects to him in the morning. John flew back the second time, and soon returned with new commendations from the Baron, and that he would expect him on the morrow. Sir Philip gave him an angel of gold, and praised his speed and abilities.

He supped with Wyatt and his family upon new-laid eggs and rashers of bacon, with the highest relish. They praised the Creator for his gifts, and acknowledged they were unworthy of the least of his blessings. They gave the best of their two lofts up to Sir Philip, the rest of the family slept in the other, the old woman and her daughter in the bed, the father and his two sons upon clean straw. Sir Philip's bed was of a better kind, and yet much inferior to his usual accommodations; nevertheless, the good knight slept as well in Wyatt's cottage, as he could have done in a palace.

During his sleep, many strange and incoherent dreams arose to his imagination. He thought he received a message from his friend Lord Lovel, to come to him at the castle; that he stood at the gate, and received him; that he strove to embrace him, but could not; but that he spoke to this effect:—"Though I have been dead these fifteen years, I still command here, and none can enter these gates without my permission; know that it is I that invite, and bid you welcome; the hopes of my house rest upon you."—Upon this he bid Sir Philip follow him; he led him through many rooms, till at last he sunk down, and Sir Philip thought he still followed him, till he came into a dark and frightful cave, where he disappeared, and in his stead he beheld a complete suit of armour stained with blood, which belonged to his friend, and he thought he heard dismal groans from beneath. Presently after, he thought he was hurried away by an invisible hand, and led into a wild heath, where the people were enclosing the ground, and making preparations for two combatants; the trumpet sounded, and a voice called out still louder, "Forbear! It is not permitted to be revealed till the time is ripe for the event; wait with patience on the decrees of Heaven." He was then transported to his own house, where, going into an unfrequented room, he was again met by his

friend, who was living, and in all the bloom of youth, as when he first knew him; he started at the sight, and awoke. The sun shone upon his curtains, and, perceiving it was day, he sat up, and recollected where he was. The images that impressed his sleeping fancy remained strongly on his mind waking; but his reason strove to disperse them; it was natural that the story he had heard should create these ideas, that they should wait on him in his sleep, and that every dream should bear some relation to his deceased friend. The sun dazzled his eyes, the birds serenaded him and diverted his attention, and a woodbine forced its way through the window, and regaled his sense of smelling with its fragrance. He arose, paid his devotions to Heaven, and then carefully descended the narrow stairs, and went out at the door of the cottage. There he saw the industrious wife and daughter of old Wyatt at their morning work, the one milking her cow, the other feeding her poultry. He asked for a draught of milk, which, with a slice of rye-bread, served to break his fast. He walked about the fields alone, for old Wyatt and his two sons were gone out to their daily labour. He was soon called back by the good woman, who told him that a servant from the Baron waited to conduct him to the castle. He took leave of Wyatt's wife, telling her he would see her again before he left the country. The daughter fetched his horse, which he mounted, and set forward with the servant, of whom he asked many questions concerning his master's family. "How long have you lived with the Baron?"—"Ten years."—"Is he a good master?"—"Yes, sir, and also a good husband and father."—"What family has he?"—"Three sons and a daughter."—"What age are they of?"—"The eldest son is in his seventeenth year, the second in his sixteenth, the others several years younger; but besides these, my lord has several young gentlemen brought up with his own sons, two of which are his nephews; he keeps in his house a learned clerk to teach them languages: and as for all bodily exercises, none come near them; there is a fletcher to teach them the use of the cross-bow; a master to teach them to ride; another the use of the sword; another learns them to dance; and then they wrestle and run, and have such activity in all their motions, that it does one good to see them; and my lord thinks nothing too much to bestow on their education."—"Truly," says Sir Philip, "he does the part of a good parent, and I honour him greatly for it; but are the young gentlemen of a promising disposition?"—"Yes, indeed, sir," answered the servant, "the young gentlemen, my lord's sons, are hopeful youths; but yet there is one who is thought to exceed them all, though he is the son of a poor labourer."—"And who is he?" said the knight.—"One Edmund Twyford, the son of a cottager in our village; he is, to be sure, as fine a youth as ever the sun shone upon, and of so sweet a disposition, that nobody envies his good fortune."—"What good fortune does he enjoy?"—"Why, sir, about two years ago, my lord, at his sons' request, took him into his own family, and gives him the same education as his own children; the young lords doat upon him, especially Master William, who is about his own age; it is supposed that he will attend the young lords when they go to the wars, which my lord intends they shall by and by."—"What you tell me," said Sir Philip, "increases every minute my respect for your lord. He is an excellent father and master; he seeks out merit in obscurity; he distinguishes and rewards it,—I honour him with all my heart."

In this manner they conversed together till they came within view of the castle. In a field near the house they saw a company of youths, with cross-bows in their hands, shooting at a mark. "There," said the servant, "are our young gentlemen at their exercises." Sir Philip stopped his horse to observe them; he heard two or three of them cry out, "Edmund is the victor! He wins the prize!"—"I must," said Sir Philip, "take a view of this Edmund." He jumped off his horse, gave the bridle to the servant, and walked into the field. The young gentlemen came up, and paid their respects to him; he apologized for intruding upon their sports, and asked which was the victor? Upon which, the youth he spoke to beckoned to another, who immediately advanced, and made his obeisance; as he drew near, Sir Philip fixed his eyes upon him, with so much attention, that he seemed not to observe his courtesy and address. At length he recollected himself and said, "What is your name, young man?"—"Edmund Twyford," replied the youth; "and I have the honour to attend upon the Lord Fitz-Owen's sons."—"Pray, noble sir," said the youth who first addressed Sir Philip, "are not you the stranger who is expected by my father?"—"I am, sir," answered he, "and I go to pay to my respects to him."—"Will you excuse our attendance, sir? we have not yet finished our exercises."—"My dear youth," said Sir Philip, "no apology is necessary; but will you favour me with your proper name, that I may know to whose courtesy I am obliged?"—"My name is William Fitz-Owen; that gentleman is my eldest brother, Master Robert; that other my kinsman, Master Richard Wenlock."—"Very well; I thank you, gentle sir; I beg you not to stir another step, your servant holds my horse."—"Farewell, sir," said Master William, "I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting you at dinner."—The youths returned to their sports, and Sir Philip mounted his horse, and proceeded to the castle; he entered it with a deep sigh and melancholy recollections. The Baron received him with the utmost respect and courtesy. He gave a brief account of the principal events that had happened in the family of

Lovel during his absence; he spoke of the late Lord Lovel with respect, of the present with the affection of a brother. Sir Philip, in return, gave a brief recital of his own adventures abroad, and of the disagreeable circumstances he had met with since his return home; he pathetically lamented the loss of all his friends, not forgetting that of his faithful servant on the way; saying, he could be contented to give up the world, and retire to a religious house, but that he was withheld by the consideration, that some who depended entirely upon him, would want his presence and assistance; and, beside that, he thought he might be of service to many others. The Baron agreed with him in opinion, that a man was of much more service to the world who continued in it, than one who retired from it, and gave his fortune to the church, whose servants did not always make the best use of it. Sir Philip then turned the conversation, and congratulated the Baron on his hopeful family; he praised their persons and address, and warmly applauded the care he bestowed on their education. The Baron listened with pleasure to the honest approbation of a worthy heart, and enjoyed the true happiness of a parent.

Sir Philip then made further inquiry concerning Edmund, whose appearance had struck him with an impression in his favour. "That boy," said the Baron, "is the son of a cottager in this neighbourhood; his uncommon merit and gentleness of manners, distinguish him from those of his own class. From his childhood he attracted the notice and affection of all that knew him; he was beloved everywhere but at his father's house, and there it should seem that his merits were his crimes; for the peasant, his father, hated him, treated him severely, and at length threatened to turn him out of doors. He used to run here and there on errands for my people, and at length they obliged me to take notice of him; my sons earnestly desired I would take him into my family; I did so about two years ago, intending to make him their servant; but his extraordinary genius and disposition have obliged me to look upon him in a superior light. Perhaps I may incur the censure of many people, by giving him so many advantages, and treating him as the companion of my children; his merit must justify or condemn my partiality for him; however, I trust that I have secured to my children a faithful servant of the upper kind, and a useful friend to my family."—Sir Philip warmly applauded his generous host, and wished to be a sharer in his bounty to that fine youth, whose appearance indicated all the qualities that had endeared him to his companions.

At the hour of dinner the young men presented themselves before their lord and his guest. Sir Philip addressed himself to Edmund; he asked him many questions, and received modest and intelligent answers, and he grew every minute more pleased with him. After dinner the youths withdrew with their tutor to pursue their studies. Sir Philip sat for some time wrapt up in meditation. After some minutes, the Baron asked him, "If he might not be favoured with the fruits of his contemplations?"—"You shall, my lord," answered he, "for you have a right to them. I was thinking, that when many blessings are lost, we should cherish those that remain, and even endeavour to replace the others. My lord, I have taken a strong liking to that youth whom you called Edmund Twyford; I have neither children nor relations to claim my fortune, nor share my affections; your lordship has many demands upon your generosity; I can provide for this promising youth without doing injustice to any one; will you give him to me?"—"He is a fortunate boy," said the Baron, "to gain your favour so soon."—"My lord," said the knight, "I will confess to you, that the first thing that touched my heart in his favour, is a strong resemblance he bears to a certain dear friend I once had, and his manner resembles him as much as his person; his qualities deserve that he should be placed in a higher rank; I will adopt him for my son, and introduce him into the world as my relation, if you will resign him to me; what say you?"—"Sir," said the Baron, "you have made a noble offer, and I am too much the young man's friend to be a hinderance to his preferment. It is true that I intended to provide for him in my own family; but I cannot do it so effectually as by giving him to you, whose generous affection being unlimited by other ties, may in time prefer him to a higher station, as he shall deserve it. I have only one condition to make, that the lad shall have his option; for I would not oblige him to leave my service against his inclination."—"You say well," replied Sir Philip, "nor would I take him upon other terms."—"Agreed then," said the Baron, "let us send for Edmund hither." A servant was sent to fetch him; he came immediately, and his lord thus bespoke him:—"Edmund, you owe eternal obligations to this gentleman, who, perceiving in you a certain resemblance to a friend of his, and liking your behaviour, has taken a great affection for you, insomuch, that he desires to receive you into his family: I cannot better provide for you than by disposing of you to him; and, if you have no objection, you shall return home with him when he goes from hence."—The countenance of Edmund underwent many alterations during this proposal of his lord; it expressed tenderness, gratitude, and sorrow, but the last was predominant; he bowed respectfully to the Baron and Sir Philip, and, after some hesitation, spoke as follows:—"I feel very strongly the obligations I owe to this gentleman, for his noble and generous offer; I cannot express the sense I have of his goodness to me, a peasant boy, only known to him by my lord's kind and partial

mention; this uncommon bounty claims my eternal gratitude. To you, my honoured lord, I owe every thing, even this gentleman's good opinion; you distinguished me when nobody else did; and, next to you, your sons are my best and dearest benefactors; they introduced me to your notice. My heart is unalterably attached to this house and family, and my utmost ambition is to spend my life in your service; but if you have perceived any great and grievous faults in me, that make you wish to put me out of your family, and if you have recommended me to this gentleman in order to be rid of me, in that case I will submit to your pleasure, as I would if you should sentence me to death."

During this speech the tears made themselves channels down Edmund's cheeks; and his two noble auditors, catching the tender infection, wiped their eyes at the conclusion.—"My dear child," said the Baron, "you overcome me by your tenderness and gratitude. I know of no faults you have committed, that I should wish to be rid of you. I thought to do you the best service by promoting you to that of Sir Philip Harclay, who is both able and willing to provide for you; but if you prefer my service to his, I will not part with you."—Upon this Edmund kneeled to the Baron; he embraced his knees. "My dear lord, I am and will be your servant, in preference to any man living; I only ask your permission to live and die in your service."—"You see, Sir Philip," said the Baron, "how this boy engages the heart; how can I part with him?"—"I cannot ask you any more," answered Sir Philip; "I see it is impossible; but I esteem you both still higher than ever; the youth for his gratitude, and your lordship for your noble mind and true generosity; blessings attend you both!"—"Oh, sir," said Edmund, pressing the hand of Sir Philip, "do not think me ungrateful to you; I will ever remember your goodness, and pray to Heaven to reward it: the name of Sir Philip Harclay shall be engraven upon my heart, next to my lord and his family, for ever."—Sir Philip raised the youth and embraced him, saying, "If ever you want a friend, remember me; and depend upon my protection, so long as you continue to deserve it."—Edmund bowed low, and withdrew, with his eyes full of tears of sensibility and gratitude. When he was gone, Sir Philip said, "I am thinking, that though young Edmund wants not my assistance at present, he may hereafter stand in need of my friendship. I should not wonder if such rare qualities as he possesses should one day create envy, and raise him enemies; in which case he might come to lose your favour without any fault of yours or his own."—"I am obliged to you for the warning," said the Baron, "I hope it will be unnecessary; but if ever I part with Edmund, you shall have the refusal of him."—"I thank your lordship for all your civilities to me," said the knight; "I leave my best wishes with you and your hopeful family, and I humbly take my leave."—"Will you not stay one night in the castle?" returned my lord; "you shall be as welcome a guest as ever."—"I acknowledge your goodness and hospitality, but this house fills me with melancholy recollections; I came hither with a heavy heart, and it will not be lighter while I remain here. I shall always remember your lordship with the highest respect and esteem; and I pray God to preserve you, and increase your blessings."

After some further ceremonies, Sir Philip departed, and returned to old Wyatt's, ruminating on the vicissitude of human affairs, and thinking on the changes he had seen.

At his return to Wyatt's cottage, he found the family assembled together. He told them he would take another night's lodging there, which they heard with great pleasure;—for he had familiarized himself to them in the last evening's conversation, insomuch that they began to enjoy his company. He told Wyatt of the misfortune he had sustained by losing his servant on the way, and wished he could get one to attend him home in his place. Young John looked earnestly at his father, who returned a look of approbation. "I perceive one in this company," said he, "that would be proud to serve your honour; but I fear he is not brought up well enough."—John coloured with impatience; he could not forbear speaking.—"Sir, I can answer for an honest heart, a willing mind, and a light pair of heels; and though I am somewhat awkward, I shall be proud to learn to please my noble master, if he will but try me."—"You say well," said Sir Philip; "I have observed your qualifications, and if you are desirous to serve me, I am equally pleased with you. If your father has no objection, I will take you."—"Objection, sir!" said the old man; "it will be my pride to prefer him to such a noble gentleman; I will make no terms for him, but leave it to your honour to do for him as he shall deserve."—"Very well," said Sir Philip, "you shall be no loser by that; I will charge myself with the care of the young man."—The bargain was struck, and Sir Philip purchased a horse for John of the old man. The next morning they set out; the knight left marks of his bounty with the good people, and departed, laden with their blessings and prayers. He stopped at the place where his faithful servant was buried, and caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul; then, pursuing his way by easy journeys, arrived in safety at home. His family rejoiced at his return; he settled his new servant in attendance upon his person; he then looked round his neighbourhood for objects of his charity; when he saw merit in distress, it was his delight to raise and support it; he spent his time in the service of his Creator, and glorified him in doing good to his creatures. He reflected frequently

upon every thing that had befallen him in his late journey to the west; and at his leisure took down all the particulars in writing.

[*Here follows an interval of four years, as by the manuscript; and this omission seems intended by the writer. What follows is in a different hand, and the character is more modern.*]

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About this time the prognostics of Sir Philip Harclay began to be verified, that Edmund's good qualities might one day excite envy, and create him enemies. The sons and kinsmen of his patron began to seek occasion to find fault with him, and to depreciate him with others. The Baron's eldest son and heir, Master Robert, had several contests with Master William, the second son, upon his account; this youth had a warm affection for Edmund, and whenever his brother and kinsmen treated him slightly, he supported him against their malicious insinuations. Mr Richard Wenlock, and Mr John Markham, were the sister's sons of the Lord Fitz-Owen; and there were several other more distant relations, who, with them, secretly envied Edmund's fine qualities, and strove to lessen him in the esteem of the Baron and his family. By degrees they excited a dislike in Master Robert, that in time was fixed into habit, and fell little short of aversion.

Young Wenlock's hatred was confirmed by an additional circumstance: he had a growing passion for the Lady Emma, the Baron's only daughter; and, as love is eagle-eyed, he saw, or fancied he saw, her cast an eye of preference on Edmund. An accidental service that she received from him, had excited her grateful regards and attentions towards him. The incessant view of his fine person and qualities, had perhaps improved her esteem into a still softer sensation, though she was yet ignorant of it, and thought it only the tribute due to gratitude and friendship.

One Christmas time, the Baron and all his family went to visit a family in Wales; crossing a ford, the horse that carried the Lady Emma, who rode behind her cousin Wenlock, stumbled and fell down, and threw her off into the water: Edmund dismounted in a moment, and flew to her assistance; he took her out so quick, that the accident was not known to some part of the company. From this time Wenlock strove to undermine Edmund in her esteem, and she conceived herself obliged, in justice and gratitude, to defend him against the malicious insinuations of his enemies. She one day asked Wenlock, why he in particular should endeavour to recommend himself to her favour, by speaking against Edmund, to whom she was under great obligations? He made but little reply; but the impression sunk deep into his rancorous heart; every word in Edmund's behalf was like a poisoned arrow that rankled in the wound, and grew every day more inflamed. Sometimes he would pretend to extenuate Edmund's supposed faults, in order to load him with the sin of ingratitude upon other occasions. Rancour works deepest in the heart that strives to conceal it; and, when covered by art, frequently puts on the appearance of candour. By these means did Wenlock and Markham impose upon the credulity of Master Robert and their other relations: Master William only stood proof against all their insinuations.

The same autumn that Edmund completed his eighteenth year, the Baron declared his intention of sending the young men of his house to France the following spring, to learn the art of war, and signalize their courage and abilities.

Their ill-will towards Edmund was so well concealed, that his patron had not discovered it; but it was whispered among the servants, who are generally close observers of the manners of their principals. Edmund was a favourite with them all, which was a strong presumption that he deserved to be so, for they seldom shew much regard to dependents, or to superior domestics, who are generally objects of envy and dislike. Edmund was courteous, but not familiar with them; and, by this means, gained their affections without soliciting them. Among them was an old serving man, called Joseph Howel; this man had formerly served the old Lord Lovel and his son; and when the young lord died, and Sir Walter sold the castle to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz-Owen, he only of all the old servants was left in the house, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the possession of the new proprietor, who retained him in his service: he was a man of few words, but much reflection; and, without troubling himself about other people's affairs, went silently and properly about his own business, more solicitous to discharge his duty, than to recommend himself to notice, and not seeming to aspire to any higher office than that of a serving-man. This old man would fix his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do it, without observation; sometimes he would sigh deeply, and a tear would start from his eye, which he strove to conceal from observation. One day Edmund surprised him in his tender emotion, as he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "Why," said he, "my good friend, do you look at me so earnestly and affectionately?"—"Because I love you, Master Edmund," said he; "because I wish you well."—"I thank you kindly," answered Edmund; "I am unable to repay your love, otherwise than by returning it, which I do sincerely."—"I thank you, sir," said the old man; "that is all I desire, and more than I deserve."—"Do not say so," said Edmund; "if I had any better way to thank you I would not say so much about it; but words are all my inheritance." Upon this

he shook hands with Joseph, who withdrew hastily to conceal his emotion, saying, "God bless you, master, and make your fortune equal to your deserts! I cannot help thinking you were born to a higher station than what you now hold."—"You know to the contrary," said Edmund; but Joseph was gone out of sight and hearing.

The notice and observation of strangers, and the affection of individuals, together with that inward consciousness that always attends superior qualities, would sometimes kindle the flames of ambition in Edmund's heart; but he checked them presently, by reflecting upon his low birth and dependent station. He was modest, yet intrepid; gentle and courteous to all, frank and unreserved to those that loved him; discreet and complaisant to those who hated him; generous and compassionate to the distresses of his fellow-creatures in general; humble, but not servile, to his patron and superiors. Once, when he with a manly spirit justified himself against a malicious imputation, his young lord, Robert, taxed him with pride and arrogance to his kinsmen. Edmund denied the charge against him with equal spirit and modesty. Master Robert answered him sharply, "How dare you contradict my cousins? do you mean to give them the lie?"—"Not in words, sir," said Edmund; "but I will behave so as that you shall not believe them." Master Robert haughtily bid him be silent, and know himself, and not presume to contend with men so much his superiors in every respect. These heart-burnings, in some degree, subsided by their preparations for going to France. Master Robert was to be presented at court before his departure, and it was expected that he should be knighted. The Baron designed Edmund to be his esquire; but this was frustrated by his old enemies, who persuaded Robert to make choice of one of his own domestics, called Thomas Hewson; him did they set up as a rival to Edmund, and he took every occasion to affront him. All that Master Robert gained by this step was the contempt of those who saw Edmund's merit, and thought it want of discernment in him not to distinguish and reward it. Edmund requested of his lord that he might be Master William's attendant; "and when," said he, "my patron shall be knighted, as I make no doubt he will one day be, he has promised that I shall be his esquire." The Baron granted Edmund's request; and, being freed from servitude to the rest, he was devoted to that of his beloved master, William, who treated him in public as his principal domestic, but in private as his chosen friend and brother.

The whole cabal of his enemies consulted together in what manner they should vent their resentment against him; and it was agreed that they should treat him with indifference and neglect, till they should arrive in France; and when there, they should contrive to render his courage suspected, and, by putting him upon some desperate enterprize, rid themselves of him for ever. About this time died the great Duke of Bedford, to the irreparable loss of the English nation. He was succeeded by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, as Regent of France, of which great part had revolted to Charles the Dauphin. Frequent actions ensued. Cities were lost and won; and continual occasions offered to exercise the courage and abilities of the youths of both nations.

The young men of Baron Fitz-Owen's house were recommended particularly to the Regent's notice. Master Robert was knighted, with several other young men of family, who distinguished themselves by their spirit and activity upon every occasion. The youth were daily employed in warlike exercises and frequent actions; and made their first essay in arms in such a manner as to bring into notice all that deserved it.

Various arts were used by Edmund's enemies to expose him to danger; but all their contrivances recoiled upon themselves, and brought increase of honour upon Edmund's head; he distinguished himself upon so many occasions, that Sir Robert himself began to pay him more than ordinary regard, to the infinite mortification of his kinsmen and relations. They laid many schemes against him, but none took effect.

[*From this place the characters in the manuscript are effaced by time and damp. Here and there some sentences are legible, but not sufficient to pursue the thread of the story. Mention is made of several actions in which the young men were engaged——that Edmund distinguished himself by intrepidity in action; by gentleness, humanity, and modesty in the cessations—that he attracted the notice of every person of observation, and also, that he received personal commendation from the Regent.*

The following incidents are clear enough to be transcribed; but the beginning of the next succeeding pages is obliterated; however, we may guess at the beginning by what remains.]

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As soon as the cabal met in Sir Robert's tent, Mr Wenlock thus began:—"You see, my friends, that every attempt we make to humble this upstart, turns into applause, and serves only to raise his pride still higher. Something must be done, or his praise will go home before us, at our own expence, and we shall seem only foils to set off his glories. Any thing would I give to the man who should execute our vengeance upon him."—"Stop there, cousin Wenlock," said Sir Robert; "though I think Edmund proud and vain-glorious, and would join in any scheme to humble him and make him know himself, I will not suffer any man to use such base methods to effect it. Edmund is

brave; and it is beneath an Englishman to revenge himself by unworthy means; if any such are used, I will be the first man to bring the guilty to justice; and if I hear another word to this purpose, I will inform my brother William, who will acquaint Edmund with your mean intentions." Upon this the cabal drew back, and Mr Wenlock protested that he meant no more than to mortify his pride, and make him know his proper station. Soon after Sir Robert withdrew, and they resumed their deliberations.

Then spoke Thomas Hewson: "There is a party to be sent out to-morrow night, to intercept a convoy of provisions for the relief of Rouen. I will provoke Mr Edmund to make one of this party; and when he is engaged in the action, I and my companions will draw off, and leave him to the enemy, who I trust will so handle him, that you shall no more be troubled with him."—"This will do," said Mr Wenlock; "but let it be kept from my two cousins, and only known to ourselves; if they offer to be of the party, I will persuade them off it. And you, Thomas, if you bring this scheme to a conclusion, may depend upon my eternal gratitude."—"And mine," said Markham; and so said all. The next day the affair was publicly mentioned; and Hewson, as he promised, provoked Edmund to the trial. Several young men of family offered themselves; among the rest, Sir Robert and his brother William. Mr Wenlock persuaded them not to go, and set the danger of the enterprize in the strongest colours. At last Sir Robert complained of the tooth-ach, and was confined to his tent. Edmund waited on him; and judging by the ardour of his own courage of that of his patron, thus bespoke him:—"I am greatly concerned, dear sir, that we cannot have your company at night: but as I know what you will suffer at being absent, I would beg the favour of you to let me use your arms and device, and I will promise not to disgrace them."—"No, Edmund, I cannot consent to that: I thank you for your noble offer, and will remember it to your advantage; but I cannot wear honours of another man's getting. You have awakened me to a sense of my duty: I will go with you, and contend with you for glory, and William shall do the same."

In a few hours they were ready to set out. Wenlock and Markham, and their dependants, found themselves engaged in honour to go upon an enterprize they never intended, and set out, with heavy hearts, to join the party. They marched in silence, in the horrors of a dark night, and wet roads. They met the convoy where they expected, and a sharp engagement ensued. The victory was some time doubtful; but the moon rising on the backs of the English, gave them the advantage. They saw the disposition of their enemies, and availed themselves of it. Edmund advanced the foremost of the party; he drew out the leader on the French side; he slew him. Mr William pressed forward to assist his friend; Sir Robert to defend his brother; Wenlock and Markham, from shame to stay behind.

Thomas Hewson and his associates drew back on their side; the French perceived it, and pursued the advantage. Edmund pushed them in front; the young nobles all followed him; they broke through the detachment, and stopped the waggons. The officer who commanded the party encouraged them to go on; the defeat was soon complete, and the provisions carried in triumph to the English camp.

Edmund was presented to the Regent, as the man to whom the victory was chiefly owing. Not a tongue presumed to move itself against him; even malice and envy were silenced.

"Approach, young man," said the Regent, "that I may confer upon you the honour of knighthood, which you have well deserved." Mr Wenlock could no longer forbear speaking:—"Knighthood," said he, "is an order belonging to gentlemen; it cannot be conferred on a peasant."—"What say you, sir?" returned the Regent; "is this youth a peasant?"—"He is," said Wenlock; "let him deny it if he can." Edmund, with a modest bow, replied, "It is true indeed I am a peasant, and this honour is too great for me; I have only done my duty." The Duke of York, whose pride of birth equalled that of any man living or dead, sheathed his sword immediately:—"Though," said he, "I cannot reward you as I intended, I will take care that you shall have a large share in the spoils of this night; and I declare publicly that you stand first in the list of gallant men in this engagement."

Thomas Hewson and his associates made a poor figure on their return; they were publicly reproved for their backwardness. Hewson was wounded in body, and more in mind, for the bad success of his ill-laid design. He could not hold up his head before Edmund, who, unconscious of their malice, administered every kind of comfort to them. He spoke in their behalf to the commanding-officer, imputing their conduct to unavoidable accidents. He visited them privately; he gave them a part of the spoils allotted to himself; by every act of valour and courtesy, he strove to engage those hearts that hated, envied, and maligned him. But where hatred arises from envy of superior qualities, every display of those qualities increases the cause from whence it arises.

[*Another pause ensues here.*]

The young nobles and gentlemen who distinguished Edmund were prevented from raising him to preferment, by the insinuations of Wenlock and his associates, who never failed to set before them his low descent, and his pride and arrogance in presuming to rank with gentlemen.

[*Here the manuscript is not legible for several pages. There is mention, about this time, of the death of the Lady Fitz-Owen, but not the cause.*]

Wenlock rejoiced to find that his schemes took effect, and that they should be recalled at the approach of winter. The Baron was glad of a pretence to send for them home; for he could no longer endure the absence of his children after the loss of their mother.

[*The manuscript is again defaced for many leaves; at length the letters become more legible, and the remainder of it is quite perfect.*]

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From the time the young men returned from France, the enemies of Edmund employed their utmost abilities to ruin him in the Baron's opinion, and get him dismissed from the family. They insinuated a thousand things against him, that happened, as they said, during his residence in France, and therefore could not be known to his master; but, when the Baron privately inquired of his two elder sons, he found there was no truth in their reports. Sir Robert, though he did not love him, scorned to join in untruths against him. Mr William spoke of him with the warmth of fraternal affection. The Baron perceived that his kinsmen disliked Edmund; but his own good heart hindered him from seeing the baseness of theirs. It is said that continual dropping will wear away a stone; so did their incessant reports, by insensible degrees, produce a coolness in his patron's behaviour toward him. If he behaved with manly spirit, it was misconstrued into pride and arrogance; his generosity was imprudence; his humility was hypocrisy, the better to cover his ambition. Edmund bore patiently all the indignities that were thrown upon him; and though he felt them severely in his bosom, scorned to justify his conduct at the expence even of his enemies. Perhaps his gentle spirit might at length have sunk under this treatment; but Providence interposed in his behalf; and, by seemingly accidental circumstances, conducted him imperceptibly towards the crisis of his fate.

Father Oswald, who had been preceptor to the young men, had a strong affection for Edmund, from a thorough knowledge of his heart; he saw through the mean artifices that were used to undermine him in his patron's favour; he watched their machinations, and strove to frustrate their designs.

This good man used frequently to walk out with Edmund. They conversed upon various subjects; and the youth would lament to him the unhappiness of his situation, and the peculiar circumstances that attended him. The father, by his wholesome advice, comforted his drooping heart, and confirmed him in his resolution of bearing unavoidable evils with patience and fortitude, from the consciousness of his own innocence, and the assurance of a future and eternal reward.

One day, as they were walking in a wood near the castle, Edmund asked the father, what meant those preparations for building, the cutting down trees and burning of bricks?—"What," said Oswald, "have you not heard that my lord is going to build a new apartment on the west side of the castle?"—"And why," said Edmund, "should my lord be at that expence, when there is one on the east side that is never occupied?"—"That apartment," said the friar, "you must have observed, is always shut up."—"I have observed it often," said Edmund, "but I never presumed to ask any questions about it."—"You had then," said Oswald, "less curiosity, and more discretion, than is common at your age.—"You have raised my curiosity," said Edmund; "and, if it be not improper, I beg of you to gratify it."—"We are alone," said Oswald, "and I am so well assured of your prudence, that I will explain this mystery in some degree to you.

"You must know, that apartment was occupied by the last Lord Lovel when he was a bachelor. He married in his father's life-time, who gave up his own apartment to him, and offered to retire to this himself; but the son would not permit him; he chose to sleep here rather than in any other. He had been married about three months, when his father, the old lord, died of a fever. About twelve months after his marriage, he was called upon to attend the king, Henry the Fourth, on an expedition in Wales, whither he was attended by many of his dependants. He left his lady big with child, and full of care and anxiety for his safety and return.

"After the king had chastised the rebels, and obtained the victory, the Lord Lovel was expected home every day. Various reports were sent home before him; one messenger brought an account of his health and safety; soon after another came with bad news, that he was slain in battle. His kinsman, Sir Walter Lovel, came here on a visit to comfort the lady, and he waited to receive his kinsman on his return. It was he that brought the news of the sad event of the battle to the Lady Lovel.

"She fainted away at the relation; but, when she revived, exerted the utmost resolution, saying, it was her duty to bear this dreadful stroke with Christian fortitude and patience, especially in regard to the child she went with, the last remains of her beloved husband, and the undoubted heir of a noble house. For several days she seemed an example of patience and resignation; but then, all at once she renounced them, and broke out into passionate and frantic exclamations. She said that her dear lord was basely murdered; that his ghost had appeared to her, and revealed his fate. She called upon heaven

and earth to revenge her wrongs, saying, she would never cease complaining to God and the king for vengeance and justice.

"Upon this Sir Walter told the servants that Lady Lovel was distracted, from grief for the death of her lord; that his regard for her was as strong as ever; and that, if she recovered, he would himself be her comforter, and marry her. In the mean time she was confined in this very apartment, and in less than a month the poor lady died. She lies buried in the family vault in St Austin's church in the village. Sir Walter took possession of the castle and all the other estates, and assumed the title of Lord Lovel.

"Soon after, it was reported that the castle was haunted, and that the ghosts of Lord and Lady Lovel had been seen by several of the servants. Whoever went into this apartment were terrified by uncommon noises, and strange appearances; at length this apartment was wholly shut up, and the servants were forbid to enter it, or to talk of any thing relating to it. However, the story did not stop here; it was whispered about that the new Lord Lovel was so disturbed every night, that he could not sleep in quiet; and, being at last tired of the place, he sold the castle and estate of his ancestors to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz-Owen, who now enjoys it, and left this country."

"All this is news to me," said Edmund; "but, father, tell me what grounds there were for the lady's suspicions that her lord died unfairly?"—"Alas!" said Oswald, "that is only known to God. There were strange thoughts in the minds of many at that time; I had mine, but I will not disclose them, not even to you. I will not injure those who may be innocent; and I leave it to Providence, who will doubtless, in its own best time and manner, punish the guilty. But let what I have told you be as if you had never heard it."—"I thank you for these marks of your esteem and confidence," said Edmund; "be assured that I will not abuse them; nor do I desire to to pry into secrets not proper to be revealed. I entirely approve your discretion, and acquiesce in your conclusion, that Providence will, in its own time, vindicate its ways to man; if it were not for that trust, my situation would be insupportable. I strive earnestly to deserve the esteem and favour of good men; I endeavour to regulate my conduct so as to avoid giving offence to any man; but I see, with infinite pain, that it is impossible for me to gain these points."—"I see it too, with great concern," said Oswald; "and every thing that I can say or do in your favour is misconstrued, and, by seeking to do you service, I lose my own influence. But I will never give my sanction to acts of injustice, nor join to oppress innocence. My dear child, put your trust in God—He who brought light out of darkness, can bring good out of evil."—"I hope and trust so," said Edmund; "but, father, if my enemies should prevail—if my lord should believe their stories against me, and I should be put out of the house with disgrace, what will become of me? I have nothing but my character to depend upon, if I lose that, I lose every thing; and I see they seek no less than my ruin."—"Trust in my lord's honour and justice," replied Oswald; "he knows your virtue, and he is not ignorant of their ill-will toward you."—"I know my lord's justice too well to doubt it," said Edmund; "but would it not be better to rid him of this trouble, and his family of an incumbrance? I would gladly do something for myself, but cannot without my lord's recommendation; and, such is my situation, that I fear the asking for a dismission would be accounted base ingratitude; beside, when I think of leaving this house, my heart saddens at the thought, and tells me I cannot be happy out of it; yet I think I could return to a peasant's life with cheerfulness, rather than live in a palace under disdain and contempt."—"Have patience a little longer, my son," said Oswald; "I will think of some way to serve you, and to represent your grievances to my lord, without offence to either—perhaps the causes may be removed. Continue to observe the same irreproachable conduct; and be assured that Heaven will defend your innocence, and defeat the unjust designs of your enemies. Let us now return home."

About a week after this conference, Edmund walked out in the fields ruminating on the disagreeable circumstances of his situation. Insensible of the time, he had been out several hours without perceiving how the day wore away, when he heard himself called by name several times; looking backward, he saw his friend Mr William, and hallooed to him. He came running towards him; and leaping over the stile, stood still a while to recover his breath. "What is the matter, sir?" said Edmund; "your looks bespeak some tidings of importance." With a look of tender concern and affection, the youth pressed his hand and spoke: "My dear Edmund, you must come home with me directly; your old enemies have united to ruin you with my father. My brother Robert has declared, that he thinks there will be no peace in our family till you are dismissed from it, and told my father, he hoped he would not break with his kinsmen rather than give up Edmund."—"But what do they lay to my charge?" said Edmund.—"I cannot rightly understand," answered William, "for they make a great mystery of it; something of great consequence, they say; but they will not tell me what. However, my father has told them that they must bring their accusation before your face, and he will have you answer them publicly. I have been seeking you this hour to inform you of this, that you might be prepared to defend yourself against your accusers."—"God reward you, sir," said Edmund, "for all your goodness to me! I see

they are determined to ruin me, if possible; I shall be compelled to leave the castle; but whatever becomes of me, be assured you shall have no cause to blush for your kindness and partiality to your Edmund."—"I know it, I am sure of it," said William; "and here I swear to you, as Jonathan did to David, I beseech Heaven to bless me, as my friendship to you shall be steady and inviolable."—"Only so long as I shall deserve so great a blessing," interrupted Edmund. —"I know your worth and honour," continued William; "and such is my confidence in your merit, that I firmly believe Heaven designs you for something extraordinary; and I expect that some great and unforeseen event will raise you to the rank and station to which you appear to belong. Promise me, therefore, that whatever may be your fate, you will preserve the same friendship for me that I bear to you." Edmund was so much affected, that he could not answer but in broken sentences. "Oh my friend, my master! I vow, I promise, my heart promises!" He kneeled down with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. William kneeled by him, and they invoked the Supreme to witness to their friendship, and implored his blessing upon it. They then rose up, and embraced each other, while tears of cordial affection bedewed their cheeks.

As soon as they were able to speak, Edmund conjured his friend not to expose himself to the displeasure of his family out of kindness to him. "I submit to the will of Heaven," said he; "I wait with patience its disposal of me. If I leave the castle, I will find means to inform you of my fate and fortunes."—"I hope," said William, "that things may yet be accommodated; but do not take any resolution; let us act as occasions arise."

In this manner these amiable youths conferred, till they arrived at the castle. The Baron was sitting in the great hall, on a high chair, with a footstep before, with the state and dignity of a judge; before him stood Father Oswald, as pleading the cause for himself and Edmund. Round the Baron's chair stood his eldest son and his kinsmen, with their principal domestics. The old servant, Joseph, at some distance, with his head leaning forward, as listening with the utmost attention to what passed. Mr William approached the chair. "My lord, I have found Edmund, and brought him to answer for himself."—"You have done well," said the Baron. "Edmund, come hither; you are charged with some indiscretions, for I cannot properly call them crimes. I am resolved to do justice between you and your accusers; I shall therefore hear you as well as them; for no man ought to be condemned unheard."—"My lord," said Edmund, with equal modesty and intrepidity, "I demand my trial; if I shall be found guilty of any crimes against my benefactor, let me be punished with the utmost rigour; but if, as I trust, no such charge can be proved against me, I know your goodness too well to doubt that you will do justice to me, as well as to others; and if it should so happen, that by the misrepresentations of my enemies, (who have long sought my ruin privately, and now avow it publicly,) if by their artifices your lordship should be induced to think me guilty, I would submit to your sentence in silence, and appeal to another tribunal."—"See," said Mr Wenlock, "the confidence of the fellow! He already supposes that my lord must be in the wrong, if he condemns him; and then this meek creature will appeal to another tribunal. To whose will he appeal? I desire he may be made to explain himself."—"That I will immediately," said Edmund, "without being compelled. I only meant to appeal to Heaven, that best knows my innocence."—"'Tis true," said the Baron, "and no offence to any one; man can only judge by appearances, but Heaven knows the heart. Let every one of you bear this in mind, that you may not bring a false accusation, nor justify yourselves by concealing the truth. Edmund, I am informed that Oswald and you have made very free with me and my family in some of your conversations. You were heard to censure me for the absurdity of building a new apartment on the west side of the castle, when there was one on the east side uninhabited. Oswald said that apartment was shut up, because it was haunted; that some shocking murder had been committed there; adding many particulars concerning Lord Lovel's family, such as he could not know the truth of, and, if he had known, was imprudent to reveal. But further, you complained of ill-treatment here, and mentioned an intention to leave the castle, and seek your fortune elsewhere. I shall examine into all these particulars in turn. At present, I desire you, Edmund, to relate all that you can remember of the conversation that passed between you and Oswald in the wood last Monday."—"Good God!" said Edmund, "is it possible that any person could put such a construction upon so innocent a conversation?"—"Tell me, then," said the Baron, "the particulars of it."—"I will, my lord, as nearly as my memory will allow me."

Accordingly he related most of the conversation that passed in the wood; but in the part that concerned the family of Lovel, he abbreviated as much as possible. Oswald's countenance cleared up, for he had done the same before Edmund came. The Baron called to his eldest son. "You hear, Sir Robert, what both parties say. I have questioned them separately; neither of them knew what the other would answer, yet their accounts agree almost to a word." —"I confess they do so," answered Sir Robert; "but, sir, it is very bold and presuming for them to speak of our family affairs in such a manner; if my uncle, Lord Lovel, should come to know it, he would punish them severely; and if his honour is reflected upon, it becomes us to

resent and to punish it." Here Mr Wenlock broke out into passion, and offered to swear to the truth of his accusation. "Be silent, Dick," said the Baron; "I shall judge for myself.—I protest," said he to Sir Robert, "I never heard so much as Oswald has now told me concerning the deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel; I think it is best to let such stories alone, till they die away of themselves. I had, indeed, heard of an idle story of the east apartment being haunted, when first I came hither, and my brother advised me to shut it up till it should be forgotten; but what has now been said, has suggested a thought that may make that apartment useful in future. I have thought of a punishment for Edmund that will stop the mouth of his accusers for the present; and, as I hope, will establish his credit with every body. Edmund, will you undertake this adventure for me?"—"What adventure, my lord?" said Edmund. "There is nothing I would not undertake to shew my gratitude and fidelity to you. As to my courage, I would shew that at the expence of my malicious accusers, if respect to my lord's blood did not tie up my hands; as I am situated, I beg it may be put to the proof in whatever way is most for my master's service."—"That is well said," cried the Baron; "as to your enemies, I am thinking how to separate you from them effectually; of that I shall speak hereafter.—I am going to try Edmund's courage; he shall sleep three nights in the east apartment, that he may testify to all whether it be haunted or not; afterwards I will have that apartment set in order, and my eldest son shall take it for his own. It will spare me some expence, and answer my purpose as well, or better. Will you consent, Edmund?"—"With all my heart, my lord," said Edmund; "I have not wilfully offended God or man, I have therefore nothing to fear."—"Brave boy!" said my lord; "I am not deceived in you, nor shall you be deceived in your reliance on me. You shall sleep in that apartment to-night, and to-morrow I will have some private talk with you. Do you, Oswald, go with me; I want to have some conversation with you. The rest of you, retire to your studies and business; I will meet you at dinner."

Edmund retired to his own chamber, and Oswald was shut up with the Baron. He defended Edmund's cause and his own, and laid open as much as he knew of the malice and designs of his enemies. The Baron expressed much concern at the untimely deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel, and desired Oswald to be circumspect in regard to what he had to say of the circumstances attending them; adding, that he was both innocent and ignorant of any treachery towards either of them. Oswald excused himself for his communications to Edmund, saying, they fell undesignedly into the subject, and that he mentioned it in confidence to him only.

The Baron sent orders to the young men to come to dinner; but they refused to meet Edmund at table; accordingly he ate in the steward's apartment. After dinner, the Baron tried to reconcile his kinsmen to Edmund; but found it impossible. They saw their designs were laid open; and, judging of him by themselves, thought it impossible to forgive or be forgiven. The Baron ordered them to keep in separate apartments; he took his eldest son for his own companion, as being the most reasonable of the malcontents; and ordered his kinsmen to keep their own apartment, with a servant to watch their motions. Mr William had Oswald for his companion. Old Joseph was bid to attend on Edmund; to serve him at supper; and at the hour of nine to conduct him to the haunted apartment. Edmund desired that he might have a light and his sword, lest his enemies should endeavour to surprise him. The Baron thought his request reasonable, and complied with it.

There was a great search to find the key of the apartment; at last it was discovered by Edmund himself, among a parcel of old rusty keys in a lumber room. The Baron sent the young men their suppers to their respective apartments. Edmund declined eating, and desired to be conducted to his apartment. He was accompanied by most of the servants to the door of it; they wished him success, and prayed for him as if he had been going to execution.

The door was with great difficulty unlocked, and Joseph gave Edmund a lighted lamp, and wished him a good night; he returned his good wishes to them all with the utmost cheerfulness, took the key on the inside of the door, and then dismissed them.

He then took a survey of his chamber; the furniture, by long neglect, was decayed and dropping to pieces; the bed was devoured by the moths, and occupied by the rats, who had built their nests there with impunity for many generations. The bedding was very damp, for the rain had forced its way through the ceiling; he determined therefore to lie down in his clothes. There were two doors on the further side of the room, with keys in them: being not at all sleepy, he resolved to examine them. He attempted one lock, and opened it with ease; he went into a large dining-room, the furniture of which was in the same tattered condition; out of this was a large closet with some books in it, and hung round with coats of arms, with genealogies and alliances of the house of Lovel; he amused himself here some minutes, and then returned into the bed-chamber.

He recollected the other door, and resolved to see where it led to; the key was rusted into the lock, and resisted his attempts. He set the lamp on the ground, and exerting all his strength, opened the door, and at the same instant the wind of it blew out the lamp, and left him in utter darkness. At the same moment he heard a hollow rustling noise, like that of a person

coming through a narrow passage. Till this moment not one idea of fear had approached the mind of Edmund; but just then all the concurrent circumstances of his situation struck upon his heart, and gave him a new and disagreeable sensation. He paused a while; and recollecting himself, cried out aloud, "What should I fear? I have not wilfully offended God or man; why then should I doubt protection? But I have not yet implored the divine assistance; how then can I expect it?" Upon this he kneeled down and prayed earnestly, resigning himself wholly to the will of Heaven; while he was yet speaking his courage returned, and he resumed his usual confidence. Again he approached the door from whence the noise proceeded; he thought he saw a glimmering light upon a staircase before him. "If," said he, "this apartment is haunted, I will use my endeavours to discover the cause of it; and if the spirit appears visibly, I will speak to it."

He was preparing to descend the staircase, when he heard several knocks at the door by which he first entered the room; and stepping backward, the door was clapped to with great violence. Again fear attacked him; but he resisted it, and boldly cried out, "Who is there?"—A voice at the outer door answered, "It's I; Joseph, your friend."—"What do you want?"—"I have brought you some wood to make a fire," said Joseph.—"I thank you kindly," said Edmund; "but my lamp is gone out; I will try to find the door, however." After some trouble, he found and opened it; and was not sorry to see his friend Joseph, with a light in one hand, a flagon of beer in the other, and a faggot upon his shoulder. "I come," said the good old man, "to bring you something to keep up your spirits; the evening is cold; I know this room wants airing; and beside that, my master, I think your present undertaking requires a little assistance."

"My good friend," said Edmund, "I never shall be able to deserve or requite your kindness to me."—"My dear sir, you always deserved more than I could do for you; and I think I shall yet live to see you defeat the designs of your enemies, and acknowledge the service of your friends."—"Alas!" said Edmund, "I see little prospect of that!"—"I see," said Joseph, "something that persuades me you are designed for great things; and I perceive that things are working about to some great end: have courage, my master, my heart beats strangely high upon your account!"—"You make me smile," said Edmund.—"I am glad to see it, sir; may you smile all the rest of your life!"—"I thank your honest affection," returned Edmund, "though it is too partial to me. You had better go to bed, however; if it is known you visit me here, it will be bad for us both."—"So I will presently; but, please God, I will come here again tomorrow night, when all the family are a-bed; and I will tell you some things that you never yet heard."—"But pray tell me," said Edmund, "where does that door lead to?"—"Upon a passage that ends in a staircase that leads to the lower rooms; and there is likewise a door out of that passage into the dining-room."—"And what rooms are there below stairs?" said Edmund.—"The same as above," replied he.—"Very well; then I wish you a good night, we will talk further to-morrow."—"Ay, to-morrow night; and in this place, my dear master."—"Why do you call me your master? I never was, nor ever can be, your master."—"God only knows that," said the good old man; "good night, and Heaven bless you!"—"Good night, my worthy friend!"

Joseph withdrew, and Edmund returned to the other door, and attempted several times to open it in vain; his hands were benumbed and tired; at length he gave over. He made a fire in the chimney, placed the lamp on a table, and opened one of the window-shutters to admit the day-light; he then recommended himself to the divine protection, and threw himself upon the bed; he presently fell asleep, and continued in that state, till the sun saluted him with his orient beams through the window he had opened.

As soon as he was perfectly awake, he strove to recollect his dreams. He thought that he heard people coming up the staircase that he had a glimpse of; that the door opened, and there entered a warrior, leading a lady by the hand, who was young and beautiful, but pale and wan: the man was dressed in complete armour and his helmet down. They approached the bed; they undrew the curtains. He thought the man said, "Is this our child?" The woman replied, "It is; and the hour approaches that he shall be known for such." They then separated, and one stood on each side of the bed; their hands met over his head, and they gave him a solemn benediction. He strove to rise and pay them his respects, but they forbade him; and the lady said, "Sleep in peace, oh, my Edmund! for those who are the true possessors of this apartment are employed in thy preservation: sleep on, sweet hope of a house that is thought past hope!"—Upon this, they withdrew, and went out at the same door by which they entered, and he heard them descend the stairs. After this he followed a funeral as chief mourner; he saw the whole procession, and heard the ceremonies performed. He was snatched away from this mournful scene to one of the contrary kind, a stately feast, at which he presided; and he heard himself congratulated as a husband and a father: his friend William sat by his side; and his happiness was complete. Every succeeding idea was happiness without alloy; and his mind was not idle a moment till the morning sun awakened him. He perfectly remembered his dreams, and meditated on what all these things should portend. "Am I then," said he, "not Edmund Twyford, but somebody of consequence, in whose fate so many

people are interested? Vain thought, that must have arisen from the partial suggestions of my two friends, Mr William and old Joseph."

He lay thus reflecting, when a servant knocked at the door, and told him it was past six o' clock, and that the Baron expected him to breakfast in an hour. He rose immediately; paid his tribute of thanks to Heaven for its protection, and went from his chamber in high health and spirits.

He walked in the garden till the hour of breakfast, and then attended the Baron.—"Good morrow, Edmund!" said he; "how have you rested in your new apartment?"—"Extremely well, my lord," answered he."—"I am glad to hear it," said the Baron; "but I did not know your accommodations were so bad, as Joseph tells me they are."—"'Tis of no consequence," said Edmund; "if they were much worse, I could dispense with them for three nights."—"Very well," said the Baron; "you are a brave lad: I am satisfied with you, and will excuse the other two nights."—"But, my lord, I will not be excused; no one shall have reason to suspect my courage; I am determined to go through the remaining nights upon many accounts."—"That shall be as you please," said my lord. "I think of you as you deserve; so well, that I shall ask your advice by and by in some affairs of consequence."—"My life and services are yours, my lord; command them freely."—"Let Oswald be called in," said my lord; "he shall be one of our consultation." He came; the servants were dismissed; and the Baron spoke as follows:—"Edmund, when first I took you into my family, it was at the request of my sons and kinsmen; I bear witness to your good behaviour: you have not deserved to lose their esteem; but, nevertheless, I have observed, for some years past, that all but my son William have set their faces against you; I see their meanness, and I perceive their motives: but they are, and must be, my relations; and I would rather govern them by love, than fear. I love and esteem your virtues: I cannot give you up to gratify their humours. My son William has lost the affections of the rest, for that he bears to you; but he has increased my regard to him: I think myself bound in honour to him and you to provide for you: I cannot do it as I wished, under my own roof. If you stay here, I see nothing but confusion in my family; yet I cannot put you out of it disgracefully. I want to think of some way to prefer you, that you may leave this house with honour; and I desire both of you to give me your advice in this matter. If Edmund will tell me in what way I can employ him to his own honour and my advantage, I am ready to do it; let him propose it, and Oswald shall moderate between us."

Here he stopped; and Edmund, whose sighs almost choaked him, threw himself at the Baron's feet, and wet his hands with his tears "Oh, my noble, generous benefactor! do you condescend to consult such a one as me upon the state of your family? Does your most amiable and beloved son incur the ill-will of his brothers and kinsmen for my sake? What am I, that I should disturb the peace of this noble family? Oh, my lord, send me away directly! I should be unworthy to live, if I did not earnestly endeavour to restore your happiness. You have given me a noble education, and I trust I shall not disgrace it. If you will recommend me, and give me a character, I fear not to make my own fortune." The Baron wiped his eyes; "I wish to do this, my child, but in what way?"—"My lord," said Edmund, "I will open my heart to you. I have served with credit in the army, and I should prefer a soldier's life."—"You please me well," said the Baron: "I will send you to France, and give you a recommendation to the Regent; he knows you personally, and will prefer you for my sake, and for your own merit."—"My lord, you overwhelm me with your goodness! I am but your creature, and my life shall be devoted to your service."—"But," said the Baron, "how to dispose of you, till the spring?"—"That," said Oswald, "may be thought of at leisure; I am glad that you have resolved, and I congratulate you both." The Baron put an end to the conversation by desiring Edmund to go with him into the menage to see his horses. He ordered Oswald to acquaint his son William with all that had passed, and to try to persuade the young men to meet Edmund and William at dinner.

The Baron took Edmund with him into his menage to see some horses he had lately purchased. While they were examining the beauties and defects of those noble and useful animals, Edmund declared that he preferred Caradoc, a horse he had broke himself, to any other in my lord's stables. "Then," said the Baron, "I will give him to you; and you shall go upon him to seek your fortune." He made new acknowledgements for this gift, and declared he would prize it highly for the giver's sake. "But I shall not part with you yet," said my lord; "I will first carry all my points with those saucy boys, and oblige them to do you justice."—"You have already done that," said Edmund, "and I will not suffer any of your lordship's blood to undergo any farther humiliation upon my account. I think, with humble submission to your better judgment, the sooner I go hence the better."

While they were speaking, Oswald came to them, and said, that the young men had absolutely refused to dine at the table, if Edmund was present.—"'Tis well," said the Baron; "I shall find a way to punish their contumacy hereafter: I will make them know that I am the master here. Edmund and you, Oswald, shall spend the day in my apartment above stairs. William shall dine with me alone; and I will acquaint him with our determination: my son Robert, and his cabal, shall be prisoners in the great parlour. Edmund shall, according to his

own desire, spend this and the following night in the haunted apartment; and this for his sake, and my own; for if I should now contradict my former order, it would subject us both to their impertinent reflections."

He then took Oswald aside, and charged him not to let Edmund go out of his sight; for if he should come in the way of those implacable enemies, he trembled for the consequences. He then walked back to the stables, and the two friends returned into the house.

They had a long conversation on various subjects; in the course of it, Edmund acquainted Oswald with all that had passed between him and Joseph the preceding night, the curiosity he had raised in him, and his promise to gratify it the night following. "I wish," said Oswald, "you would permit me to be one of your party." —"How can that be?" said Edmund: "we shall be watched, perhaps; and, if discovered, what excuse can you make for coming there? beside, if it were known, I shall be branded with the imputation of cowardice; and though I have borne much, I will not promise to bear that patiently."—"Never fear," replied Oswald, "I will speak to Joseph about it; and, after prayers are over, and the family gone to bed, I will steal away from my own chamber and come to you. I am strongly interested in your affairs; and I cannot be easy unless you will receive me into your company: I will bind myself to secrecy in any manner you shall enjoin."—"Your word is sufficient," said Edmund; "I have as much reason to trust you, father, as any man living; I should be ungrateful to refuse you any thing in my power to grant. But suppose the apartment should really be haunted, would you have resolution enough to pursue the adventure to a discovery?"—"I hope so," said Oswald: "but have you any reason to believe it is?"—"I have," said Edmund; "but I have not opened my lips upon this subject to any creature but yourself. This night I purpose, if Heaven permit, to go all over the rooms; and, though I had formed this design, I will confess that your company will strengthen my resolution. I will have no reserves to you in any respect; but I must put a seal upon your lips." Oswald swore secrecy till he should be permitted to disclose the mysteries of that apartment; and both of them waited, in solemn expectation, the event of the approaching night.

In the afternoon, Mr William was allowed to visit his friend. An affecting interview passed between them. He lamented the necessity of Edmund's departure; and they took a solemn leave of each other, as if they foreboded it would be long ere they should meet again.

About the same hour as the preceding evening, Joseph came to conduct Edmund to his apartment. "You will find better accommodations than you had last night," said he, "and all by my lord's own order."—"I every hour receive some new proof of his goodness," said Edmund. When they arrived, he found a good fire in the chamber, and a table covered with cold meats, and a flagon of strong beer. "Sit down, and get your supper, my dear master," said Joseph: "I must attend my lord; but, as soon as the family are gone to bed, I will visit you again."—"Do so," said Edmund; "but, first, see Father Oswald; he has something to say to you. You may trust him, for I have no reserves to him."—"Well, sir, I will see him if you desire it; and I will come to you as soon as possible." So saying he went his way, and Edmund sat down to supper.

After a moderate refreshment, he kneeled down, and prayed with the greatest fervency. He resigned himself to the disposal of Heaven: "I am nothing," said he; "I desire to be nothing but what thou, O Lord, pleasest to make me. If it is thy will that I should return to my former obscurity, be it obeyed with cheerfulness; and if thou art pleased to exalt me, I will look up to thee as the only fountain of honour and dignity." Whilst he prayed he felt an enlargement of heart beyond what he had ever experienced before. All idle fears were dispersed, and his heart glowed with divine love and affiance;—he seemed raised above the world and all its pursuits. He continued wrapt up in mental devotion, till a knocking at the door obliged him to rise and let in his two friends, who came without shoes, and on tiptoe, to visit him.

"Save you, my son!" said the friar; "you look cheerful and happy."—"I am so, father," said Edmund; "I have resigned myself to the disposal of Heaven, and I find my heart strengthened above what I can express."—"Heaven be praised!" said Oswald: "I believe you are designed for great things, my son."—"What, do you too encourage my ambition?" says Edmund; "strange concurrence of circumstances!—Sit down, my friends; and do you, my good Joseph, tell me the particulars you promised last night." They drew their chairs round the fire, and Joseph began as follows:—

"You have heard of the untimely death of the late Lord Lovel, my noble and worthy master; perhaps you may have also heard, that, from that time, this apartment was haunted. What passed the other day, when my lord questioned you both on this head, brought all the circumstances fresh into my mind. You then said, there were suspicions that he came not fairly to his end. I trust you both, and will speak what I know of it. There was a person suspected of this murder; and who do you think it was?"—"You must speak out," said Oswald. —"Why, then," said Joseph, "it was the present Lord Lovel."—"You speak my thoughts," said Oswald; "but proceed to the proofs."—"I will," said Joseph.

"From the time that my lord's death was reported, there were strange whisperings and con-

sultations between the new lord, and some of the servants; there was a deal of private business carried on in this apartment. Soon after, they gave out that my poor lady was distracted; but she threw out strong expressions that savoured nothing of madness. She said, that the ghost of her departed lord had appeared to her, and revealed the circumstances of this murder. None of the servants but one were permitted to see her. At this very time Sir Walter, the new lord, had the cruelty to offer love to her. He urged her to marry him; and one of her women overheard her say, she would sooner die than give her hand to the man who caused the death of her lord. Soon after this we were told my lady was dead. The Lord Lovel made a public and sumptuous funeral for her."—"That is true," said Oswald; "for I was a novice, and assisted at it."

"Well," says Joseph, "now comes my part of the story. As I was coming home from the burial, I overtook Roger, our ploughman. Said he, 'What think you of this burying?'—'What should I think,' said I, 'but we have lost the best master and lady that we shall ever know?' 'God he knows,' quoth Roger, 'whether they be living or dead; but if ever I saw my lady in my life, I saw her alive the night they say she died.' I tried to convince him that he was mistaken; but he offered to take his oath, that the very night they said she died, he saw her come out of the garden-gate into the fields; that she often stopped, like a person in pain, and then went forward again until he had lost sight of her. Now, it is certain that her time was out, and she expected to lie down every day; and they did not pretend that she died in child-bed. I thought upon what I heard, but nothing I said. Roger told the same story to another servant; so he was called to an account; the story was hushed up, and the foolish fellow said, he was verily persuaded it was her ghost that he saw. Now you must take notice, that, from this time, they began to talk about, that this apartment was troubled; and not only this, but at last the new lord could not sleep in quiet in his own room; and this induced him to sell the castle to his brother-in-law, and get out of this country as fast as possible. He took most of the servants away with him, and Roger among the rest. As for me, they thought I knew nothing, and so they left me behind; but I was neither blind nor deaf, though I could hear, and see, and say nothing."

"This is a dark story," said Oswald.—"It is so," said Edmund; "but why should Joseph seem to think it concerns me in particular?"—"Ah, dear sir," said Joseph, "I must tell you, though I never uttered it to mortal man before; the striking resemblance this young man bears to my dear lord, the strange dislike his reputed father took to him, his gentle manners, his generous heart, his noble qualities, so uncommon in those of his birth and breeding, the sound of his voice—You may smile at the strength of my fancy, but I cannot put it out of my mind but that he is my own master's son."

At these words Edmund changed colour, and trembled; he clapped his hand upon his breast, and looked up to Heaven in silence; his dream recurred to his memory, and struck upon his heart. He related it to his attentive auditors. "The ways of Providence are wonderful," said Oswald. "If this be so, Heaven, in its own time, will make it appear."

Here a silence of several minutes ensued; when, suddenly, they were awakened from their reverie by a violent noise in the rooms underneath them. It seemed like a clashing of arms, and something seemed to fall down with violence.

They started, and Edmund rose up with a look full of resolution and intrepidity. "I am called," said he; "I obey the call!"—He took up a lamp, and went to the door that he had opened the night before. Oswald followed with his rosary in his hand, and Joseph last, with trembling steps. The door opened with ease, and they descended the stairs in profound silence.

The lower rooms answered exactly to those above; there were two parlours and a large closet. They saw nothing remarkable in these rooms, except two pictures, that were turned with their faces to the wall. Joseph took the courage to turn them—"These," said he, "are the portraits of my lord and lady. Father, look at this face; do you know who is like it?"—"I should think," said Oswald, "it was done for Edmund!"—"I am," said Edmund, "struck with the resemblance myself; but let us go on; I feel myself inspired with unusual courage. Let us open the closet door."—Oswald stopped him short—"Take heed," said he, "lest the wind of the door put out the lamp. I will open this door."—He attempted it without success; Joseph did the same, but to no purpose; Edmund gave the lamp to Joseph; he approached the door, tried the key, and it gave way to his hand in a moment. "This adventure belongs," said he, "to me only; that is plain—bring the lamp forward."—Oswald repeated his paternoster, in which they all joined, and then entered the closet.

The first thing that presented itself to their view was a complete suit of armour, that seemed to have fallen down on an heap. "Behold!" said Edmund; "this made the noise we heard above." They took it up, and examined it piece by piece; the inside of the breast-plate was stained with blood.—"See here!" said Edmund; "what think you of this?"—"'Tis my lord's armour," said Joseph; "I know it well—here has been bloody work in this closet!"—Going forward, he stumbled over something; it was a ring, with the arms of Lovel engraved upon it.

"This is my lord's ring," said Joseph; "I have seen him wear it. I give it to you, sir, as the right owner, and most religiously do I believe you his son."—"Heaven only knows that," said Edmund; "and, if it permits, I will know who was my father before I am a day older."—While he was speaking he shifted his ground, and perceived that the boards rose up on the other side of the closet; upon farther examination, they found that the whole floor was loose, and a table that stood over them concealed the circumstance from a casual observer. "I perceive," said Oswald, "that some great discovery is at hand."—"God defend us!" said Edmund; "but I verily believe that the person that owned this armour lies buried under us."—Upon this, a dismal hollow groan was heard, as if from underneath. A solemn silence ensued, and marks of fear were visible upon all three; the groan was thrice heard. Oswald made signs for them to kneel, and he prayed audibly that Heaven would direct them how to act; he also prayed for the soul of the departed, that it might rest in peace. After this he arose; but Edmund continued kneeling—he vowed solemnly to devote himself to the discovery of this secret, and the avenging the death of the person there buried. He then rose up. "It would be to no purpose," said he, "for us to examine farther now; when I am properly authorized, I will have this place opened; I trust that time is not far off."—"I believe it," said Oswald; "you are designed by Heaven to be its instrument in bringing this deed of darkness to light. We are your creatures; only tell us what you would have us do, and we are ready to obey your commands."—"I only demand your silence," said Edmund, "till I call for your evidence; and then you must speak all you know, and all you suspect."—"Oh," said Joseph, "that I may but live to see that day, and I shall have lived long enough!"—"Come," said Edmund, "let us return up stairs, and we will consult farther how I shall proceed."—So saying, he went out of the closet, and they followed him. He locked the door, and took the key out—"I will keep this," said he, "till I have power to use it to purpose, lest any one should presume to pry into the secrets of this closet. I will always carry it about me, to remind me of what I have undertaken."

Upon this they returned up stairs into the bedchamber; all was still, and they heard nothing more to disturb them. "How," said Edmund, "is it possible that I should be the son of Lord Lovel? for, however circumstances have seemed to encourage such a notion, what reason have I to believe it?"—"I am strangely puzzled about it," said Oswald. "It seems unlikely that so good a man as Lord Lovel should corrupt the wife of a peasant his vassal; and especially, being so lately married to a lady with whom he was passionately in love."—"Hold there!" said Joseph; "my lord was incapable of such an action; if Master Edmund is the son of my lord, he is also the son of my lady."—"How can that be?" said Edmund. "I don't know how," said Joseph; "but there is a person who can tell if she will; I mean Margery Twyford, who calls herself your mother."—"You meet my thoughts," said Edmund; "I had resolved before you spoke to visit her, and to interrogate her on the subject; I will ask my lord's permission to go this very day."—"That is right," said Oswald; "but be cautious and prudent in your inquiries."—"If you," said Edmund, "would bear me company, I should do better; she might think herself obliged to answer your questions; and, being less interested in the event, you would be more discreet in your interrogations."—"That I will most readily," said he; "and I will ask my lord's permission for us both."—"This point is well determined," said Joseph; "I am impatient for the result, and I believe my feet will carry me to meet you whether I consent or not."—"I am as impatient as you," said Oswald; "but let us be silent as the grave, and let not a word or look indicate any thing unknown or mysterious."

The day-light began to dawn upon their conference; and Edmund observing it, begged his friends to withdraw in silence. They did so, and left Edmund to his own recollections. His thoughts were too much employed for sleep to approach him; he threw himself upon the bed, and lay meditating how he should proceed; a thousand schemes offered themselves, and were rejected; but he resolved at all events to leave Baron Fitz-Owen's family the first opportunity that presented itself.

He was summoned, as before, to attend my lord at breakfast, during which he was silent, absent, and reserved. My lord observed it, and rallied him, inquiring how he had spent the night?—"In reflecting upon my situation, my lord, and in laying plans for my future conduct." Oswald took the hint, and asked permission to visit Edmund's mother in his company, and acquaint her with his intentions of leaving the country soon. He consented freely; but seemed unresolved about Edmund's departure.

They set out directly, and Edmund went hastily to old Twyford's cottage, declaring that every field seemed a mile to him. "Restrain your warmth, my son," said Oswald; "compose your mind, and recover your breath, before you enter upon a business of such consequence." Margery met them at the door, and asked Edmund what wind blew him thither?—"Is it so very surprising," said he, "that I should visit my parents?"—"Yes, it is," said she, "considering the treatment you have met with from us; but since Andrew is not in the house, I may say I am glad to see you: Lord bless you, what a fine youth you be grown! 'Tis a long time since I saw you; but that is not my fault; many a cross word, and many a blow have I had on your

account; but I now venture to embrace my dear child." Edmund came forward, and embraced her fervently; the starting tears, on both sides, evinced their affection. "And why," said he, "should my father forbid you to embrace your child? what have I done to deserve his hatred?"—"Nothing, my dear boy; you were always good and tender-hearted, and deserve the love of every body."—"It is not common," said Edmund, "for a parent to hate his first-born son without his having deserved it."—"This is true," said Oswald; "it is uncommon, it is unnatural; nay, I am of opinion it is almost impossible. I am so convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus hates and abuses Edmund cannot be his father." In saying this, he observed her countenance attentively; she changed colour apparently. "Come," said he, "let us sit down; and do you, Margery, answer to what I have said."—"Blessed Virgin!" said Margery, "what does your reverence mean? what do you suspect?"—"I suspect," said he, "that Edmund is not the son of Andrew your husband."—"Lord bless me!" said she, "what is it you do suspect?"—"Do not evade my question, woman! I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point." The woman trembled every joint. "Would to Heaven," said she, "that Andrew was at home!"—"It is much better as it is," said Oswald; "you are the person we are to examine."—"Oh, father," said she, "do you think that I—that I—that I am to blame in this matter? what have I done?"—"Do you, sir," said he, "ask your own questions." Upon this, Edmund threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees. "Oh, my mother," said he, "for as such my heart owns you, tell me, for the love of Heaven! tell me who was my father?"—"Gracious Heaven!" said she, "what will become of me!"—"Woman," said Oswald, "confess the truth, or you shall be compelled to do it; by whom had you this youth?"—"Who, I?" said she; "I had him! No, father, I am not guilty of the black crime of adultery; God, he knows my innocence; I am not worthy to be the mother of such a sweet youth as this."—"You are not his mother, then, nor Andrew his father?"—"Oh, what shall I do," said Margery, "Andrew will be the death of me!"—"No, he shall not," said Edmund; "you shall be protected and rewarded for the discovery."—"Goody," said Oswald, "confess the whole truth, and I will protect you from harm and from blame; you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which case he will certainly provide for you; on the other hand, by an obstinate silence, you will deprive yourself of all advantages you might receive from the discovery; and, besides, you will soon be examined in a different manner, and be obliged to confess all you know, and nobody will thank you for it."—"Ah," said she, "but Andrew beat me the last time I spoke to Edmund, and told me he would break every bone in my skin if ever I spoke to him again."—"He knows it then?" said Oswald. "He know it! Lord help you, it was all his own doing."—"Tell us then," said Oswald; "for Andrew shall never know it till it is out of his power to punish you."—"'Tis a long story," said she, "and cannot be told in a few words."—"It will never be told at this rate," said he; "sit down and begin it instantly."—"My fate depends on your words," said Edmund; "my soul is impatient of the suspense. If ever you loved me and cherished me, shew it now, and tell while I have breath to ask it."

He sat in extreme agitation of mind; his words and actions were equally expressive of his inward emotions. "I will," said she; "but I must try to recollect all the circumstances. You must know, young man, that you are just one-and-twenty years of age."—"On what day was he born?" said Oswald. "The day before yesterday," said she, "the 21st of September."—"A remarkable era," said he. "'Tis so indeed," said Edmund. "Oh, that night! that apartment!"—"Be silent," said Oswald; "and you, Margery, begin your story."

"I will," said she. "Just one-and-twenty years ago, on that very day, I lost my first-born son. I got a hurt by over-reaching myself, when I was near my time, and so the poor child died. And so, as I was sitting all alone, and very melancholy, Andrew came home from work; 'see Margery,' said he, 'I have brought you a child instead of that you have lost.' So he gave me a bundle, as I thought; but sure enough it was a child; a poor helpless babe just born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak, trimmed with gold lace.—'And where did you find this?' says I. 'Upon the foot-bridge,' said he, 'just below the clay-field. This child,' said he, 'belongs to some great folk, and perhaps it may be inquired after one day, and may make our fortunes; take care of it,' said he, 'and bring it up as if it was your own.' The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me so pitifully, that I loved it; beside, my milk was troublesome to me, and I was glad to be eased of it; so I gave it the breast, and from that hour I loved the child as if it were my own, and so I do still if I dared to own it."—"And this is all you know of Edmund's birth?" said Oswald. "No, not all," said Margery; "but pray look out and see whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter."—"He is not," said Oswald; "go on, I beseech you."—"This happened," said she, "as I told you, on the 21st. On the morrow my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouse, our neighbour; they had not been gone above an hour when they both came back seemingly very much frightened. Says Andrew, 'Go you, Robin, and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Styles's.' 'What is the matter now?' said I.—'Matter enough,' quoth Andrew; 'we may

come to be hanged, perhaps, as many an innocent man has before us.' 'Tell me what is the matter,' said I. 'I will,' said he; 'but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you.' 'I never will,' said I; but he made me swear by all the blessed saints in the Calendar, and he then told me, that, as Robin and he were going over the foot-bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they saw something floating upon the water; so they followed it, till it stuck against a stake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman; 'as sure as you are alive, Madge,' said he, 'this was the mother of the child I brought home.'"—"Merciful God!" said Edmund; "am I the child of that hapless mother?"—"Be composed," said Oswald; "proceed, good woman, the time is precious."—"And so," continued she, "Andrew told me they dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dressed, and must be somebody of consequence. 'I suppose,' said he, 'when the poor lady had taken care of her child, she went to find some help; and the night being dark, her foot slipped, and she fell into the river and was drowned.'

"'Lord have mercy!' said Robin, 'what shall we do with the dead body? we may be taken up for the murder; what had we to do to meddle with it?'—'Ay, but,' says Andrew, 'we must have something to do with it now; and our wisest way is to bury it.' Robin was sadly frightened, but at last they agreed to carry it into the wood, and bury it there; so they came home for a pick-axe and shovel. 'Well,' said I, 'Andrew, but will you bury all the rich clothes you speak of?' 'Why,' said he, 'it would be both a sin and a shame to strip the dead.' 'So it would,' said I; 'but I will give you a sheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper garments, and any thing of value; but not strip her to the skin for any thing.' 'Well said, wench,' said he; 'I will do as you say.' So I fetched a sheet, and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

"They did not come back again till noon, and then they sat down and eat a morsel together. Says Andrew, 'Now we may sit down and eat in peace.'—'Ay,' says Robin, 'and sleep in peace too, for we have done no harm.' 'No, to be sure,' said I; 'but yet I am much concerned that the poor lady had not Christian burial.' 'Never trouble thyself about that,' said Andrew; 'we have done the best we could for her; but let us see what we have got in our bags; we must divide them.' So they opened their bags, and took out a fine gown and a pair of rich shoes; but, beside these, there was a fine necklace with a golden locket and a pair of ear-rings. Says Andrew, and winked at me, 'I will have these, and you may take the rest.' Robin said he was satisfied, and so he went his way. When he was gone, 'Here, you fool,' says Andrew, 'take these, and keep them as safe as the bud of your eye. If ever young master is found, these will make our fortune.'"—"And have you them now?" said Oswald. "Yes, that I have," answered she; "Andrew would have sold them long ago, but I always put him off it."—"Heaven be praised!" said Edmund. "Hush," said Oswald, "let us not lose time; proceed, Goody."—"Nay," said Margery, "I have not much more to say. We looked every day to hear some inquiries after the child, but nothing passed, nobody was missing."—"Did nobody of note die about that time?" said Oswald. "Why, yes," said Margery, "the widow Lady Lovel died that same week; by the same token, Andrew went to the funeral, and brought home a scutcheon, which I keep unto this day."—"Very well; go on."—"My husband behaved well enough to the boy, till such time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and say, it was hard to maintain other folk's children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own. I loved the boy quite as well as my own; often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he should one day or other be paid for his trouble; but at last he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

"As Edmund grew up, he grew sickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour; and that was another reason why my husband could not bear with him. 'If,' quoth he, 'the boy could earn his living, I did not care; but I must bear all the expense.' There came an old pilgrim into our parts; he was a scholar, and had been a soldier, and he taught Edmund to read; then he told him histories of wars, and knights, and lords, and great men; and Edmund took such delight in hearing him, that he would not take to any thing else.

"To be sure Edwin was a pleasant companion; he would tell old stories, and sing old songs, that one could have sat all night to hear him; but, as I was saying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading, and less of work; however, he would run of errands, and do many handy turns for the neighbours; and he was so courteous a lad, that people took notice of him. Andrew once catched him alone reading, and then told him that if he did not find some way to earn his bread, he would turn him out of doors in a very short time; and so he would have done, sure enough, if my Lord Fitz-Owen had not taken him into his service just in the nick."

"Very well, Goody," said Oswald; "you have told your story very well; I am glad, for Edmund's sake, that you can do it so properly. But now, can you keep a secret?"—"Why, an't please your reverence, I think I have shewed you that I can."—"But can you keep it from your husband?"—"Ay," said she, "surely I can; for I dare not tell it him."—"That is a good security," said he; "but I must have a better,

You must swear upon this book not to disclose any thing that has passed between us three, till we desire you to do it. Be assured you will soon be called upon for this purpose; Edmund's birth is near to the discovery; he is the son of parents of high degree; and it will be in his power to make your fortune, when he takes possession of his own."

"Holy Virgin! what is it you tell me? How you rejoice me to hear, that what I have so long prayed for, will come to pass." She took the oath required, saying after Oswald.—"Now," said he, "go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned."

When she was gone, Edmund's passions, long suppressed, broke out in tears and exclamations; he kneeled down, and, with his hands clasped together, returned thanks to Heaven for the discovery. Oswald begged him to be composed, lest Margery should perceive his agitation, and misconstrue the cause. She soon returned with the neck-lace and ear-rings. They were pearls of great value; and the necklace had a locket, on which the cypher of Lovel was engraved. "This," said Oswald, "is indeed a proof of consequence. Keep it, sir, for it belongs to you."—"Must he take it away?" said she.—"Certainly," returned Oswald; "we can do nothing without it; but if Andrew should ask for it, you must put him off for the present, and hereafter he will find his account in it." Margery consented reluctantly to part with the jewels; and, after some further conversation, they took leave of her.—Edmund embraced her affectionately. "I thank you with my whole heart," said he, "for all your goodness to me! Though I confess, I never felt much regard for your husband, yet for you I had always the tender affection of a son. You will, I trust, give your evidence in my behalf when called upon; and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindness. In that case, I will own you as my foster-mother, and you shall always be treated as such." Margery wept. "The Lord grant it!" said she; "and I pray him to have you in his holy keeping. Farewell, my dear child!"—Oswald desired them to separate for fear of intrusion; and they returned to the castle. Margery stood at the door of her cottage, looking every way to see if the coast was clear.

"Now, sir," said Oswald, "I congratulate you as the son of Lord and Lady Lovel; the proofs are strong and indisputable."—"To us they are so," said Edmund; "but how shall we make them so to others? And what are we to think of the funeral of Lady Lovel?"—"As of a fiction," said Oswald; "the work of the present lord, to secure his title and fortune."—"And what means can we use to dispossess him?" said Edmund; "he is not a man for a poor youth like me to contend with."—"Doubt not," said Oswald, "but Heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far, will complete its own work; for my part, I can only wonder and adore!"—"Give me your advice then," said Edmund; "for Heaven assists us by natural means."

"It seems to me," said Oswald, "that your first step must be to make a friend of some great man, of consequence enough to espouse your cause, and to get this affair examined into by authority." Edmund started and crossed himself; he suddenly exclaimed, "A friend! Yes; I have a friend! a powerful one too; one sent by Heaven to be my protector, but whom I have too long neglected."—"Who can that be?" said Oswald."—"Who should it be," said Edmund, "but that good Sir Philip Harclay, the chosen friend of him, whom I shall from henceforward call my father."—"'Tis true, indeed," said Oswald; "and this is a fresh proof of what I before observed, that Heaven assists you, and will complete its own work."—"I think so myself," said Edmund, "and rely upon its direction. I have already determined on my future conduct, which I will communicate to you. My first step shall be to leave the castle. My lord has this day given me a horse, upon which I propose to set out this very night, without the knowledge of any of the family. I will go to Sir Philip Harclay; I will throw myself at his feet, relate my strange story, and implore his protection. With him I will consult on the most proper way of bringing this murderer to public justice; and I will be guided by his advice and direction in every thing."—"Nothing can be better," said Oswald, "than what you propose; but give me leave to offer an addition to your scheme. You shall set off in the dead of the night, as you intend; Joseph and I will favour your departure in such a manner as to throw a mystery over the circumstances of it. Your disappearing at such a time from the haunted apartment will terrify and confound all the family; they will puzzle themselves in vain to account for it, and they will be afraid to pry into the secrets of that place."

"You say well; and I approve your addition," replied Edmund. "Suppose, likewise, there was a letter written in a mysterious manner, and dropt in my lord's way, or sent to him afterwards; it would forward our design, and frighten them away from that apartment."—"That shall be my care," said Oswald; "and I will warrant you, that they will not find themselves disposed to inhabit it presently."—"But how shall I leave my dear friend Mr William, without a word of notice of this separation?"—"I have thought of that too," said Oswald; "and I will so manage as to acquaint him with it in such a manner, as he shall think out of the common course of things, and which shall make him wonder and be silent."—"How will you do that?" said Edmund."—"I will tell you hereafter," said Oswald; "for here comes old Joseph to meet us."

He came, indeed, as fast as his age would permit him. As soon as he was within hearing, he asked them what news? They related all that had passed at Twyford's cottage; he heard them with the greatest eagerness of attention, and as soon as they came to the great event, "I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed Joseph, "I was sure it would prove so! Thank God for it! But I will be the first to acknowledge my young lord, and I will live and die his faithful servant!" Here Joseph attempted to kneel to him, but Edmund prevented him with a warm embrace. "My friend! my dear friend!" said he, "I cannot suffer a man of your age to kneel to me; are you not one of my best and truest friends? I will ever remember your disinterested affection for me; and if Heaven restores me to my rights, it shall be one of my first cares to render your old age easy and happy." Joseph wept over him, and it was some time before he could utter a word.

Oswald gave them both time to recover their emotion, by acquainting Joseph with Edmund's scheme for his departure. Joseph wiped his eyes and spoke. "I have thought," said he, "of something that will be both agreeable and useful to my dear master. John Wyatt, Sir Philip Harclay's servant, is now upon a visit at his father's; I have heard that he goes home soon; now he would be both a guide and companion on the way."—"That is, indeed, a happy circumstance," said Edmund; "but how shall we know certainly the time of his departure?"—"Why, sir, I will go to him, and inquire; and bring you word directly."—"Do so," said Edmund, "and you will oblige me greatly."—"But, sir," said Oswald, "I think it will be best not to let John Wyatt know who is to be his companion; only let Joseph tell him that a gentleman is going to visit his master, and, if possible, prevail upon him to set out this night."—"Do so, my good friend," said Edmund; "and tell him, further, that this person has business of great consequence to communicate to his master, and cannot delay his journey on any account."—"I will do this, you may depend," said Joseph, "and acquaint you with my success as soon as possible; but, sir, you must not go without a guide, at any rate."—"I trust I shall not," said Edmund, "though I go alone; he that has received such a call as I have, can want no other, nor fear any danger."

They conversed on these points till they drew near the castle, when Joseph left them to go on his errand, and Edmund attended his Lord at dinner. The Baron observed that he was silent and reserved; the conversation languished on both sides. As soon as dinner was ended, Edmund asked permission to go up into his own apartment; where he packed up some necessaries, and made a hasty preparation for his departure.

Afterwards he walked into the garden, revolving in his mind the peculiarity of his situation, and the uncertainty of his future prospects; lost in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk, with his arms crossed and his eyes cast down, without perceiving that he was observed by two females, who stood at a distance watching his motions. It was the Lady Emma, and her attendant, who were thus engaged. At length, he lifted up his eyes and saw them; he stood still, and was irresolute whether to advance or retire. They approached him; and as they drew near, fair Emma spoke. "You have been so wrapt in meditation, Edmund, that I am apprehensive of some new vexation that I am yet a stranger to. Would it were in my power to lessen those you have already! but tell me if I guess truly?" He stood still irresolute, he answered with hesitation. "Oh, lady—I am—I am grieved, I am concerned, to be the cause of so much confusion in this noble family, to which I am so much indebted. I see no way to lessen these evils but to remove the cause of them."—"Meaning yourself?" said she. "Certainly, madam; and I was meditating on my departure."—"But," said she, "by your departure you will not remove the cause."—"How so, madam?"—"Because you are not the cause, but those you leave behind you."—"Lady Emma!"—"How can you affect this ignorance, Edmund? You know well enough it is that odious Wenlock, your enemy and my aversion, that has caused all this mischief among us, and will much more, if he is not removed."—"This, madam, is a subject that it becomes me to be silent upon. Mr Wenlock is your kinsman; he is not my friend; and for that reason I ought not to speak against him, nor you to hear it from me. If he has used me ill, I am recompensed by the generous treatment of my lord your father, who is all that is great and good; he has allowed me to justify myself to him, and he has restored me to his good opinion, which I prize among the best gifts of Heaven. Your amiable brother William thinks well of me, and his esteem is infinitely dear to me; and you, excellent lady, permit me to hope that you honour me with your good opinion. Are not these ample amends for the ill-will Mr Wenlock bears me?"—"My opinion of you, Edmund," said she, "is fixed and settled; it is not founded upon events of yesterday, but upon long knowledge and experience; upon your whole conduct and character."—"You honour me, lady! Continue to think well of me, it will excite me to deserve it. When I am far distant from this place, the remembrance of your goodness will be a cordial to my heart."—"But why will you leave us, Edmund? Stay and defeat the designs of your enemy; you shall have my wishes and assistance."—"Pardon me, madam, that is among the things I cannot do, even if it were in my power, which it is not. Mr Wenlock loves you, lady, and if he is so unhappy as to be your aversion, that is a punishment severe enough. For the rest, I may be unfortunate by the wickedness of others, but if I am unworthy, it must be

by my own fault."—"So, then, you think it is an unworthy action to oppose Mr Wenlock? Very well, sir. Then I suppose you wish him success; you wish that I may be married to him?"—"I, madam!" said Edmund, confused; "what am I, that I should give my opinion on an affair of so much consequence? You distress me by the question. May you be happy; may you enjoy your own wishes!" He sighed, he turned away. She called him back; he trembled, and kept silence.

She seemed to enjoy his confusion; she was cruel enough to repeat the question. "Tell me, Edmund, and truly, do you wish to see me give my hand to Wenlock? I insist upon your answer." All on a sudden he recovered both his voice and courage; he stepped forward, his person erect, his countenance assured, his voice resolute and intrepid. "Since Lady Emma insists upon my answer, since she avows a dislike to Wenlock, since she condescends to ask my opinion, I will tell her my thoughts, my wishes." The fair Emma now trembled in her turn; she blushed, looked down, and was ashamed to have spoken so freely. Edmund went on. "My most ardent wishes are, that the fair Emma may reserve her heart and hand till a certain person, a friend of mine, is at liberty to solicit them; whose utmost ambition is, first to deserve, and then obtain them."—"Your friend, sir!" said Lady Emma; her brow clouded, her eye disdainful. Edmund proceeded; "My friend is so particularly circumstanced that he cannot at present, with propriety, ask for Lady Emma's favour; but as soon as he has gained a cause that is yet in suspense, he will openly declare his pretensions, and if he is unsuccessful, he will then condemn himself to eternal silence." Lady Emma knew not what to think of this declaration; she hoped, she feared, she meditated; but her attention was too strongly excited to be satisfied without some gratification; after a pause, she pursued the subject.—"And this friend of yours, sir, of what degree and fortune is he?" Edmund smiled; but commanding his emotion, he replied, "His birth is noble, his degree and fortune uncertain." Her countenance fell, she sighed; he proceeded.——"It is utterly impossible," said he, "for any man of inferior degree to aspire to Lady Emma's favour; her noble birth, the dignity of her beauty and virtues, must awe and keep at their proper distance all men of inferior degree and merit; they may admire, they may revere; but they must not presume to approach too near, lest their presumption should meet with its punishment."—"Well, sir," said she, suddenly; "and so this friend of yours has commissioned you to speak in his behalf?"—"He has, madam."—"Then I must tell you, that I think his assurance is very great, and yours not much less."—"I am sorry for that, madam."—"Tell him, that I shall reserve my heart and hand for the man to whom my father shall bid me give them."—"Very well, lady; I am certain my lord loves you too well to dispose of them against your inclination."—"How do you know that, sir? But tell him that the man that hopes for my favour must apply to my lord for his."—"That is my friend's intention,—his resolution, I should say,—as soon as he can do it with propriety; and I accept your permission for him to do so."—"My permission did you say! I am astonished at your assurance! Tell me no more of your friend. But perhaps you are pleading for Wenlock all this time. It is all one to me; only, say no more."—"Are you offended with me, madam?"—"No matter, sir."—"Yes, it is."—"I am surprised at you, Edmund."—"I am surprised at my own temerity; but forgive me!"—"It does not signify; good bye t'ye, sir."—"Don't leave me in anger, madam; I cannot bear that. Perhaps I may not see you again for a long time." He looked afflicted; she turned back—"I do forgive you, Edmund. I was concerned for you; but, it seems, you are more concerned for every body than for yourself." She sighed; "Farewell!" said she. Edmund gazed on her with tenderness; he approached her, he just touched her hand; his heart was rising to his lips, but he recollected his situation; he checked himself immediately; he retired back, he sighed deeply, bowed low, and hastily quitted her.

The lady turning into another walk, he reached the house first, and went up again to his chamber; he threw himself upon his knees; prayed for a thousand blessings upon every one of the family of his benefactor, and involuntarily wept at mentioning the name of the charming Emma, whom he was about to leave abruptly, and perhaps for ever. He then endeavoured to compose himself, and once more attended the Baron; wished him a good night; and withdrew to his chamber, till he was called upon to go again to the haunted apartment.

He came down equipped for his journey, and went hastily for fear of observation; he paid his customary devotions, and soon after Oswald tapped at the door. They conferred together upon the interesting subject that engrossed their attention, until Joseph came to them, who brought the rest of Edmund's baggage, and some refreshment for him before he set out. Edmund promised to give them the earliest information of his situation and success. At the hour of twelve they heard the same groans as the night before in the lower apartment; but, being somewhat familiarized to it, they were not so strongly affected. Oswald crossed himself, and prayed for the departed soul; he also prayed for Edmund, and recommended him to the divine protection; he then arose, and embraced that young man, who also took a tender leave of his friend Joseph. They then went, with silence and caution, through a long gallery; they descended the stairs

in the same manner; they crossed the hall in profound silence, and hardly dared to breathe, lest they should be overheard; they found some difficulty in opening one of the folding doors, which at last they accomplished; they were again in jeopardy at the outward gate; at length they conveyed him safely into the stables; there they again embraced him, and prayed for his prosperity.

He then mounted his horse, and set forward to Wyatt's cottage; he hallooed at the door, and was answered from within. In a few minutes John came out to him.—"What, is it you, Master Edmund?"—"Hush!" said he; "not a word of whom I am; I go upon private business, and would not wish to be known."—"If you will go forward, sir, I will soon overtake you." He did so; and they pursued their journey to the north. In the mean time, Oswald and Joseph returned in silence into the house; they retired to their respective apartments without hearing or being heard by any one.

About the dawn of day Oswald intended to lay his packets in the way of those to whom they were addressed. After much contrivance, he determined to take a bold step, and, if he were discovered, to frame some excuse. Encouraged by his late success, he went on tip-toe into Master William's chamber, placed a letter upon his pillow, and withdrew unheard. Exulting in his heart, he attempted the Baron's apartment, but found it fastened within. Finding this scheme frustrated, he waited till the hour the Baron was expected down to breakfast, and laid the letter and the key of the haunted apartment upon the table. Soon after, he saw the Baron enter the breakfast-room. He got out of sight, but staid within call, preparing himself for a summons. The Baron sat down to breakfast—he saw a letter directed to himself—he opened it, and, to his great surprise, read as follows:—

"The guardian of the haunted apartment to Baron Fitz-Owen. To thee I remit the key of my charge, until the right owner shall come, who will both discover and avenge my wrongs; then woe be to the guilty!—But let the innocent rest in peace. In the mean time, let none presume to explore the secrets of my apartment, lest they suffer for their temerity."

The Baron was struck with amazement at the letter. He took up the key, examined it, then laid it down, and took up the letter—he was in such confusion of thought, he knew not what to do or say for several minutes. At length he called his servants about him. The first question he asked was, "Where is Edmund?"—They could not tell. "Has he been called?"—"Yes, my lord, but nobody answered, and the key was not in the door."—"Where is Joseph?"—"Gone into the stables."—"Where is Father Oswald?"—"In his study."—"Seek him, and desire him to come hither." By the time the Baron had read the letter over again, he came.

He had been framing a steady countenance to answer to all interrogatories. As he came in he attentively observed the Baron, whose features were in strong agitation. As soon as he saw Oswald, he spoke as one out of breath—"Take that key, and read this letter!" He did so, shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent. "Father," said my lord, "what think you of this letter?"—"It is a very surprising one."—"The contents are alarming—Where is Edmund?"—"I do not know."—"Has nobody seen him?"—"Not that I know of."—"Call my sons, my kinsmen, my servants." The servants came in. "Have any of you seen or heard of Edmund?"—"No," was the answer. "Father, step up stairs to my sons and kinsmen, and desire them to come down immediately."

Oswald withdrew, and went first to Master William's chamber.—"My dear sir, you must come to my lord now directly—he has something extraordinary to communicate to you."—"And so have I, father—see what I have found upon my pillow!"—"Pray, sir, read it to me before you show it to any body—My lord is alarmed too much already, and wants nothing to increase his consternation." William read this letter, while Oswald looked as if he was an utter stranger to the contents, which were these:—

"Whatever may be heard or seen, let the seal of friendship be upon thy lips. The peasant Edmund is no more; but there still lives a man who hopes to acknowledge and repay the Lord Fitz-Owen's generous care and protection; to return his beloved William's vowed affection, and to claim his friendship on terms of equality."

"What," said William, "can this mean?"—"It is not easy to say," replied Oswald.—"Can you tell what is the cause of this alarm?"—"I can tell you nothing, but that my lord desires to see you directly—pray make haste down; I must go up to your brothers and kinsmen—Nobody knows what to think or believe."

Master William went down stairs, and Father Oswald went to the malcontents. As soon as he entered the outward door of their apartment, Mr Wenlock called out, "Here comes the friend—now for some new proposal."—"Gentlemen," said Oswald, "my lord desires your company immediately in the breakfast parlour."—"What! to meet your favourite Edmund, I suppose," said Mr Wenlock."—"No, sir."—"What then is the matter?" said Sir Robert.—"Something very extraordinary has happened, gentlemen;—Edmund is not to be found—he disappeared from the haunted apartment, the key of which was conveyed to my lord in a strange manner, with a letter from an unknown hand; my lord is both surprised and concerned, and wishes to have your opinion and advice on the occasion."—"Tell him," said Sir Robert, "we will wait upon him immediately."

As Oswald went away he heard Wenlock say, "So Edmund is gone, it is no matter how or

whither." Another said, "I hope the ghost has taken him out of the way." The rest laughed at the conceit, as they followed Oswald down stairs. They found the Baron and his son William commenting upon the key and the letter. My lord gave them to Sir Robert, who looked on them with marks of surprise and confusion. The Baron addressed him:—"Is not this a very strange affair? Son Robert, lay aside your ill humours, and behave to your father with the respect and affection his tenderness deserves from you, and give me your advice and opinion of this alarming subject."—"My lord," said Sir Robert, "I am as much confounded as yourself—I can give no advice: let my cousins see the letter—let us have their opinion." They read it in turn—they were equally surprised; but when it came into Wenlock's hand, he paused and meditated some minutes. At length—"I am indeed surprised, and still more concerned, to see my lord and uncle the dupe of an artful contrivance; and, if he will permit me, I shall endeavour to unriddle it, to the confusion of all that are concerned in it."—"Do so, Dick," said my lord, "and you shall have my thanks for it."—"This letter," said he, "I imagine to be the contrivance of Edmund, or some ingenious friend of his, to conceal some designs they have against the peace of this family, which has been too often disturbed upon that rascal's account."—"But what end could be proposed by it?" said the Baron.—"Why, one part of the scheme is to cover Edmund's departure, that is clear enough; for the rest, we can only guess at it—Perhaps he may be concealed somewhere in that apartment, from whence he may rush out in the night, and either rob or murder us, or, at least, alarm and terrify the family." The Baron smiled—"You shoot beyond the mark, sir, and overshoot yourself, as you have done before now—You shew only your inveteracy against that poor lad, whom you cannot mention with temper. To what purpose should he shut himself up there to be starved?"—"Starved!—no, no! he has friends in this house (looking at Oswald) who will not suffer him to want any thing;—those who have always magnified his virtues and extenuated his faults, will lend a hand to help him in time of need, and perhaps to assist his ingenious contrivances." Oswald shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent. "This is a strange fancy of yours, Dick," said my lord; "but I am willing to pursue it,—first, to discover what you drive at, and, secondly, to satisfy all that are here present of the truth or falsehood of it, that they may know what value to set upon your sagacity hereafter. Let us all go over that apartment together, and let Joseph be called to attend us thither." Oswald offered to call him, but Wenlock stopped him—"No, father," said he, "you must stay with us; we want your ghostly counsel and advice, Joseph shall have no private conference with you."—"What mean you," said Oswald, "to insinuate to my lord against me or Joseph?—But your ill-will spares nobody. It will one day be known who is the disturber of the peace of this family; I wait for that time, and am silent."

Joseph came. When he was told whither they were going, he looked hard at Oswald. Wenlock observed them—"Lead the way, father," said he, "and Joseph shall follow us." Oswald smiled—"We will go where Heaven permits us," said he—"alas! the wisdom of man can neither hasten nor retard its decrees."

They followed the father up stairs, and went directly to the haunted apartment. The Baron unlocked the door; he bid Joseph open the shutters, and admit the day-light, which had been excluded for many years. They went over the rooms above stairs, and then descended the staircase, and through the lower rooms in the same manner. However, they overlooked the closet in which the fatal secret was concealed; the door was covered with tapestry the same as the room, and united so well, that it seemed but one piece. Wenlock tauntingly desired Father Oswald to introduce them to the ghost. The father, in reply, asked them where they should find Edmund?—"Do you think," said he, "that he lies hid in my pocket, or in Joseph's?"—"Tis no matter," answered he; "thoughts are free."—"My opinion of you, sir," said Oswald, "is not founded upon thoughts—I judge of men by their actions,—a rule, I believe, it will not suit you to be tried by."—"None of your insolent admonitions, father," returned Wenlock; "this is neither the time nor the place for them."—"That is truer than you are aware of, sir; I mean not to enter into the subject just now."—"Be silent," said my lord; "I shall enter into this subject with you hereafter—then look you be prepared for it. In the mean time, do you, Dick Wenlock, answer to my questions:—Do you think Edmund is concealed in this apartment?"—"No, sir,"—"Do you think there is any mystery in it?"—"No, my lord."—"Is it haunted, think you?"—"No, I think not."—"Should you be afraid to try?"—"In what manner, my lord?"—"Why, you have shewn your wit upon the subject, and I mean to shew your courage;—you and Jack Markham, your confidant, shall sleep here three nights, as Edmund has done before."—"Sir," said Sir Robert, "for what purpose? I should be glad to understand why?"—"I have my reasons, sir, as well as your kinsmen there. No reply, sirs! I insist upon being obeyed in this point.—Joseph, let the beds be well aired, and every thing made agreeable to the gentlemen—If there is any contrivance to impose upon me, they, I am sure, will have pleasure in detecting it, and if not, I shall obtain my end in making these rooms habitable. Oswald, come with me; and the rest may go where they list till dinner-time."

The Baron went with Oswald into the par-

lour. "Now, tell me, father," said he, "do you disapprove what I have done?"—"Quite the contrary, my lord," said Oswald; "I entirely approve it."—"But you do not know all my reasons for it. Yesterday Edmund's behaviour was different from what I have ever seen it—he is naturally frank and open in all his ways, but he was then silent, thoughtful, absent; he sighed deeply, and once I saw tears stand in his eyes. Now, I do suspect there is something uncommon in that apartment—that Edmund has discovered the secret, and, fearing to disclose it, he is fled away from the house. As to this letter, perhaps he may have written it to hint that there is more than he dares reveal; I tremble at the hints contained in it, though I shall appear to make light of it. But I and mine are innocent; and if Heaven discloses the guilt of others, I ought to adore and submit to its decrees."—"That is prudently and piously resolved, my lord; let us do our duty, and leave events to Heaven."—"But, father, I have a further view in obliging my kinsmen to sleep there:—if any thing should appear to them, it is better that it should only be known to my own family; if there is nothing in it, I shall put to the proof the courage and veracity of my two kinsmen, of whom I think very indifferently. I mean shortly to inquire into many things I have heard lately to their disadvantage; and if I find them guilty, they shall not escape with impunity."—"My lord," said Oswald, "you judge like yourself. I wish you to make inquiry concerning them, and believe the result will be to their confusion, and your lordship will be enabled to re-establish the peace of your family."

During this conversation, Oswald was upon his guard, lest any thing should escape that might create suspicion. He withdrew as soon as he could with decency, and left the Baron meditating what all these things should mean; he feared there was some misfortune impending over his house, though he knew not from what cause.

He dined with his children and kinsmen, and strove to appear cheerful; but a gloom was perceivable through his deportment. Sir Robert was reserved and respectful; Mr William was silent and attentive; the rest of the family dutifully assiduous to my lord; only Wenlock and Markham were sullen and chagrined. The Baron detained the young men the whole afternoon; he strove to amuse and to be amused; he shewed the greatest affection and parental regard to his children, and endeavoured to conciliate their affections, and engage their gratitude by kindness. Wenlock and Markham felt their courage abate as the night approached. At the hour of nine, old Joseph came to conduct them to the haunted apartment; they took leave of their kinsmen, and went up stairs with heavy hearts.

They found the chamber set in order for them, and a table spread with provisions and good liquor to keep up their spirits. "It seems," said Wenlock, "that your friend Edmund was obliged to you for his accommodations here."—"Sir," said Joseph, "his accommodations were bad enough the first night, but afterwards they were bettered by my lord's orders."—"Owing to your officious cares," said Wenlock.—"I own it," said Joseph, "and I am not ashamed of it."—"Are you not anxious to know what is become of him?" said Markham.—"Not at all, sir; I trust he is in the best protection; so good a young man as he is, is safe every where."—"You see, cousin Jack," said Wenlock, "how this villain has stole the hearts of my uncle's servants. I suppose this canting old fellow knows where he is, if the truth were known."—"Have you any further commands for me, gentlemen?" said the old man.—"No, not we."—"Then I am ordered to attend my lord, when you have done with me."—"Go, then, about your business." Joseph went away, glad to be dismissed.

"What shall we do, cousin Jack," said Wenlock, "to pass away the time?—it is plaguy dull sitting here."—"Dull enough," said Markham—"I think the best thing we can do is to go to bed, and sleep it away."—"Faith!" says Wenlock, "I am in no disposition to sleep. Who would have thought the old man would have obliged us to spend the night here?"—"Don't say *us*, I beg of you; it was all your own doing," replied Markham.—"I did not intend he should have taken me at my word."—"Then you should have spoken more cautiously. I have always been governed by you, like a fool as I am; you play the braggart, and I suffer for it. But they begin to see through your fine-spun arts and contrivances, and I believe you will meet with your deserts one day or other."—"What now, do you mean to affront me, Jack? Know, that some are born to plan, others to execute; I am one of the former, thou of the latter.—Know your friend, or——"—"Or what?" replied Markham; "do you mean to threaten me?—If you do!"—"What then?" said Wenlock.—"Why, then, I will try which of us two is the best man, sir!" Upon this, Markham arose and put himself into a posture of defence. Wenlock, perceiving he was serious in his anger, began to sooth him; he persuaded, he flattered, he promised great things, if he would be composed. Markham was sullen, uneasy, resentful; whenever he spoke, it was to upbraid Wenlock with his treachery and falsehood. Wenlock tried all his eloquence to get him into a good humour, but in vain; he threatened to acquaint his uncle with all that he knew, and to exculpate himself at the other's expence. Wenlock began to find his choler rise; they were both almost choked with rage, and, at length, they both rose with a resolution to fight.

As they stood with their fists clenched, on a sudden they were alarmed with a dismal groan from the room underneath. They stood like

statues, petrified by fear, yet listening with trembling expectation. A second groan increased their consternation, and, soon after, a third completed it. They staggered to a seat, and sunk down upon it, ready to faint. Presently all the doors flew open, a pale glimmering light appeared at the door, from the staircase, and a man in complete armour entered the room. He stood with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint, and crawled away as fast as fear would let them. They staggered along the gallery, and from thence to the Baron's apartment, where Wenlock sunk down in a swoon, and Markham had just strength enough to knock at the door.

The servant who slept in the outward room alarmed his lord. Markham cried out, "For Heaven's sake, let us in!" Upon hearing his voice, the door was opened, and Markham approached his uncle in such an attitude of fear, as excited a degree of it in the Baron. He pointed to Wenlock, who was with some difficulty recovered from the fit he was fallen into; the servant was terrified, he rung the alarm-bell; the servants came running from all parts to their lord's apartment. The young gentlemen came likewise; and presently all was confusion, and the terror was universal. Oswald, who guessed the business, was the only one that could question them. He asked several times, "What is the matter?" Markham at last answered him, "We have seen the ghost!" All regard to secrecy was now at an end. The echo ran through the whole family—"They have seen the ghost!"

The Baron desired Oswald to talk to the young men, and endeavour to quiet the disturbance. He came forward; he comforted some, he rebuked others; he bade the servants retire into the outward room. The Baron, with his sons and kinsmen, remained in the bed-chamber. "It is very unfortunate," said Oswald, "that this affair should be made so public; surely these young men might have related what they had seen without alarming the whole family. I am very much concerned upon my lord's account."—"I thank you, father," said the Baron; "but prudence was quite overthrown here—Wenlock was half dead, and Markham half distracted; the family were alarmed without my being able to prevent it. But let us hear what these poor terrified creatures say." Oswald demanded, "What have you seen, gentlemen?"—"The ghost!" said Markham.—"In what form did it appear?"—"A man in armour."—"Did it speak to you?"—"No."—"What did it do to terrify you so much?"—"It stood at the farthest door, and pointed to the outward door, as if to have us leave the room; we did not wait for a second notice, but came away as fast as we could."—"Did it follow you?"—"No."—"Then you need not have raised such a disturbance." Wenlock lifted up his head, and spake—"I believe, father, if you had been with us, you would not have stood upon ceremonies any more than we did. I wish my lord would send you to parley with the ghost; for, without doubt, you are better qualified than we."—"My lord," said Oswald, "I will go thither, with your permission; I will see that every thing is safe, and bring the key back to you. Perhaps this may help to dispel the fears that have been raised—at least, I will try to do it."—"I thank you, father, for your good offices—do as you please."

Oswald went into the outward room. "I am going," said he, "to shut up the apartment. The young gentlemen have been more frightened than they had occasion for; I will try to account for it. Which of you will go with me?" They all drew back except Joseph, who offered to bear him company. They went into the bedroom in the haunted apartment, and found every thing quiet there. They put out the fire, extinguished the lights, locked the door, and brought away the key. As they returned, "I thought how it would be," said Joseph.—"Hush! not a word," said Oswald; "you find we are suspected of something, though they know not what. Wait till you are called upon; and then we will both speak to purpose." They carried the key to the Baron.

"All is quiet in the apartment," said Oswald, "as we can testify."—"Did you ask Joseph to go with you," said the Baron, "or did he offer himself?"—"My lord, I asked if any body would go with me, and they all declined it but he; I thought proper to have a witness beside myself; for whatever might be seen or heard."—"Joseph, you was servant to the late Lord Lovel; what kind of man was he?"—"A very comely man," please your lordship.—"Should you know him if you were to see him?"—"I cannot say, my lord."—"Would you have any objection to sleep a night in that apartment?"—"I beg,—I hope,—I beseech your lordship not to command me to do it!"—"You are then afraid; why did you offer yourself to go thither?"—"Because I was not so much frightened as the rest."—"I wish you would lie a night there; but I do not insist upon it."—"My lord, I am a poor ignorant old man, not fit for such an undertaking; beside, if I should see the ghost, and if it should be the person of my master, and if it should tell me any thing, and bid me keep it secret, I should not dare to disclose it; and then what service should I do your lordship?"—"That is true, indeed," said the Baron.

"This speech," said Sir Robert, "is both a simple and an artful one; you see, however, that Joseph is not a man for us to depend upon; he regards the Lord Lovel, though dead, more than Lord Fitz-Owen, living; he calls him his master, and promises to keep his secrets.—What say *you*, father? Is the ghost *your* master, or your friend? Are *you* under any obligations to keep his secrets?"—"Sir," said Oswald, "I

answer as Joseph does; I would sooner die than discover a secret revealed in that manner."—"I thought as much," said Sir Robert; "there is a mystery in father Oswald's behaviour, which I cannot comprehend."—"Do not reflect upon the father," said the Baron, "I have no cause to complain of him; perhaps the mystery may be too soon explained; but let us not anticipate evils. Oswald and Joseph have spoken like good men; I am satisfied with their answers: let us, who are innocent, rest in peace; and let us endeavour to restore peace in the family; and do you, father, assist us."—"With my best services," said Oswald. He called the servants in; "Let nothing be mentioned out of doors," said he, "of what has lately passed within, especially in the east apartment; the young gentlemen had not so much reason to be frightened as they apprehended; a piece of furniture fell down in the rooms underneath, which made the noise that alarmed them so much; but I can certify that all things in the rooms are in quiet, and there is nothing to fear. All of you attend me in the chapel in an hour; do your duties, put your trust in God, and obey your lord, and you will find every thing go right as it used to do."

They dispersed; the sun rose, the day came on, and every thing went on in the usual course; but the servants were not so easily satisfied; they whispered that something was wrong, and expected the time that should set all right. The mind of the Baron was employed in meditating upon these circumstances, that seemed to him the forerunners of some great events; he sometimes thought of Edmund; he sighed for his expulsion, and lamented the uncertainty of his fate; but to his family he appeared easy and satisfied.

From the time of Edmund's departure, the fair Emma had many uneasy hours; she wished to inquire after him, but feared to shew any solicitude concerning him. The next day, when her brother William came into her apartment, she took courage to ask a question. "Pray, brother, can you give any guess what is become of Edmund?"—"No," said he, with a sigh; "why do you ask me?"—"Because, my dear William, I should think if any body knew, it must be you; and I thought he loved you too well to leave you in ignorance; but don't you think he left the castle in a very strange manner?"—"I do, my dear; there is a mystery in every circumstance of his departure; nevertheless (I will trust you with a secret) he did not leave the castle without making a distinction in my favour."—"I thought so," said she; "but you might tell *me* what you know about him."—"Alas! my dear Emma, I know nothing. When I saw him last he seemed a good deal affected, as if he were taking leave of me; and I had a foreboding that we parted for a longer time than usual."—"Ah! so had I," said she, "when he parted from me in the garden."—"What leave did he take of you, Emma?" She blushed, and hesitated to tell him all that passed between them; but he begged, persuaded, insisted; and at length, under the strongest injunctions of secrecy, she told him all. He said "that Edmund's behaviour on that occasion was as mysterious as the rest of his conduct; but now you have revealed your secret, you have a right to know mine." He then gave her the letter he found upon his pillow; she read it with great emotion. "Saint Winifred assist me!" said she; "what can I think? 'The peasant Edmund is no more, but there lives one,'——that is, to my thinking, Edmund lives, but is no peasant."—"Go on, my dear," said William; "I like your explanation."—"Nay, brother, I only guess; but what think you?"—"I believe we think alike in more than one respect, that he meant to recommend no other person than himself to your favour; and if he were indeed of noble birth, I would prefer him to a prince for a husband to my Emma!"—"Bless me," said she, "do you think it possible that he should be of either birth or fortune?"—"It is hard to say what is possible; we have proof that the east apartment is haunted. It was there that Edmund was made acquainted with many secrets, I doubt not; and, perhaps, his own fate may be involved in that of others. I am confident that what he saw and heard there was the cause of his departure. We must wait with patience the unravelling this intricate affair; I believe I need not enjoin your secrecy as to what I have said; your heart will be my security."—"What mean you, brother?"—"Don't affect ignorance, my dear; you love Edmund, so do I; it is nothing to be ashamed of. It would have been strange, if a girl of your good sense had not distinguished a swan among a flock of geese."—"Dear William, don't let a word of this escape you; but you have taken a weight off my heart. You may depend that I will not dispose of my hand or heart till I know the end of this affair."—William smiled: "Keep them for Edmund's *friend*. I shall rejoice to see him in a situation to ask them."—"Hush, my brother! not a word more; I hear footsteps." They were her eldest brother's, who came to ask Mr William to ride out with him, which finished the conference.

The fair Emma from this time assumed an air of satisfaction; and William frequently stole away from his companions to talk with his sister upon their favourite subject.

While these things passed at the castle of Lovel, Edmund and his companion, John Wyatt, proceeded on their journey to Sir Philip Harclay's seat; they conversed together on the way, and Edmund found him a man of understanding, though not improved by education; he also discovered that John loved his master, and respected him even to veneration; from him

he learned many particulars concerning that worthy knight. Wyatt told him, "That Sir Philip maintained twelve old soldiers, who had been maimed and disabled in the wars, and had no provision made for them; also six old officers, who had been unfortunate, and were grown grey without preferment; he likewise mentioned the Greek gentleman, his master's captive and friend, as a man eminent for valour and piety; but, beside these," said Wyatt, "there are many others who eat of my master's bread, and drink of his cup, and who join in blessings and prayers to Heaven for their noble benefactor; his ears are ever open to distress, his hand to relieve it, and he shares in every good man's joys and blessings."—"Oh, what a glorious character!" said Edmund; "how my heart throbs with wishes to imitate such a man! Oh, that I might resemble him, though at ever so great a distance!"—Edmund was never weary of hearing the actions of this truly great man, nor Wyatt with relating them; and, during three days' journey, there were but few pauses in their conversation.

The fourth day, when they came within view of the house, Edmund's heart began to raise doubts of his reception. "If," said he, "Sir Philip should not receive me kindly, if he should resent my long neglect, and disown my acquaintance, it would be no more than justice."

He sent Wyatt before, to notify his arrival to Sir Philip, while he waited at the gate, full of doubts and anxieties concerning his reception. Wyatt was met and congratulated on his return by most of his fellow-servants; he asked, "Where is my master?"—"In the parlour."—"Are any strangers with him?"—"No, only his own family."—"Then I will shew myself to him." He presented himself before Sir Philip.—"So, John," said he, "you are welcome home. I hope you left your parents and relations well."—"All well, thank God! and send their humble duty to your honour, and they pray for you every day of their lives. I hope your honour is in good health."—"Very well."—"Thank God for that! but, sir, I have something further to tell you; I have had a companion all the way home, a person who comes to wait on your honour, on business of great consequence, as he says."—"Who is that, John?"—"It is Master Edmund Twyford, from the castle of Lovel."—"Young Edmund!" said Sir Philip, surprised; "where is he?"—"At the gate, sir."—"Why did you leave him there?"—"Because he bade me come before, and acquaint your honour that he waits your pleasure."—"Bring him hither," said Sir Philip; "tell him I shall be glad to see him."

John made haste to deliver his message, and Edmund followed him in silence into Sir Philip's presence: He bowed low, and kept at a distance. Sir Philip held out his hand, and bade him approach. As he drew near, he was seized with an universal trembling; he kneeled down, took his hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his heart in silence.

"You are welcome, young man," said Sir Philip; "take courage, and speak for yourself." Edmund sighed deeply; he at length broke silence with difficulty. "I am come thus far, noble sir, to throw myself at your feet, and implore your protection. You are, under God, my only reliance."—"I receive you," said Sir Philip, "with all my heart; your person is greatly improved since I saw you last, and I hope your mind is equally so; I have heard a great character of you from some that knew you in France. I remember the promise I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to disgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you; and am ready to serve you in any thing consistent with my own honour." Edmund kissed the hand that was extended to raise him. "I accept your favour, sir, upon this condition only; and if ever you find me to impose upon your credulity, or encroach on your goodness, may you renounce me from that moment!"—"Enough," said Sir Philip; "rise, then, and let me embrace you; you are truly welcome."—"Oh! noble sir," said Edmund, "I have a strange story to tell you; but it must be by ourselves, with only Heaven to bear witness to what passes between us."—"Very well," said Sir Philip; "I am ready to hear you; but first go and get some refreshment after your journey, and then come to me again. John Wyatt will attend you."—"I want no refreshment," said Edmund; "and I cannot eat or drink till I have told my business to your honour."—"Well then," said Sir Philip, "come along with me." He took the youth by the hand, and led him into another parlour, leaving his friends in great surprise, what this young man's errand could be. John Wyatt told them all that he knew, relating to Edmund's birth, character, and situation.

When Sir Philip had seated his young friend, he listened in silence to the surprising tale he had to tell him. Edmund told him briefly the most remarkable circumstances of his life, from the time when he first saw and liked him, till his return from France; but from that era, he related at large every thing that had happened, recounting every interesting particular, which was imprinted on his memory in strong and lasting characters. Sir Philip grew every moment more affected by the recital; sometimes he clasped his hands together, he lifted them up to heaven, he smote his breast, he sighed, he exclaimed aloud; when Edmund related his dream, he breathed short, and seemed to devour him with attention; when he described the fatal closet, he trembled, sighed, sobbed, and was almost suffocated with his agitation. But when he related all that had passed between his supposed mo-

ther and himself; and finally produced the jewels, the proofs of his birth, and the death of his unfortunate mother, he flew to him, he pressed him to his bosom, he strove to speak, but speech was for some minutes denied. He wept aloud; and at length his words found their way in broken exclamations. "Son of my dearest friend!—dear and precious relic of a noble house!—child of Providence!—the beloved of Heaven!—welcome! thrice welcome to my arms! to my heart!—I will be thy parent from henceforward, and thou shalt be indeed my child, my heir! My mind told me, from the first moment I beheld thee, that thou wert the image of my friend! My heart then opened itself to receive thee as his offspring. I had a strange foreboding that I was to be thy protector. I would then have made thee my own; but Heaven orders things for the best; it made thee the instrument of this discovery, and in its own time and manner conducted thee to my arms. Praise be to God for his wonderful doings toward the children of men! every thing that has befallen thee is by his direction, and he will not leave his work unfinished: I trust that I shall be his instrument to do justice on the guilty, and to restore the orphan of my friend to his rights and title. I devote myself to this service, and will make it the business of my life to effect it."

Edmund gave vent to his emotions, in raptures of joy and gratitude. They spent several hours in this way, without thinking of the time that passed, the one inquiring, the other explaining and repeating, every particular of the interesting story.

At length they were interrupted by the careful John Wyatt, who was anxious to know if any thing was likely to give trouble to his master. "Sir,' said John, "it grows dark, do you want a light?"—"We want no light but what Heaven gives us," said Sir Philip; "I knew not whether it was dark or light."—"I hope," said John, "nothing has happened; I hope your honour has heard no bad tidings; I—I—I hope no offence."—"None at all," said the good knight; "I am obliged to your solicitude for me; I have heard some things that grieve me, and others that give me great pleasure; but the sorrows are past, and the joys remain."—"Thank God!" said John; "I was afraid something was the matter to give your honour trouble."—"I thank you, my good servant. You see this young gentleman; I would have you, John, devote yourself to his service; I give you to him for an attendant on his person, and would have you shew your affection to me by your attachment to him."—"Oh, sir!" said John, in a melancholy voice, "what have I done to be turned out of your service?"—"No such matter, John," said Sir Philip; "you will not leave my service."—"Sir," said John, "I would rather die than leave you."—"And, my lad, I like you too well to part with you; but in serving my friend you will serve me. Know that this young man is my son."—"Your son, sir!" said John.—"Not my natural son, but my relation; my son by adoption, my heir!"—"And will he live with you, sir?"—"Yes, John; and I hope to die with him."—"Oh, then, I will serve him with all my heart and soul; and I will do my best to please you both."—"I thank you, John, and I will not forget your honest love and duty. I have so good an opinion of you that I will tell you of some things concerning this gentleman, that will entitle him to your respect."—"'Tis enough for me," said John, "to know that your honour respects him, to make me pay him as much duty as yourself."—"But, John, when you know him better, you will respect him still more; at present I shall only tell you what he is not, for you think him only the son of Andrew Twyford."—"And is he not?" said John.—"No, but his wife nursed him, and he passed for her son."—"And does old Twyford know it, sir?"—"He does, and will bear witness to it; but he is the son of a near friend of mine, of quality superior to my own, and as such you must serve and respect him."—"I shall, to be sure, sir; but what name shall I call him?"—"You shall know that hereafter; in the mean time, bring a light, and wait on us to the other parlour."

When John was withdrawn, Sir Philip said, "That is a point to be considered and determined immediately. It is proper that you should assume a name till you can take that of your father; for I chuse you should drop that of your foster-father; and I would have you be called by one that is respectable."—"In that, and every other point, I will be wholly governed by you, sir," said Edmund.—"Well, then, I will give you the name of Seagrave. I shall say that you are a relation of my own; and my mother was really of that family."

John soon returned, and attended them into the other parlour; Sir Philip entered with Edmund in his hand. "My friends," said he, "this gentleman is Mr Edward Seagrave, the son of a dear friend and relation of mine. He was lost in his infancy, brought up by a good woman out of pure humanity, and is but lately restored to his own family. The circumstances shall be made known hereafter; in the mean time, I have taken him under my care and protection, and will use all my power and interest to see him restored to his fortune, which is enjoyed by the usurper who was the cause of his expulsion, and the death of his parent. Receive him as my relation and friend: Zadisky, do you embrace him first. Edmund, you and this gentleman must love each other for my sake; hereafter you will do it for your own. They all rose, each embraced and congratulated the young man. Zadisky said, "Sir, whatever griefs and misfortunes you may have endured, you may reckon them at an end, from the hour you are beloved

and protected by Sir Philip Harclay."—"I firmly believe it, sir," replied Edmund; "and my heart enjoys already more happiness than I ever yet felt, and promises me all that I can wish in future; his friendship is the earnest Heaven gives me of its blessings hereafter."

They sat down to supper with mutual cheerfulness; and Edmund enjoyed the repast with more satisfaction than he had felt a long time. Sir Philip saw his countenance brighten up, and looked on him with heart-felt pleasure.—"Every time I look on you," said he, "reminds me of your father; you are the same person I loved twenty-three years ago—I rejoice to see you under my roof. Go to your repose early, and to-morrow we will consult farther."—Edmund withdrew, and enjoyed a night of sweet, undisturbed repose.

The next morning Edmund arose in perfect health and spirits; he waited on his benefactor. They were soon after joined by Zadisky, who shewed great attention and respect to the youth, and offered him his best services without reserve. Edmund accepted them with equal respect and modesty; and finding himself at ease, began to display his amiable qualities. They breakfasted together; afterwards, Sir Philip desired Edmund to walk out with him.

As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip said, "I could not sleep last night for thinking of your affairs; I laid schemes for you, and rejected them again. We must lay our plan before we begin to act. What shall be done with this treacherous kinsman! this inhuman monster! this assassin of his nearest relation? I will risk my life and fortune to bring him to justice. Shall I go to court, and demand justice of the king? or shall I accuse him of the murder, and make him stand a public trial? If I treat him as a baron of the realm, he must be tried by his peers; if as a commoner, he must be tried at the county assizes; but we must shew reason why he should be degraded from his title. Have you any thing to propose?"—"Nothing, sir; I have only to wish that it might be as private as possible, for the sake of my noble benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, upon whom some part of the family disgrace would naturally fall; and that would be an ill return for all his kindness and generosity to me."—"That is a generous and grateful consideration on your part; but you owe still more to the memory of your injured parents. However, there is yet another way that suits me better than any hitherto proposed—I will challenge the traitor to meet me in the field; and if he has spirit enough to answer my call, I will there bring him to justice; if not, I will bring him to a public trial."

"No, sir," said Edmund, "that is my province. Should I stand by, and see my noble, gallant friend expose his life for me, I should be unworthy to bear the name of that friend whom you so much lament. It will become his son to vindicate his name, and revenge his death. I will be the challenger, and no other."—"And do you think he will answer the challenge of an unknown youth, with nothing but his pretensions to his name and title? Certainly not—Leave this matter to me. I'll think of a way that will oblige him to meet me at the house of a third person, who is known to all the parties concerned, and where we will have authentic witnesses of all that passes between him and me. I will devise the time, place, and manner, and satisfy all your scruples."—Edmund offered to reply, but Sir Philip bade him be silent, and let him proceed in his own way.

He then led him over his estate, and shewed him every thing deserving his notice: he told him all the particulars of his domestic economy; and they returned home in time to meet their friends at dinner.

They spent several days in consulting how to bring Sir Walter to account, and in improving their friendship and confidence in each other. Edmund endeared himself so much to his friend and patron, that he declared him his adopted son and heir before all his friends and servants, and ordered them to respect him as such. He every day improved their love and regard for him, and became the darling of the whole family.

After much consideration, Sir Philip fixed his resolutions, and began to execute his purposes. He set out for the seat of the Lord Clifford, attended by Edmund, M. Zadisky, and two servants. Lord Clifford received them with kindness and hospitality.

Sir Philip presented Edmund to Lord Clifford and his family, as his near relation and presumptive heir: they spent their evening in the pleasures of convivial mirth and hospitable entertainment. The next day Sir Philip began to open his mind to Lord Clifford, informing him that both his young friend and himself had received great injuries from the present Lord Lovel, for which they were resolved to call him to account; but that, for many reasons, they were desirous to have proper witnesses of all that should pass between them, begging the favour of his lordship to be the principal one. Lord Clifford acknowledged the confidence placed in him, and besought Sir Philip to let him be the arbitrator between them. Sir Philip assured him, that their wrongs would not admit of arbitration, as he should hereafter judge; but that he was unwilling to explain them farther, till he knew certainly whether or not the Lord Lovel would meet him; for, if he refused, he must take another method with him.

Lord Clifford was desirous to know the grounds of the quarrel, but Sir Philip declined entering into particulars at present, assuring him of a full information hereafter. He then sent M. Zadisky, attended by John Wyatt, and a servant of Lord Clifford, with a letter to Lord Lovel;—the contents were as follow:

"My Lord Lovel,

"Sir Philip Harclay earnestly desires to see you at the house of Lord Clifford, where he waits to call you to account for the injuries done by you to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, your kinsman. If you accept his demand, he will make the Lord Clifford a witness and a judge of the cause—If not, he will expose you publicly as a traitor and a coward. Please to answer this letter, and he will acquaint you with the time, place, and manner of the meeting.

"PHILIP HARCLAY."

Zadisky presented the letter to Lord Lovel, informing him that he was the friend of Sir Philip Harclay. He seemed surprised and confounded at the contents; but, putting on an haughty air, "I know nothing," said he, "of the business this letter hints at; but wait a few hours, and I will give you an answer." He gave orders to treat Zadisky as a gentleman in every respect, except in avoiding his company, for the Greek had a shrewd and penetrating aspect, and he observed every turn of his countenance. The next day he came and apologized for his absence, and gave him the answer, sending his respects to the Lord Clifford. The messengers returned with all speed, and Sir Philip read the answer before all present.

"Lord Lovel knows not of any injuries done by him to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, whom he succeeded by just right of inheritance; nor of any right Sir Philip Harclay has to call to account a man to whom he is barely known, having seen him only once, many years ago, at the house of his uncle, the old Lord Lovel: Nevertheless, Lord Lovel will not suffer any man to call his name and honour into question with impunity; for which reason he will meet Sir Philip Harclay at any time, place, and in what manner he shall appoint, bringing the same number of friends and dependants, that justice may be done to all parties.

"LOVEL."

"'Tis well," said Sir Philip; "I am glad to find he has the spirit to meet me; he is an enemy worthy of my sword."—Lord Clifford then proposed that all parties should pass the borders, and obtain leave of the warden of the Scottish marches to decide the quarrel in his jurisdiction, with a select number of friends on both sides. Sir Philip agreed to the proposal; and Lord Clifford wrote, in his own name, to ask permission of the Lord Graham, that his friends might come there; and obtained it, on condition that neither party should exceed a limited number of friends and followers.

Lord Clifford sent chosen messengers to Lord Lovel, acquainting him with the conditions, and appointing the time, place, and manner of their meeting, and that he had been desired to accept the office of judge of the field. Lord Lovel accepted the conditions, and promised to be there without fail. Lord Clifford notified the same to Lord Graham, warden of the marches, who caused a piece of ground to be enclosed for the lists, and made preparations against the day appointed.

In the interim, Sir Philip Harclay thought proper to settle his worldly affairs. He made Zadisky acquainted with every circumstance of Edmund's history, and the obligation that lay upon him to revenge the death of his friend, and see justice done to his heir. Zadisky entered into the cause with an ardour that spoke the affection he bore to his friend. "Why," said he, "would you not suffer me to engage this traitor? Your life is of too much consequence to be staked against his; but though I trust that the justice of your cause must succeed, yet, if it should happen otherwise, I vow to revenge you; he shall never go back from us both. However, my hope and trust is, to see your arm the minister of justice." Sir Philip then sent for a lawyer and made his will; by which he appointed Edmund his chief heir, by the name of Lovel, alias Seagrave, alias Twyford. He ordered that all his old friends, soldiers, and servants, should be maintained in the same manner during their lives; he left to Zadisky an annuity of an hundred a year, and a legacy of two hundred pounds; one hundred pounds to a certain monastery; the same sum to be distributed among disbanded soldiers, and the same to the poor and needy in his neighbourhood.

He appointed Lord Clifford joint executor with Edmund, and gave his will into that nobleman's care, recommending Edmund to his favour and protection. "If I live," said he, "I will make him appear to be worthy of it; if I die, he will want a friend. I am desirous your Lordship, as a judge of the field, should be unprejudiced on either side, that you may judge impartially. If I die, Edmund's pretensions die with me; but my friend Zadisky will acquaint you with the foundation of them. I take these precautions, because I ought to be prepared for every thing; but my heart is warm with better hopes, and I trust I shall live to justify my own cause, as well as that of my friend, who is a person of more consequence than he appears to be." Lord Clifford accepted the trust, and expressed the greatest reliance upon Sir Philip's honour and veracity.

While these preparations were making for the great event that was to decide the pretensions of Edmund, his enemies at the castle of Lovel were brought to shame for their behaviour to him.

The disagreement between Wenlock and Markham had by degrees brought on an explanation of some parts of their conduct. Father Oswald had often hinted to the Baron, Wenlock's envy of Edmund's superior qualities, and

the artifices by which he had obtained such an influence with Sir Robert, as to make him take his part upon all occasions. Oswald now took advantage of the breach between these two incendiaries, to persuade Markham to justify himself at Wenlock's expense, and to tell all he knew of his wickedness. At length he promised to declare all he knew of Wenlock's conduct, as well in France as since their return, when he should be called upon; and, by him, Oswald was enabled to unravel the whole of his contrivances against the honour, interest, and even life of Edmund.

He prevailed on Hewson, and Kemp his associate, to add their testimony to the others. Hewson confessed that he was touched in his conscience, when he reflected on the cruelty and injustice of his behaviour to Edmund, whose behaviour towards him, after he had laid a snare for his life, was so noble and generous that he was cut to the heart by it, and had suffered so much pain and remorse, that he longed for nothing so much as an opportunity to unburden his mind; but the dread of Mr Wenlock's anger, and the effects of his resentment, had hitherto kept him silent, always hoping there would come a time when he might have leave to declare the whole truth.

Oswald conveyed this information to the Baron's ear, who waited for an opportunity to make the proper use of it. Not long after, the two principal incendiaries came to an open rupture, and Markham threatened Wenlock that he would shew his uncle what a serpent he had harboured in his bosom. The Baron arrested his words, and insisted upon his telling all he knew; adding, "If you speak the truth, I will support you, but if you prove false, I will punish you severely. As to Mr Wenlock, he shall have a fair trial; and if all the accusations I have heard are made good, it is high time that I should put him out of my family."—The Baron, with a stern aspect, bade them follow him into the great hall, and sent for all the rest of the family together.

He then, with great solemnity, told them he was ready to hear all sides of the question. He declared the whole substance of his informations, and called upon his accusers to support the charge. Hewson and Kemp gave the same account they had given to Oswald, offering to swear to the truth of their testimony; several of the other servants related such circumstances as had come to their knowledge. Markham then spoke of every thing; and gave a particular account of all that had passed on the night they spent in the east apartment; he accused himself of being privy to Wenlock's villainy, called himself fool and blockhead, for being the instrument of his malignant disposition, and asked pardon of his uncle for concealing it so long.

The Baron called upon Wenlock to reply to the charge; who, instead of answering, flew into a passion, raged, swore, threatened, and finally denied every thing. The witnesses persisted in their assertions. Markham desired leave to make known the reason why they were all afraid of him—"He gives it out," said he, "that he is to be my lord's son-in-law; and they, supposing him to stand first in his favour, are afraid of his displeasure."—"I hope," said the Baron, "I shall not be at such a loss for a son-in-law, as to make choice of such a one as him; he never but once hinted at such a thing, and then I gave him no encouragement. I have long seen there was something very wrong in him, but I did not believe he was of so wicked a disposition. It is no wonder that princes should be so frequently deceived, when I, a private man, could be so much imposed upon within the circle of my own family. What think you, son Robert?"—"I, sir, have been much more imposed upon, and I take shame to myself on the occasion."—"Enough, my son," said the Baron; "a generous confession is only a proof of growing wisdom. You are now sensible, that the best of us all are liable to imposition. The artifices of this unworthy kinsman have set us at variance with each other, and driven away an excellent youth from this house, to go I know not whither; but he shall no longer triumph in his wickedness; he shall feel what it is to be banished from the house of his protector. He shall set out for his mother's this very day; I will write to her in such a manner as shall inform her that he has offended me, without particularizing the nature of his faults. I will give him an opportunity of recovering his credit with his own family, and this shall be my security against his doing further mischief. May he repent, and be forgiven.

"Markham deserves punishment, but not in the same degree."—"I confess it," said he, "and will submit to whatever your lordship shall enjoin."—"You shall only be banished for a time, but he for ever. I will send you abroad, on a business that shall put you in a way to do credit to yourself, and service to me.—Son Robert, have you any objection to my sentence?"—"My lord," said he, "I have great reason to distrust myself; I am sensible of my own weakness, and your superior wisdom, as well as goodness; and I will henceforward submit to you in all things."

The Baron ordered two of his servants to pack up Wenlock's clothes and necessaries, and to set out with him that very day; he bade some others keep an eye upon him lest he should escape. As soon as they were ready, my lord wished him a good journey, and gave him a letter for his mother. He departed without saying a word, in a sullen kind of resentment; but his countenance shewed the inward agitations of his mind.

As soon as he was gone, every mouth was opened against him; a thousand stories came out that they never heard before. The Baron and his sons were astonished that he should go on so long without detection. My lord sighed

deeply at the thoughts of Edmund's expulsion, and ardently wished to know what was become of him.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of coming to an explanation with his brother William; he took shame to himself for some part of his past behaviour. Mr William owned his affection to Edmund, and justified it by his merit and attachment to him, which were such that he was certain no time or distance could alter them. He accepted his brother's acknowledgment, as a full amends for all that had passed, and begged that henceforward an entire love and confidence might ever subsist between them. These new regulations restored peace, confidence, and harmony in the castle of Lovel.

At length the day arrived for the combatants to meet. The Lord Graham, with twelve followers, gentlemen, and twelve servants, was ready at the dawn of day to receive them.

The first that entered the field was Sir Philip Harclay, Knight, armed completely, excepting his head-piece; Hugh Rugby, his Esquire, bearing his lance; John Barnard, his page, carrying his helmet and spurs; and two servants in his proper livery. The next came Edmund, the heir of Lovel, followed by his servant John Wyatt; Zadisky, followed by his servant.

At a short distance came the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field, with his Esquire, two pages, and two livery servants; followed by his eldest son, his nephew, and a gentleman his friend, each attended by one servant. He also brought a surgeon of note to take care of the wounded.

The Lord Graham saluted them; and by his order they took their places without the lists, and the trumpet sounded for the challenger. It was answered by the defendant, who soon after appeared, attended by three gentlemen his friends, with each one servant, beside his own proper attendants.

A place was erected for the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field; he desired Lord Graham would share the office, who accepted it, on condition that the combatants should make no objection; and they agreed to it with the greatest courtesy and respect. They consulted together on many points of honour and ceremony between the two combatants.

They appointed a marshal of the field, and other inferior officers, usually employed on these occasions. The Lord Graham sent the marshal for the challenger, desiring him to declare the cause of his quarrel before his enemy. Sir Philip Harclay then advanced, and thus spoke:

"I, Philip Harclay, knight, challenge Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, as a base, treacherous, and bloody man, who by his wicked arts and devices, did kill, or caused to be killed, his kinsman, Arthur Lord Lovel, my dear and noble friend. I am called upon, in an extraordinary manner, to revenge his death; and I will prove the truth of what I have affirmed at the peril of my life."

Lord Graham then bade the defendant answer to the charge. Lord Lovel stood forth before his followers, and thus replied:

"I, Walter, Baron of Lovel, do deny the charge against me, and affirm it to be a base, false, and malicious accusation of this Sir Philip Harclay, which I believe to be invented by himself, or else framed by some enemy, and told to him for wicked ends; but, be that as it may, I will maintain my own honour, and prove him to be a false traitor, at the hazard of my own life, and to the punishment of his presumption."

"Then," said the Lord Graham,—"Will not this quarrel admit of arbitration?"—"No," replied Sir Philip; "when I have justified this charge, I have more to bring against him.—I trust in God and the justice of my cause, and defy that traitor to the death!" Lord Clifford then spoke a few words to Lord Graham, who immediately called to the marshal, and bade him open the lists, and deliver their weapons to the combatants.

While the marshal was arranging the combatants and their followers, Edmund approached his friend and patron; he put one knee to the ground, he embraced his knees with the strongest emotions of grief and anxiety. He was dressed in complete armour, with his vizor down; his device was a hawthorn, with a graft of the rose upon it, the motto—*This is not my true parent;* but Sir Philip bade him take these words—*E fructu arbor cognoscitur.*

Sir Philip embraced the youth with strong marks of affection: "Be composed, my child!" said he; "I have neither guilt, fear, nor doubt in me; I am so certain of success, that I bid you be prepared for the consequence." Zadisky embraced his friend, he comforted Edmund, he suggested every thing that could confirm his hopes of success.

The marshal waited to deliver the spear to Sir Philip; he now presented it with the usual form.—"Sir, receive your lance, and God defend the right!"—"Sir Philip answered, "Amen!" in a voice that was heard by all present.

He next presented his weapon to Lord Lovel with the same sentence, who likewise answered "Amen!" with a good courage. Immediately the lists were cleared, and the combatants began to fight.

They contended a long time with equal skill and courage; at length Sir Philip unhorsed his antagonist. The judges ordered, that either he should alight or suffer his enemy to remount; he chose the former, and a short combat on foot ensued. The sweat ran off their bodies with the violence of the exercise. Sir Philip watched every motion of his enemy, and strove to weary him out, intending to wound, but not to kill him, unless obliged for his own safety.

He thrust his sword through his left arm, and demanded whether he would confess the fact? Lord Lovel enraged, answered, he would die sooner. Sir Philip then passed the sword through his body twice, and Lord Lovel fell, crying out that he was slain.

"I hope not," said Sir Philip, "for I have a great deal of business for you to do before you die: Confess your sins, and endeavour to atone for them, as the only ground to hope for pardon." Lord Lovel replied, "You are the victor, use your good fortune generously."

Sir Philip took away his sword, and then waved it over his head, and beckoned for assistance. The judges sent to beg Sir Philip to spare the life of his enemy. "I will," said he, "upon condition that he will make an honest confession."

Lord Lovel desired a surgeon and a confessor. "You shall have both," said Sir Philip; "but you must first answer me a question or two. Did you kill your kinsman or not?"—"It was not my hand that killed him," answered the wounded man. "It was done by your own order, however? You shall have no assistance till you answer this point."—"It was," said he, "and heaven is just."—"Bear witness all present," said Sir Philip, "he confesses the fact!"

He then beckoned Edmund, who approached. "Take off your helmet," said he; "look on that youth, he is the son of your injured kinsman."—"It is himself," said the Lord Lovel, and fainted away.

Sir Philip then called for a surgeon and a priest, both of which Lord Graham had provided; the former began to bind up his wounds, and his assistants poured a cordial into his mouth.—"Preserve his life, if it be possible," said Sir Philip; "for much depends upon it."

He then took Edmund by the hand, and presented him to all the company. "In this young man," said he, "you see the true heir of the house of Lovel! Heaven has in its own way made him the instrument to discover the death of his parents. His father was assassinated by order of that wicked man, who now receives his punishment; his mother was, by his cruel treatment, compelled to leave her own house; she was delivered in the fields, and perished herself in seeking a shelter for her infant. I have sufficient proofs of every thing I say, which I am ready to communicate to every person who desires to know the particulars; Heaven, by my hand, has chastised him; he has confessed the fact I accuse him of, and it remains that he make restitution of the fortune and honours he hath usurped so long."

Edmund kneeled, and, with uplifted hands, returned thanks to Heaven, that his noble friend and champion was crowned with victory. The lords and gentlemen gathered round them; they congratulated them both; while Lord Lovel's friends and followers were employed in taking care of him. Lord Clifford took Sir Philip's hand.—"You have acted with so much honour and prudence, that it is presumptuous to offer you advice; but what mean you to do with the wounded man?"—"I have not determined," said he; "I thank you for the hint, and beg your advice how to proceed."—"Let us consult Lord Graham," replied he. Lord Graham insisted upon their going all to his castle; "There," said he, "you will have impartial witnesses of all that passes." Sir Philip was unwilling to give so much trouble. The Lord Graham protested he would be proud to do any service to so noble a gentleman. Lord Clifford enforced his request, saying, it was better upon all accounts to keep their prisoner on this side the borders, till they saw what turn his health would take, and to keep him safely, till he had settled his worldly affairs.

This resolution being taken, Lord Graham invited the wounded man and his friends to his castle, as being the nearest place where he could be lodged and taken proper care of, it being dangerous to carry him farther. They accepted the proposal with many acknowledgments; and, having made a kind of litter of boughs, they all proceeded to Lord Graham's castle, where they put Lord Lovel to bed, and the surgeon dressed his wounds, and desired he might be kept quiet, not knowing at present whether they were dangerous or not.

About an hour after, the wounded man complained of thirst; he asked for the surgeon, and inquired if his life was in danger? The surgeon answered him doubtfully. He asked,—"Where is Sir Philip Harclay?"—"In the castle."—"Where is that young man whom he calls the heir of Lovel?"—"He is here, too."—"Then I am surrounded with my enemies. I want to speak to one of my own servants, without witnesses; let one be sent to me."

The surgeon withdrew, and acquainted the gentlemen below. "He shall not speak to any man," said Sir Philip, "but in my presence." He went with him into the sick man's room. Upon the sight of Sir Philip, he seemed in great agitation. "Am I not allowed to speak with my own servant?" said he.—"Yes, sir, you may; but not without witnesses."—"Then I am a prisoner, it seems?"—"No, not so, sir, but some caution is necessary at present: But compose yourself, I do not wish for your death."—"Then why did you seek it? I never injured you."—"Yes, you have, in the person of my friend, and I am only the instrument of justice in the hand of heaven; endeavour to make atonement while life is spared to you.—Shall I send the priest to you? perhaps he may convince you of the necessity of restitution, in order to obtain forgiveness of your sins."

Sir Philip sent for the priest and the surgeon,

and obliged the servant to retire with him. I leave you, sir, to the care of these gentlemen; and whenever a third person is admitted, I will be his attendant: I will visit you again within an hour." He then retired, and consulted his friends below; they were of opinion that no time should be lost. "You will then," said he, "accompany me into the sick man's apartment in an hour's time."

Within the hour, Sir Philip, attended by Lord Clifford and Lord Graham, entered the chamber. Lord Lovel was in great emotion; the priest stood on one side of the bed, the surgeon on the other; the former exhorted him to confess his sins, the other desired he might be left to his repose. Lord Lovel seemed in great anguish of mind; he trembled, and was in the utmost confusion. Sir Philip entreated him, with the piety of a confessor, to consider his soul's health before that of his body. He then asked Sir Philip, by what means he knew that he was concerned in the death of his kinsman.—"Sir," replied he, "it was not merely by human means this fact was discovered. There is a certain apartment in the Castle of Lovel, that has been shut up these one-and-twenty years, but has lately been opened and examined into."

"Oh heaven!" exclaimed he, "then Geoffry must have betrayed me!"—"No, sir, he has not; it was revealed in a very extraordinary manner to that youth whom it most concerns."—"How can he be the heir of Lovel?"—"By being the son of that unfortunate woman, whom you cruelly obliged to leave her own house, to avoid being compelled to wed the murderer of her husband: we are not ignorant, moreover, of the fictitious funeral you made for her. All is discovered, and you will not tell us any more than we know already; but we desire to have it confirmed by your confession."—"The judgments of heaven are falling upon me!" said Lord Lovel. "I am childless, and one is arisen from the grave to claim my inheritance."—"Nothing then hinders you to do justice and make restitution; it is for the ease of your conscience; and you have no other way of making atonement for all the mischief you have done."—"You know too much," said the criminal, "and I will relate what you do not know.

"You may remember," proceeded he, "that I saw you once at my uncle's house; I well remember it. At that time my mind was disturbed by the baleful passion of envy; it was from that root all my bad actions sprung."—"Praise be to God!" said the good priest; "he hath touched your heart with true contrition, and you shew the effect of his mercies; you will do justice, and you will be rewarded by the gift of repentance unto salvation."—Sir Philip desired the penitent to proceed.

"My kinsman excelled me in every kind of merit, in the graces of person and mind, in all his exercises, and in every accomplishment. I was totally eclipsed by him, and I hated to be in his company; but what finished my aversion, was his addressing the lady upon whom I had fixed my affections; I strove to rival him there, but she gave him the preference; that, indeed, was only his due; but I could not bear to see, or acknowledge it.

"The most bitter hatred took possession of my breast, and I vowed to revenge the supposed injury as soon as opportunity should offer. I buried my resentment deep in my heart, and outwardly appeared to rejoice at his success; I made a merit of resigning my pretensions to him, but I could not bear to be present at his nuptials: I retired to my father's seat, and brooded over my revenge in secret. My father died this year, and soon after my uncle followed him; within another year my kinsman was summoned to attend the king on his Welsh expedition.

"As soon as I heard he was gone from home, I resolved to prevent his return, exulting in the prospect of possessing his title, fortune, and his lady. I hired messengers, who were constantly going and coming, to give me intelligence of all that passed at the castle; I went there soon after, under pretence of visiting my kinsman. My spies brought me an account of all that happened; one informed me of the event of the battle, but could not tell whether my rival was living or dead; I hoped the latter, that I might avoid the crime I meditated; I reported his death to his lady, who took it very heavily.

"Soon after, a messenger arrived with tidings that he was alive and well, and had obtained leave to return home immediately.

"I instantly dispatched my two emissaries to intercept him on the way. He made so much haste to return, that he was met within a mile of his own castle; he had out-rode his servants, and was alone: They killed him, and drew him aside out of the highway. They then came to me with all speed, and desired my orders; it was then about sunset; I sent them back to fetch the dead body, which they brought privately into the castle: they tied it neck and heels, and put it into a trunk, which they buried under the floor in the closet you mentioned. The sight of the body stung me to the heart; I then felt the pangs of remorse, but it was too late; I took every precaution that prudence suggested to prevent the discovery; but nothing can be concealed from the eye of heaven.

"From that fatal hour I have never known peace, always in fear of something impending to discover my guilt, and to bring me to shame; at length I am overtaken by justice. I am brought to a severe reckoning here, and I dread to meet one more severe hereafter."

"Enough," said the priest; "you have done a good work, my son! trust in the Lord; and now this burden is off your mind, the rest will be made easy to you."

Lord Lovel took a minute's repose, and then

went on.—" I hope, by the hint you gave, Sir Philip, the poor lady is yet alive?"—" No, sir, she is not; but she died not till after she brought forth a son, whom heaven made its instrument to discover and avenge the death of both his parents."—" They are well avenged!" said he. " I have no children to lament for me; all mine have been taken from me in the bloom of youth; only one daughter lived to be twelve years old; I intended her for a wife for one of my nephews, but within three months I have buried her." He sighed, wept, and was silent.

The gentlemen present lifted up their hands and eyes to heaven in silence. " The will of heaven be obeyed!" said the priest. " My penitent has confessed all; what more would you require?"—" That he make atonement," said Sir Philip; " that he surrender the title and estate to the right heir, and dispose of his own proper fortune to his nearest relations, and resign himself to penitence and preparation for a future state. For this time I leave him with you, father, and will join my prayers with yours for his repentance."

So saying, he left the room, and was followed by the Barons and the surgeon; the priest alone remaining with him. As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip questioned the surgeon concerning his patient's situation; who answered, that at present he saw no signs of immediate danger, but he could not yet pronounce that there was none. " If he were mortally wounded," said he, " he could not be so well, nor speak so long without faintness; and it is my opinion that he will soon recover, if nothing happens to retard the cure."—" Then," said Sir Philip, " keep this opinion from him; for I would suffer the fear of death to operate on him until he hath performed some necessary acts of justice: Let it only be known to these noblemen, upon whose honour I can rely, and I trust they will approve my request to you, sir."—" I join in it," said Lord Clifford, " from the same motives."—" I insist upon it," said Lord Graham; " and I can answer for my surgeon's discretion."—" My lords," said the surgeon, " you may depend upon my fidelity; and, after what I have just heard, my conscience is engaged in this noble gentleman's behalf, and I will do every thing in my power to second your intentions."—" I thank you, sir," said Sir Philip, " and you may depend on my gratitude in return. I presume you will sit up with him tonight; if any danger should arise, I desire to be called immediately; but otherwise, I would suffer him to rest quietly, that he may be prepared for the business of the following day."—" I shall obey your directions, sir; my necessary attendance will give me a pretence not to leave him, and thus I shall hear all that passes between him and all that visit him."—" You will oblige me highly," said Sir Philip, " and I shall go to rest with confidence in your care."

The surgeon returned to the sick man's chamber, Sir Philip and the Barons to the company below: they supped in the great hall, with all the gentlemen that were present at the combat. Sir Philip and his Edmund retired to their repose, being heartily fatigued; and the company stayed to a late hour, commenting upon the action of the day, praising the courage and generosity of the noble knight, and wishing a good event to his undertaking.

Most of Lord Lovel's friends went away as soon as they saw him safely lodged, being ashamed of him, and of their appearance in his behalf; and the few that stayed were induced by their desire of a further information of the base action he had committed, and to justify their own characters and conduct.

The next morning Sir Philip entered into consultation with the two Barons, on the methods he should take to get Edmund received and acknowledged as heir of the house of Lovel. They were all of opinion, that the criminal should be kept in fear till he had settled his worldly affairs, and they had resolved how to dispose of him. With this determination they entered his room, and inquired of the surgeon how he had passed the night.—He shook his head, and said but little.

Lord Lovel desired that he might be removed to his own house. Lord Graham said, he could not consent to that, as there was evident danger in removing him, and appealed to the surgeon, who confirmed his opinion. Lord Graham desired he would make himself easy, and that he should have every kind of assistance there.

Sir Philip then proposed to send for the Lord Fitz-Owen, who should see that all possible care was taken of his brother-in-law, and would assist him in settling his affairs. Lord Lovel was against it; he was peevish and uneasy, and desired to be left with only his own servants to attend him. Sir Philip quitted the room with a significant look; and the two lords endeavoured to reconcile him to his situation. He interrupted them. " It is easy for men in your situation to advise, but it is difficult for one in mine to practise; wounded in body and mind, it is natural that I should strive to avoid the extremes of shame and punishment; I thank you for your kind offices, and beg I may be left with my own servants."—" With them, and the surgeon, you shall," said Lord Graham; and they both retired.

Sir Philip met them below. " My lords," said he, " I am desirous that my Lord Fitz-Owen should be sent for, and that he may hear his brother's confession; for I suspect that he may hereafter deny, what only the fear of death has extorted from him; with your permission I am determined to send messengers to-day." They

both expressed approbation, and Lord Clifford proposed to write to him, saying, "A letter from an impartial person will have the more weight; I will send one of my principal domestics with your own." This measure being resolved upon, Lord Clifford retired to write, and Sir Philip to prepare his servants for instant departure. Edmund desired leave to write to Father Oswald, and John Wyatt was ordered to be the bearer of his letter. When the Lord Clifford had finished his letter, he read it to Sir Philip and his chosen friends, as follows:

"Right Hon. my good Lord,

"I have taken upon me to acquaint your lordship, that there has been a solemn combat at arms between your brother-in-law, the Lord Lovel, and Sir Philip Harclay, Knt. of Yorkshire. It was fought in the jurisdiction of the Lord Graham, who, with myself, was appointed judge of the field; it was fairly won, and Sir Philip is the conqueror. After he had gained the victory, he declared at large the cause of the quarrel, and that he had revenged the death of Arthur Lord Lovel, his friend, whom the present Lord Lovel had assassinated, that he might enjoy his title and estate. The wounded man confessed the fact; and Sir Philip gave him his life, and only carried off his sword as a trophy of his victory. Both the victor and the vanquished were conveyed to Lord Graham's castle, where the Lord Lovel now lies in great danger. He is desirous to settle his worldly affairs, and to make his peace with God and man. Sir Philip Harclay says, there is a male heir of the house of Lovel, for whom he claims the title and estate; but he is very desirous that your lordship should be present at the disposal of your brother's property, that of right belongs to him, of which your children are the undoubted heirs. He also wants to consult you in many other points of honour and equity. Let me entreat you, on the receipt of this letter, to set out immediately for Lord Graham's castle, where you will be received with the utmost respect and hospitality. You will hear things that will surprise you as much as they do me; you will judge of them with that justice and honour which speaks your character; and you will unite with us in wondering at the ways of Providence, and submitting to its decrees, in punishing the guilty, and doing justice to the innocent and oppressed. My best wishes and prayers attend you and your hopeful family. My lord, I remain your humble servant,

"CLIFFORD."

Every one present expressed the highest approbation of this letter. Sir Philip gave orders to John Wyatt to be very circumspect in his behaviour, to give Edmund's letter privately to Father Oswald, and to make no mention of him, or his pretensions to Lovel Castle.

Lord Clifford gave his servant the requisite precautions. Lord Graham added a note of invitation, and sent it by a servant of his own. As soon as all things were ready, the messengers set out with all speed for the Castle of Lovel.

They stayed no longer by the way than to take some refreshment, but rode night and day till they arrived there.

Lord Fitz-Owen was in the parlour with his children; Father Oswald was walking in the avenue before the house, when he saw three messengers, whose horses seemed jaded and the riders fatigued, like men come a long journey. He came up, just as the first had delivered his message to the porter. John Wyatt knew him; he dismounted, and made signs that he had something to say to him; he retired back a few steps, and John, with great dexterity, slipped a letter into his hand. The father gave him his blessing, and a welcome. "Who do you come from?" said he aloud.—"From the Lords Graham and Clifford, to the Lord Fitz-Owen; and we bring letters of consequence to the Baron."

Oswald followed the messengers into the hall; a servant announced their arrival. Lord Fitz-Owen received them in the parlour; Lord Clifford's servant delivered his master's letter, Lord Graham's his, and they said they would retire and wait his lordship's answer. The Baron ordered them some refreshment. They retired, and he opened his letters. He read them with great agitation, he struck his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed, "My fears are all verified! the blow is struck, and it has fallen upon the guilty."

Oswald came in a minute after. "You are come in good time," said the Baron. "Read that letter, that my children may know the contents." He read it with a faltering voice, and trembling limbs. They were all in great surprise. William looked down, and kept a studied silence. Sir Robert exclaimed, "Is it possible! can my uncle be guilty of such an action?"—"You hear," said the Baron, "he has confessed it!"—"But to whom?" said Sir Robert. His father replied, "Lord Clifford's honour is unquestionable, and I cannot doubt what he affirms."

Sir Robert leaned his head upon his hand, as one lost in thought; at length he seemed to awake. "My lord, I have no doubt that Edmund is at the bottom of this business. Do you not remember that Sir Philip Harclay long ago promised him his friendship? Edmund disappears; and, soon after, this man challenges my uncle. You know what passed here before his departure; he has suggested this affair to Sir Philip, and instigated him to this action. This is the return he has made for the favours he has received from our family, to which he owes every thing!"—"Softly, my son," said the Baron, "let us be cautious of reflecting upon Edmund; there is a greater hand in this business. My conjecture was too true; it was in that fatal

apartment that he was made acquainted with the circumstances of Lord Lovel's death; he was, perhaps, enjoined to reveal them to Sir Philip Harclay, the bosom friend of the deceased. The mystery of that apartment is disclosed, the woe to the guilty is accomplished. There is no reflection upon any one; Heaven effects its purposes in its own time and manner. I and mine are innocent; let us worship and be silent!"—"But what do you propose to do?" said Sir Robert.—"To return with the messengers," answered the Baron. "I think it highly proper that I should see your uncle, and hear what he has to say; my children are his heirs; in justice to them, I ought to be acquainted with every thing that concerns the disposal of his fortune."—"Your lordship is in the right," answered Sir Robert, "it concerns us all. I have only to ask your permission to bear you company."—"With all my heart," said the Baron; "I have only to ask of you in return, that you will command yourself, and not speak your mind hastily; wait for the proofs before you give judgment, and take advice of your reason before you decide upon any thing; if you reflect upon the past, you will find reason to distrust yourself. Leave all to me, and be assured I will protect your honour and my own."—"I will obey you in all things, my lord; and will make immediate preparation for our departure." So saying, he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Mr William broke silence. "My lord," said he, "if you have no great objection, I beg leave also to accompany you both?"—"You shall, my son, if you desire it; I think I can see your motives, and your brother's also; your coolness will be a good balance to his warmth; you shall go with us. My son Walter shall be his sister's protector in our absence, and he shall be master here till we return."—"I hope, my dear father, that will not be long; I shall not be happy till you come home," said the fair Emma.—"It shall be no longer, my dearest, than till this untoward affair is settled." The Baron desired to know when the messengers were expected to return. Oswald took this opportunity to retire; he went to his own apartment, and read the letter, as follows:—

"The Heir of Lovel, to his dear and reverend friend, Father Oswald.

"Let my friends at the Castle of Lovel know that I live in hopes one day to see them there. If you could, by any means, return with the messengers, your testimony would add weight to mine; perhaps you might obtain permission to attend the Baron; I leave it to you to manage this. John Wyatt will inform you of all that has passed here, and that hitherto my success has outrun my expectation, and almost my wishes. I am in the high road to my inheritance, and trust, that the Power who hath conducted me thus far, will not leave his work unfinished. Tell my beloved William that I live, and hope to embrace him before long. I recommend myself to your holy prayers and blessing, and remain your son and servant,

"EDMUND."

Oswald then went to the messengers; he drew John Wyatt to a distance from the rest, and got the information he wanted. He stayed with him till he was sent for by the Baron, to whom he went directly and prevented his question by saying, "I have been talking with the messengers; I find they have travelled night and day to bring the letters with all speed; they only require one night's rest, and will be ready to set out with you to-morrow."—"'Tis well," said the Baron; "we will set out as soon as they are ready."—"My lord," said Oswald, "I have a favour to beg of you; it is, that I may attend you. I have seen the progress of this wonderful discovery, and I have a great desire to see the conclusion of it. Perhaps my presence may be of service in the course of your business."—"Perhaps it may," said the Baron; "I have no objection, if you desire to go."—They then separated, and went to prepare for their journey.

Oswald had a private interview with Joseph, whom he informed of all that he knew, and his resolution to attend the Baron in his journey to the north.—"I go," said he, "to bear witness in behalf of injured innocence. If it be needful, I shall call upon you; therefore hold yourself in readiness, in case you should be sent for."—"That I will," said Joseph, "and spend my last remains of life and strength to help my young lord to his right and title. But do they not begin to suspect who is the heir of Lovel?"—"Not in the least," said Oswald; "they think him concerned in the discovery, but have no idea of his being interested in the event."—"Oh, father!" said Joseph, "I shall think every day a week till your return; but I will no longer keep you from your repose."—"Good night," said Oswald; "but I have another visit to pay before I go to rest."

He left Joseph, and went on tip-toe to Mr William's room, and tapped at his door;—he came and opened it. "What news, father?"—"Not much; I have only orders to tell you that Edmund is well, and as much your friend as ever."—"I guessed," said William, "that we should hear something of him. I have still another guess."—"What is that, my child?"—"That we shall see or hear of him where we are going."—"It is very likely," said Oswald; "and I would have you be prepared for it;—I am confident we shall hear nothing to his discredit."—"I am certain of that," said William, "and I shall rejoice to see him. I conclude that he is under the protection of Sir Philip Harclay."—"He is so," said Oswald; "I had my information from Sir Philip's servant, who is one of the

messengers, and was guide to the others in their way hither."—After some farther conversation they separated, and each went to his repose.

The next morning the whole party set out on their journey; they travelled by easy stages on account of the Baron's health, which began to be impaired, and arrived in health and spirits at the castle of Lord Graham, where they were received with the utmost respect and kindness by the noble master.

The Lord Lovel had recovered his health and strength as much as possible in the time, and was impatient to be gone from thence to his own house. He was surprised to hear of the arrival of his brother and nephews, and expressed no pleasure at the thoughts of seeing them. When Sir Philip Harclay came to pay his respects to Baron Fitz-Owen, the latter received him with civility, but with a coldness that was apparent. Sir Robert left the room, doubting his resolution. Sir Philip advanced, and took the Baron by the hand. "My lord," said he, "I rejoice to see you here. I cannot be satisfied with the bare civilities of such a man as you. I aspire to your esteem, to your friendship, and I shall not be happy till I obtain them. I will make you the judge of every part of my conduct, and where you shall condemn me, I will condemn myself."

The Baron was softened, his noble heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, but he thought the situation of his brother demanded some reserve towards the man who sought his life; but, in spite of himself, it wore off every moment.—Lord Clifford related all that had passed, with the due regard to Sir Philip's honour; he remarked how nobly he concealed the cause of his resentment against the Lord Lovel till the day of combat, that he might not prepossess the judges against him. He enlarged on his humanity to the vanquished, on the desire he expressed to have justice done to his heirs; finally, he mentioned his great respect for the Lord Fitz-Owen, and the solicitude he shewed to have him come to settle the estate of the sick man in favour of his children. Lord Clifford also employed his son to soften Sir Robert, and to explain to him every doubtful part of Sir Philip's behaviour.

After the travellers had taken some rest, the Lord Graham proposed that they should make a visit to the sick man's chamber. The lords sent to acquaint him they were coming to visit him, and they followed the messenger. The Lord Fitz-Owen went up to the bedside; he embraced his brother with strong emotions of concern;—Sir Robert followed him; then Mr William.—Lord Lovel embraced them, but said nothing; his countenance shewed his inward agitations. Lord Fitz-Owen first broke silence. "I hope," said he, "I see my brother better than I expected."—Lord Lovel bit his fingers, he pulled the bed-clothes, he seemed almost distracted; at length he broke out,—"I owe no thanks to those who sent for my relations! Sir Philip Harclay, you have used ungenerously the advantage you have gained over me! you spared my life only to take away my reputation. You have exposed me to strangers, and, what is worst, to my dearest friends. When I lay in a state of danger, you obliged me to say any thing, and now you take advantage of it, to ruin me in my friends' affection. But, if I recover, you may repent it."

Sir Philip then came forward. "My lords, I shall take no notice of what this unhappy man has just now said; I shall appeal to you, as to the honourable witnesses of all that has passed; you see it was no more than necessary. I appeal to you for the motives of my treatment of him, before, at, and after our meeting. I did not take his life, as I might have done; I wished him to repent of his sins, and to make restitution of what he unjustly possesses. I was called out to do an act of justice. I had taken the heir of Lovel under my protection; my chief view was to see justice done to him;—what regarded this man was but a secondary motive. This was my end, and I will never, never lose sight of it.

Lord Lovel seemed almost choked with passion, to see every one giving some marks of approbation and respect to Sir Philip. He called out, "I demand to know who is this pretended heir, whom he brings out to claim my title and fortune?"—"My noble auditors," said Sir Philip, "I shall appeal to your judgment, in regard to the proofs of my ward's birth and family; every circumstance shall be laid before you, and you shall decide upon them.

"Here is a young man supposed the son of a peasant, who, by a train of circumstances that could not have happened by human contrivances, discovers not only who were his real parents, but that they came to untimely deaths. He even discovers the different places where their bones are buried, both out of consecrated ground, and appeals to their ashes for the truth of his pretensions. He has also living proofs to offer, that will convince the most incredulous. I have deferred entering into particulars, till the arrival of Baron Fitz-Owen. I know his noble heart and honourable character, from one that has long been an eye-witness of his goodness. Such is the opinion I have of his justice, that I will accept him as one of the judges in his brother's cause. I and my ward will bring our proofs before him, and the company here present; in the course of them, it will appear that he is the best qualified of any to judge of them, because he can ascertain many of the facts we shall have occasion to mention. I will rest our cause upon their decision."

Lord Graham applauded Sir Philip's appeal, affirming his own impartiality, and calling upon Lord Clifford and his son, and also his own nephews, who were present. Lord Clifford said, "Sir Philip offers fairly, and like himself; there

can be no place nor persons more impartial than the present, and I presume the Lord Lovel can have no objection."—"No objection!" answered he; "what! to be tried like a criminal, to have judges appointed over me, to decide upon my right to my own estate and title? I will not submit to such a jurisdiction!"—"Then," said Sir Philip, "you had rather be tried by the laws of the land, and have them pronounce sentence upon you? Take your choice, sir; if you refuse the one, you shall be certain of the other."—Lord Clifford then said, "You will allow Lord Lovel to consider of the proposal; he will consult his friends, and be determined by their advice."—Lord Fitz-Owen said, "I am very much surprised at what I have heard. I shall be glad to know all that Sir Philip Harclay has to say for his ward, that I may judge what my brother has to hope or fear; I will then give my best advice, or offer my mediation, as he may stand in need of them."—"You say well," replied Lord Graham, "and pray let us come directly to the point. Sir Philip, you will introduce your ward to this company, and enter upon your proofs."

Sir Philip bowed to the company; he went out, and brought in Edmund, encouraging him by the way; he presented him to Baron Fitz-Owen, who looked very serious. "Edmund Twyford," said he, "are you the heir of the house of Lovel?"—"I am, my lord," said Edmund, bowing to the ground; "the proofs will appear; but I am, at the same time, the most humble and grateful of all your servants, and the servant of your virtues."—Sir Robert rose up, and was going to leave the room.—"Son Robert, stay," said the Baron; "if there is any fraud, you will be pleased to detect it; and if all that is affirmed be true, you will not shut your eyes against the light;—you are concerned in this business; hear it in silence, and let reason be arbiter in your cause."—He bowed to his father, bit his lip, and retired to the window. William nodded to Edmund, and was silent. All the company had their eyes fixed on the young man, who stood in the midst, casting down his eyes with modest respect to the audience; while Sir Philip related all the material circumstances of his life, the wonderful gradation by which he came to the knowledge of his birth, the adventures of the haunted apartment, the discovery of the fatal closet, and the presumptive proofs that Lord Lovel was buried there. At this part of his narration Lord Fitz-Owen interrupted him. "Where is this closet you talk of? for I and my sons went over the apartment since Edmund's departure, and found no such place as you describe."—"My lord," said Edmund, "I can account for it: the door is covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and you might easily overlook it;—but I have a witness here," said he, and putting his hand into his bosom, he drew out the key. "If this is not the key of that closet, let me be deemed an impostor, and all I say a falsehood. I will risk my pretensions upon this proof."

"And for what purpose did you take it away?" said the Baron.—"To prevent any person from going into it," replied Edmund; "I have vowed to keep it till I shall open that closet before witnesses appointed for that purpose."—"Proceed, sir," said the Baron Fitz-Owen. Sir Philip then related the conversation between Edmund and Margery Twyford, his supposed mother.—Lord Fitz-Owen seemed in the utmost surprise. He exclaimed, "Can this be true? strange discovery! unfortunate child!"—Edmund's tears bore witness to his veracity; he was obliged to hide his face; he lifted up his clasped hands to heaven, and was in great emotions during all this part of the relation;—while Lord Lovel groaned, and seemed in great agitation.

Sir Philip then addressed himself to Lord Fitz-Owen. "My lord, there was another person present at the conversation between Edmund and his foster-mother, who can witness to all that passed; perhaps your lordship can tell who that was?"—"It was father Oswald," replied the Baron; "I well remember that he went with him at his request; let him be called in." He was sent for, and came immediately. The Baron desired him to relate all that passed between Edmund and his mother.

Oswald then began. "Since I am now properly called upon to testify what I know concerning this young man, I will speak the truth, without fear or favour of any one; and I will swear by the rules of my holy order to the truth of what I shall relate." He then gave a particular account of all that passed on that occasion, and mentioned the tokens found on both the infant and his mother.—"Where are those tokens to be seen?" said the Lord Clifford.—"I have them here, my lord," said Edmund, "and I keep them as my greatest treasures." He then produced them before all the company.—"There is no appearance of any fraud or collusion," said Lord Graham; "if any man thinks he sees any, let him speak."—"Pray, my lord, suffer me to speak a word," said Sir Robert. "Do you remember that I hinted my suspicions concerning Father Oswald, the night our kinsmen lay in the east apartment?"—"I do," said the Baron.—"Well, sir, it now appears that he did know more than he would tell us; you find he is very deep in all Edmund's secrets, and you will judge what were his motives for undertaking this journey."—"I observe what you say," answered his father, "but let us hear all that Oswald has to say; I will be as impartial as possible."—"My lord," returned Oswald, "I beg you also to recollect what I said, on the night your son speaks of, concerning secrecy in certain matters."—"I remember that also,' said the Baron; "but proceed."—"My lord," continued Oswald, "I knew more than I thought myself at liberty to

disclose at that time; but I will now tell you every thing. I saw there was something more than common in the accidents that befel this young man, and in his being called out to sleep in the east apartment; I earnestly desired him to let me be with him on the second night, to which he consented reluctantly; we heard a great noise in the rooms underneath; we went down stairs together; I saw him open the fatal closet; I heard groans that pierced me to the heart; I kneeled down and prayed for the repose of the spirit departed; I found a seal, with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it, which I gave to Edmund, and he now has it in his possession. He enjoined me to keep secret what I had seen and heard, till the time should come to declare it. I conceived that I was called to be a witness of these things; besides, my curiosity was excited to know the event; I therefore desired to be present at the interview between him and his mother, which was affecting beyond expression; I heard what I have now declared as nearly as my memory permits me. I hope no impartial person will blame me for any part of my conduct; but if they should, I do not repent it. If I should forfeit the favour of the rich and great, I shall have acquitted myself to God and my conscience. I have no worldly ends to answer; I plead the cause of the injured orphan; and I think, also, that I second the designs of Providence."—"You have well spoken, father," said the Lord Clifford; "your testimony is indeed of consequence."

"It is amazing and convincing," said Lord Graham; "and the whole story is so well connected, that I can see nothing to make us doubt the truth of it; but let us examine the proofs." Edmund gave into their hands the necklace and ear-rings; he shewed them the locket, with the cypher of Lovel, and the seal with the arms; he told them the cloak in which he was wrapped was in the custody of his foster-mother, who would produce it on demand. He begged that some proper persons might be commissioned to go with him to examine whether or no the bodies of his parents were buried where he affirmed; adding, that he put his pretensions into their hands with pleasure, relying entirely upon their honour and justice.

During this interesting scene, the criminal covered his face, and was silent, but he sent forth bitter sighs and groans, that denoted the anguish of his heart. At length Lord Graham, in compassion to him, proposed that they should retire and consider of the proofs, adding, "Lord Lovel must needs be fatigued; we will resume the subject in his presence, when he is disposed to receive us." Sir Philip Harclay approached the bed; "Sir," said he, "I now leave you in the hands of your own relations; they are men of strict honour, and I confide in them to take care of you, and of your concerns." They then went out of the room, leaving only the Lord Fitz-Owen and his sons with the criminal. They discoursed of the wonderful story of Edmund's birth, and the principal events of his life.

After dinner, Sir Philip requested another conference with the lords, and their principal friends. There were present, also, Father Oswald, and Lord Graham's confessor, who had taken the Lord Lovel's confession, Edmund, and Zadisky. "Now, gentlemen," said Sir Philip, "I desire to know your opinion of your proofs, and your advice upon them."

Lord Graham replied, "I am desired to speak for the rest. We think there are strong presumptive proofs that this young man is the true heir of Lovel; but they ought to be confirmed and authenticated. Of the murder of the late lord there is no doubt; the criminal hath confessed it, and the circumstances confirm it; the proofs of his crime are so connected with those of the young man's birth, that one cannot be public without the other. We are desirous to do justice, and yet are unwilling, for the Lord Fitz-Owen's sake, to bring the criminal to public shame and punishment. We wish to find out a medium; we therefore desire Sir Philip to make proposals for his ward, and let Lord Fitz-Owen answer for himself and his brother, and we will be moderators between them." Here every one expressed approbation, and called upon Sir Philip to make his demands.

"If," said he, "I were to demand strict justice, I should not be satisfied with any thing less than the life of the criminal; but I am a Christian soldier, the disciple of him who came into the world to save sinners;—for his sake," continued he, crossing himself, "I forego my revenge, I spare the guilty. If Heaven gives him time for repentance, man should not deny it. It is my ward's particular request, that I will not bring shame upon the house of his benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, for whom he hath a filial affection and profound veneration. My proposals are these:—First, that the criminal make restitution of the title and estate, obtained with so much injustice and cruelty to the lawful heir, whom he shall acknowledge such before proper witnesses. Secondly, that he shall surrender his own lawful inheritance and personal estate into the hands of the Lord Fitz-Owen, in trust for his sons, who are his heirs of blood. Thirdly, that he shall retire into a religious house, or else quit the kingdom in three months' time; and, in either case, those who enjoy his fortune shall allow him a decent annuity, that he may not want the comforts of life. By the last, I disable him from the means of doing further mischief, and enable him to devote the remainder of his days to penitence. These are my proposals, and I give him four-and-twenty hours to consider of them; if he refuses to comply with them, I shall be obliged to proceed to severer measures, and to a public prosecution. But the goodness of the Lord Fitz-Owen bids me expect, from his in-

fluence with his brother, a compliance with proposals made out of respect to his honourable character."

Lord Graham applauded the humanity, prudence,, and piety of Sir Philip's proposals. He enforced them with all his influence and eloquence. Lord Clifford seconded him; and the rest gave tokens of approbation. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen then rose up:—"I beg leave to observe to the company, who are going to dispose so generously of another man's property, that my father purchased the castle and estate of the house of Lovel. Who is to repay him the money for it?"

Sir Philip then said, "I have also a question to ask. Who is to pay the arrears of my ward's estate, which he has unjustly been kept out of these one-and-twenty years? Let Lord Clifford answer to both points, for he is not interested in either." Lord Clifford smiled—"I think," returned he, "the first question is answered by the second, and that the parties concerned should set one against the other, especially as Lord Fitz-Owen's children will inherit the fortune, which includes the purchase-money." Lord Graham said, "This determination is both equitable and generous, and I hope will answer the expectations on all sides."—"I have another proposal to make to my Lord Fitz-Owen," said Sir Philip; "but I first wait for the acceptance of those already made." Lord Fitz-Owen replied, "I shall report them to my brother, and acquaint the company with his resolution to-morrow."

They then separated; and the Baron, with his sons, returned to the sick man's chamber; there he exhorted his brother, with the piety of a confessor, to repent of his sins, and make atonement for them. He made known Sir Philip's proposals, and observed on the wonderful discovery of his crime, and the punishment that followed it. "Your repentance," continued he, "may be accepted, and your crime may yet be pardoned. If you continue refractory, and refuse to make atonement, you will draw down upon you a severer punishment." The criminal would not confess, and yet could not deny, the truth and justice of his observations. The Baron spent several hours in his brother's chamber; he sent for a priest, who took his confession; and they both sat up with him all night, advising, persuading, and exhorting him to do justice, and to comply with the proposals. He was unwilling to give up the world, and yet more so to become the object of public shame, disgrace, and punishment.

The next day Lord Fitz-Owen summoned the company into his brother's chamber, and there declared, in his name, that he accepted Sir Philip Harclay's proposals; that, if the young man could, as he promised, direct them to the places where his parents were buried, and if his birth should be authenticated by his foster-parents, he should be acknowledged the heir of the house of Lovel. That, to be certified of these things, they must commission proper persons to go with him for this purpose; and, in case the truth should be made plain, they should immediately put him in possession of the Castle and estate, in the state it was. He desired Lord Graham and Lord Clifford to choose the commissioners, and gave Sir Philip and Edmund a right to add to them, each, another person."

Lord Graham named the eldest son of Lord Clifford, and the other, in return, named his nephew; they also chose the priest, Lord Graham's confessor, and the eldest son of Baron Fitz-Owen, to his great mortification. Sir Philip appointed Mr William Fitz-Owen, and Edmund named father Oswald; they chose out the servants to attend them, who were also to be witnesses of all that should pass. Lord Clifford proposed to Baron Fitz-Owen, that, as soon as the commissioners were set out, the remainder of the company should adjourn to his seat in Cumberland, whither Lord Graham should be invited to accompany them, and to stay till this affair was decided. After some debate, this was agreed to; and, at the same time, that the criminal should be kept with them till every thing was properly settled.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave his son William the charge to receive and entertain the commissioners at the Castle. But, before they set out, Sir Philip had a conference with Lord Fitz-Owen, concerning the surrender of the Castle; in which he insisted on the furniture and stock of the farm, in consideration of the arrears. Lord Fitz-Owen slightly mentioned the young man's education and expences. Sir Philip answered, "You are right, my lord, I had not thought of this point; we owe you, in this respect, more than we can ever repay. But you know not half the respect and affection Edmund bears for you. When restitution of his title and fortune is fully made, his happiness will still depend on you."—"How on me?" said the Baron.—"Why, he will not be happy, unless you honour him with your notice and esteem; but this is not all, I must hope that you will still do more for him."—"Indeed," said the Baron, "he has put my regard for him to a severe proof; what further can he expect from me?"—"My dear lord, be not offended, I have only one more proposal to make to you; if you refuse it, I can allow for you; and I confess it requires a greatness of mind, but not more than you possess, to grant it."—"Well, sir, speak your demand."—"Say rather my request; it is this case: Cease to look upon Edmund as the enemy of your house; look upon him as a son, and make him so indeed."—"How say you, Sir Philip? my son!"—"Yes, my lord, give him your daughter. He is already your son in filial affection; your son William and he are sworn brothers; what remains but to make him yours? He deserves such a parent, you such a son; and you will, by this means, ingraft into your family, the name, title, and estate of Lovel, which will be entailed on your

posterity for ever."—"This offer requires much consideration," returned the Baron.—"Suffer me to suggest some hints to you," said Sir Philip. "This match is, I think, verily pointed out by Providence, which hath conducted the dear boy through so many dangers, and brought him within view of his happiness; look on him as the precious relic of a noble house, the son of my dearest friend! or look on him as my son and heir, and let me, as his father, implore you to consent to his marriage with your daughter." The Baron's heart was touched; he turned away his face. "Oh, Sir Philip Harclay, what a friend are you! Why should such a man be our enemy?"—"My lord," said Sir Philip, "we are not, cannot be enemies; our hearts are already allied; and I am certain we shall one day be dear friends." The Baron suppressed his emotions, but Sir Philip saw into his heart. "I must consult my eldest son," returned he. "Then," replied Sir Philip, "I foresee much difficulty; he is prejudiced against Edmund, and thinks the restitution of his inheritance an injury to your family. Hereafter he will see this alliance in a different light, and will rejoice that such a brother is added to the family; but at present, he will set his face against it. However, we will not despair; virtue and resolution will surmount all obstacles. Let me call in young Lovel."

He brought Edmund to the Baron, and acquainted him with the proposal he had been making in his name, my lord's answers, and the objections he feared on the part of Sir Robert. Edmund kneeled to the Baron; he took his hand and pressed it to his lips. "Best of men, of parents, of patrons!" said he, "I will ever be your son in filial affection, whether I have the honour to be legally so or not; not one of your own children can feel a stronger sense of love and duty."—"Tell me," said the Baron, "do you love my daughter?"—"I do, my lord, with the most ardent affection. I never loved any woman but her; and, if I am so unfortunate as to be refused her, I will not marry at all. Oh, my lord, reject not my honest suit! Your alliance will give me consequence with myself; it will excite me to act worthy of the station to which I am exalted; if you refuse me, I shall seem an abject wretch, disdained by those whom my heart claims relation to; your family are the whole world to me. Give me your lovely daughter; give me also your son, my beloved William; and let me share with them the fortune which providence bestows upon me; but what is title or fortune, if I am deprived of the society of those I love?"

"Edmund," said the Baron, "you have a noble friend; but you have a stronger in my heart, which I think was implanted there by Heaven to aid its own purposes. I feel a variety of emotions of different kinds, and am afraid to trust my own heart with you. But answer me a question: Are you assured of my daughter's consent? have you solicited her favour? have you gained her affections?"—"Never, my lord. I am incapable of so base an action. I have loved her at an humble distance; but, in my situation, I should have thought it a violation of the laws of gratitude and hospitality to have presumed to speak the sentiments of my heart."—"Then you have acted with unquestionable honour on this, and, I must say, on all other occasions."—"Your approbation, my lord, is the first wish of my life; it is the seal of my honour and happiness."

Sir Philip smiled: "My Lord Fitz-Owen, I am jealous of Edmund's preferable regard for you; it is just the same now as formerly." Edmund came to Sir Philip, he threw himself into his arms, he wept, he was overpowered with the feelings of his heart; he prayed to heaven to strengthen his mind, to support his inexpressible sensations. "I am overwhelmed with obligation," said he; "oh, best of friends, teach me, like you, to make my actions speak for me!"—"Enough, Edmund, I know your heart, and that is my security.—My lord, speak to him, and bring him to himself, by behaving coldly to him, if you can." The Baron said, "I must not trust myself with you; you make a child of me. I will only add, gain my son Robert's favour, and be assured of mine. I owe some respect to the heir of my family; he is brave, honest, and sincere; your enemies are separated from him; you have William's influence in your behalf; make one effort, and let me know the result."—Edmund kissed his hand in transports of joy and gratitude. "I will not lose a moment," said he; "I fly to obey your commands."

Edmund went immediately to his friend William, and related all that had passed between the Baron, Sir Philip, and himself. William promised him his interest in the warmest manner; he recapitulated all that had passed in the castle since his departure; but he guarded his sister's delicacy, till it should be resolved to give way to his addresses. They both consulted young Clifford, who had conceived an affection to Edmund for his amiable qualities, and to William for his generous friendship for him. He promised them his assistance, as Sir Robert seemed desirous to cultivate his friendship. Accordingly, they both attacked him with the whole artillery of friendship and persuasion. Clifford urged the merits of Edmund, and the advantages of his alliance. William enforced his arguments by a retrospect of Edmund's past life; and observed, that every obstacle thrown in his way had brought his enemies to shame, and increase of honour to himself. "I say nothing," continued he, "of his noble qualities and affectionate heart; those who have been so many years his companions, can want no proofs of it."—"We know your attachment to him, sir," said Sir Robert, "and, in consequence, your partiality."—"Nay," replied William, "you

are sensible of the truth of my assertions; and I am confident would have loved him yourself, but for the insinuations of his enemies; but if he should make good his assertions, even you must be convinced of his veracity."—"And you would have my father give him your sister upon this uncertainty?"—"No, sir, but upon these conditions."—"But suppose he does not make them good?"—"Then I will be of your party, and give up his interest."—"Very well, sir; my father may do as he pleases; but I cannot agree to give my sister to one who has always stood in the way of our family, and now turns us out of our own house."

"I am sorry, brother, you see his pretensions in so wrong a light; but if you think there is any imposture in the case, go with us, and be a witness of all that passes."—"No, not I; if Edmund is to be master of the castle, I will never more set my foot in it."—"This matter," said Mr Clifford, "must be left to time, which has brought strange things to pass. Sir Robert's honour and good sense will enable him to subdue his prejudices, and to judge impartially." They took leave, and went to make preparations for their journey. Edmund made his report of Sir Robert's inflexibility to his father, in presence of Sir Philip, who again ventured to urge the Baron on his favourite subject. "It becomes me to wait for the further proofs," said he; "but, if they are as clear as I expect, I will not be inexorable to your wishes; say nothing more on this subject till the return of the commissioners." They were profuse in their acknowledgements of his goodness.

Edmund took a tender leave of his two paternal friends. "When," said he, "I take possession of my inheritance, I must hope for the company of you both to complete my happiness."—"Of me," said Sir Philip, "you may be certain, and, as far as my influence reaches, of the Baron." He was silent. Edmund assured them of his constant prayers for their happiness.

Soon after, the commissioners, with Edmund, set out for Lovel Castle; and the following day the Lord Clifford set out for his own house, with Baron Fitz-Owen and his son. The nominal Baron was carried with them very much against his will. Sir Philip Harclay was invited to go with them by Lord Clifford, who declared his presence necessary to bring things to a conclusion. They all joined in acknowledging their obligations to Lord Graham's generous hospitality, and besought him to accompany them. At length he consented, on condition they would allow him to go to and fro, as his duty should call him.

Lord Clifford received them with the greatest hospitality, and presented them to his lady and three daughters, who were in the bloom of youth and beauty. They spent their time very pleasantly, excepting the criminal, who continued gloomy and reserved, and declined company.

In the meantime, the commissioners proceeded on their journey. When they were within a day's distance from the castle, Mr William and his servant put forward, and arrived several hours before the rest, to make preparations for their reception. His sister and brother received them with open arms, and inquired eagerly after the event of the journey to the north. He gave them a brief account of every thing that had happened to their uncle; adding, "But this is not all: Sir Philip Harclay has brought a young man who he pretends is the son of the late Lord Lovel, and claims his estate and title. This person is on his journey hither, with several others who are commissioned to inquire into certain particulars, to confirm his pretensions. If he make good his claim, my father will surrender the castle and estate into his hand. Sir Philip and my lord have many points to settle; and he has proposed a compromise, that you, my sister, ought to know, because it nearly concerns you."—"Me! brother William; pray explain yourself."—"Why, he proposes that, in lieu of arrears and other expectations, my father shall give his dear Emma to the heir of Lovel, in full of all demands." She changed colour. "Holy Mary!" said she; "and does my father agree to his proposal?"—"He is not very averse to it; but Sir Robert refuses his consent. However, I have given him my interest with you."—"Have you indeed? What! a stranger, perhaps an impostor, who comes to turn us out of our dwelling?"—"Have patience, my Emma; see this young man without prejudice, and perhaps you will like him as well as I do."—"I am surprised at you, William."—"Dear Emma, I cannot bear to see you uneasy. Think of the man who, of all others, you would wish to see in a situation to ask you of your father, and expect to see your wishes realized."—"Impossible!" said she.—"Nothing is impossible, my dear; let us be prudent, and all will end happily. You must help me to receive and entertain these commissioners. I expect a very solemn scene; but when that is once got over, happier hours than the past will succeed. We shall first visit the haunted apartment; you, my sister, will keep in your own till I shall send for you. I go now to give orders to the servants." He went and ordered them to be in waiting, and himself, and his youngest brother, stood in readiness to receive them.

The sound of the horn announced the arrival of the commissioners; at the same instant a sudden gust of wind arose, and the outward gates flew open. They entered the court-yard, and the great folding-doors into the hall were opened without any assistance. The moment Edmund entered the hall, every door in the house flew open; the servants all rushed into the hall, and fear was written on their countenances. Joseph only was undaunted: "These doors," said he, "open of their own account to receive their mas-

ter! This is he indeed!" Edmund was soon apprised of what had happened. "I accept the omen," said he. "Gentlemen, let us go forward to the apartment! let us finish the work of fate! I will lead the way." He went on to the apartment, followed by all present. "Open the shutters," said he, "the day-light shall no longer be excluded here; the deeds of darkness shall now be brought to light."

They descended the staircase; every door was open till they came to the fatal closet. Edmund called to Mr William: "Approach, my friend, and behold the door your family overlooked." They came forward; he drew the key out of his bosom, and unlocked the door; he made them observe that the boards were all loose; he then called to the servants, and bid them remove every thing out of the closet. While they were doing this, Edmund shewed them the breast-plate all stained with blood. He then called to Joseph: "Do you know whose was this suit of armour?"—"It was my lord's," said Joseph; "the late Lord Lovel; I have seen him wear it."

Edmund bade them bring shovels and remove the earth. While they were gone, he desired Oswald to repeat all that passed the night they sat up together in that apartment, which he did till the servants returned. They threw out the earth, while the by-standers in solemn silence waited the event. After some time and labour, they struck against something. They proceeded till they discovered a large trunk, which, with great difficulty, they drew out. It had been corded round, but the cords were rotted to dust. They opened it, and found a skeleton, which appeared to have been tied neck and heels together, and forced into the trunk. "Behold," said Edmund, "the bones of him to whom I owe my birth!" The priest from Lord Graham's advanced: "This is undoubtedly the body of the Lord Lovel; I heard his kinsman confess the manner in which he was interred. Let this awful spectacle be a lesson to all present, that though wickedness may triumph for a season, a day of retribution will come!" Oswald exclaimed, "Behold the day of retribution! of triumph to the innocent, of shame and confusion to the wicked!"

The young gentlemen declared that Edmund had made good his assertions. "What then," said they, "remains?"—"I propose," said Lord Graham's priest, "that an account be written of this discovery, and signed by all the witnesses present; that an attested copy be left in the hands of this gentleman, and the original be sent to the Barons and Sir Philip Harclay, to convince them of the truth of it."

Mr Clifford then desired Edmund to proceed in his own way. "The first thing I promise to do," said he, "is to have a coffin made for these honoured remains; I trust to find the bones of my other parent, and to inter them all together in consecrated ground.—Unfortunate pair! you shall at last rest together; your son shall pay the last duties to your ashes." He stopped to shed tears, and none present but paid this tribute to their misfortunes. Edmund recovered his voice and proceeded: "My next request is, that Father Oswald and this reverend father, with whoever else the gentlemen shall appoint, will send for Andrew and Margery Twyford, and examine them concerning the circumstances of my birth, and the death and burial of my unfortunate mother."—"It shall be done," said Mr William; "but first let me entreat you to come with me and take some refreshment after your journey, for you must be fatigued; after dinner we will proceed in the inquiry."

They all followed him into the great hall, where they were entertained with great hospitality, and Mr William did the honours in his father's name. Edmund's heart was deeply affected, and the solemnity of his deportment bore witness to his sincerity; but it was a manly sorrow, that did not make him neglect his duty to his friends or himself. He inquired after the health of the Lady Emma.—"She is well," said William, "and as much your friend as ever." Edmund bowed in silence.

After dinner the commissioners sent for Andrew and his wife. They examined them separately, and found their accounts agreed together, and were in substance the same as Oswald and Edmund had before related, separately also. The commissioners observed, that there could be no collusion between them, and that the proofs were indisputable. They kept the foster parents all night; and the next day Andrew directed them to the place where the Lady Lovel was buried, between two trees, which he had marked for a memorial. They collected the bones and carried them to the castle, where Edmund caused a stately coffin to be made for the remains of the unfortunate pair. The two priests obtained leave to look into the coffin buried in the church, and found nothing but stones and earth in it. The commissioners then declared they were fully satisfied of the reality of Edmund's pretensions.

The two priests were employed in drawing up a circumstantial account of these discoveries, in order to make their report to the Barons at their return. In the meantime, Mr William took an opportunity to introduce Edmund to his sister.—"My Emma," said he, "the heir of Lovel is desirous to pay his respects to you."—They were both in apparent confusion; but Edmund's wore off, and Emma's increased.—"I have been long desirous," said he, "to pay my respects to the lady whom I most honour, but unavoidable duties have detained me; when these are fully paid, it is my wish to devote the remainder of my life to Lady Emma!"—"Are you, then, the heir of Lovel?"—"I am, madam; and am also the man in whose behalf I once presumed to speak."—"'Tis very strange

indeed!"—"It is so, madam, to myself; but time, that reconciles us to all things, will, I hope, render this change in my situation familiar to you."—William said, "You are both well acquainted with the wishes of my heart; but my advice is, that you do not encourage a farther intimacy till my lord's determination be fully known."—"You may dispose of me as you please," said Edmund; "but I cannot help declaring my wishes; yet I will submit to my lord's sentence, though he should doom me to despair."

From this period, the young pair behaved with solemn respect to each other, but with apparent reserve. The young lady sometimes appeared in company, but oftener chose to be in her own apartment, where she began to believe and hope for the completion of her wishes. The uncertainty of the Baron's determination threw an air of anxiety over Edmund's face: his friend William, by the most tender care and attention, strove to dispel his fears, and encourage his hopes; but he waited with impatience for the return of the commissioners, and the decision of his fate.

While these things passed at the Castle of Lovel, the nominal Baron recovered his health and strength at the house of Lord Clifford; in the same proportion he grew more and more shy and reserved, avoided the company of his brother and nephew, and was frequently shut up with his two servants. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen made several attempts to gain his confidence, but in vain; he was equally shy to him as the rest. M. Zadisky observed his motions with the penetration for which his countrymen have been distinguished in all ages; he communicated his suspicions to Sir Philip and the Barons, giving it as his opinion, that the criminal was meditating an escape. They asked, what he thought was to be done. Zadisky offered to watch him in turn with another person, and to lie in wait for him; he also proposed, that horses should be kept in readiness, and men to mount them, without knowledge of the service they were to be employed in. The Barons agreed to leave the whole management of this affair to Zadisky. He took his measures so well, that he intercepted the three fugitives in the fields adjoining to the house, and brought them all back prisoners. They confined them separately, while the lords and gentlemen consulted how to dispose of them.

Sir Philip applied to Lord Fitz-Owen, who begged leave to be silent: "I have nothing," said he, "to offer in favour of this bad man; and I cannot propose harsher measures with so near a relation." Zadisky then begged to be heard. "You can no longer have any reliance upon the word of a man who has forfeited all pretensions to honour and sincerity. I have long wished to revisit once more my native country, and to enquire after some very dear friends I left there; I will undertake to convey this man to a very distant part of the world, where it will be out of his power to do further mischief, and free his relations from an ungrateful charge, unless you should rather choose to bring him to punishment here." Lord Clifford approved of the proposal; Lord Fitz-Owen remained silent, but shewed no marks of disapprobation.

Sir Philip objected to parting with his friend, but Zadisky assured him he had particular reasons for returning to the Holy Land, of which he should be judge hereafter. Sir Philip desired the Lord Fitz-Owen to give him his company to the criminal's apartment, saying, "We will have one more conversation with him, and that shall decide his fate." They found him silent and sullen, and he refused to answer their questions. Sir Philip then bespoke him: "After the proofs you have given of your falsehood and insincerity, we can no longer have any reliance upon you, nor faith in your fulfilling the conditions of our agreement; I will, therefore, once more make you a proposal that shall still leave you indebted to our clemency. You shall banish yourself from England for ever, and go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land, with such companions as we shall appoint; or, secondly, you shall enter directly into a monastery, and there be shut up for life; or, thirdly, if you refuse both these offers, I will go directly to Court, throw myself at the feet of my Sovereign, relate the whole story of your wicked life and actions, and demand vengeance on your head. The king is too good and pious to let such villainy go unpunished; he will bring you to public shame and punishment; and be you assured, if I begin this prosecution, I will pursue it to the utmost. I appeal to your worthy brother for the justice of my proceeding. I reason no more with you, I only declare my resolution. I wait your answer one hour; and the next, I put in execution whatever you shall oblige me to determine." So saying, they retired, and left him to reflect and to resolve. At the expiration of the hour they sent Zadisky to receive his answer; he insinuated to him the generosity and charity of Sir Philip and the lords, and the certainty of their resolutions, and begged him to take care what answer he returned, for that his fate depended on it. He kept silent several minutes, resentment and despair were painted on his visage; at length he spoke:

"Tell my proud enemies that I prefer banishment to death, infamy, or a life of solitude." "You have chosen well," said Zadisky. "To a wise man all countries are alike; it shall be my care to make mine agreeable to you."—"Are you then the person chosen for my companion?" "I am, sir; and you may judge by that circumstance, that those whom you call your enemies, are not so in effect. Farewell, sir—I go to prepare for our departure."

Zadisky went and made his report, and then set immediately about his preparations. He

chose two active young men for his attendants, and gave them directions to keep a strict eye upon their charge, for that they should be accountable if he should escape them.

In the meantime the Baron Fitz-Owen had several conferences with his brother; he endeavoured to make him sensible of his crimes, and of the justice and clemency of his conqueror; but he was moody and reserved to him as to the rest. Sir Philip Harclay obliged him to surrender his worldly estates into the hands of Lord Fitz-Owen. A writing was drawn up for that purpose, and executed in the presence of them all. Lord Fitz-Owen engaged to allow him an annual sum, and to advance money for the expences of his voyage. He spoke to him in the most affectionate manner, but he refused his embrace: "You will have nothing to regret," said he, haughtily, "for the gain is yours." Sir Philip conjured Zadisky to return to him again, who answered, "I will either return, or give such reasons for my stay, as you shall approve. I will send a messenger to acquaint you with my arrival in Syria, and with such other particulars as I shall judge interesting to you and yours. In the meantime, remember me in your prayers, and preserve for me those sentiments of friendship and esteem, that I have always deemed one of the chief honours and blessings of my life. Commend my love and duty to your adopted son; he will more than supply my absence, and be the comfort of your old age. Adieu, best and noblest of friends!" They took a tender leave of each other, not without tears on both sides.

The travellers set out directly for a distant sea-port, where they heard of a ship bound for the Levant, in which they embarked and proceeded on their voyage.

The commissioners arrived at Lord Clifford's a few days after the departure of the adventurers. They gave a minute account of their commission, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied of the justice of Edmund's pretensions; they gave an account in writing of all that they had been eye-witnesses to, and ventured to urge the Baron Fitz-Owen on the subject of Edmund's wishes. The Baron was already disposed in his favour; his mind was employed in the future establishment of his family. During their residence at Lord Clifford's, his eldest son Sir Robert had cast his eye upon the eldest daughter of that nobleman, and he besought his father to ask her in marriage for him. The Baron was pleased with the alliance, and took the first opportunity to mention it to Lord Clifford, who answered him pleasantly—"I will give my daughter to your son, upon condition that you will give yours to the heir of Lovel." The Baron looked serious; Lord Clifford went on—"I like that young man so well, that I would accept him for a son-in-law, if he asked me for my daughter; and if I have any influence with you, I will use it in his behalf."—"A powerful solicitor indeed!" said the Baron; "but you know my eldest son's reluctance to it; if he consents, so will I."—"He shall consent," said Lord Clifford, "or he shall have no daughter of mine. Let him subdue his prejudices, and then I will lay aside my scruples."—"But, my lord," replied the Baron, "if I can obtain his free consent, it will be the best for all; I will try once more, and if he will not, I will leave it wholly to your management."

When the noble company were all assembled, Sir Philip Harclay revived the subject, and besought the Lord Fitz-Owen to put an end to the work he had begun, by confirming Edmund's happiness. The Baron rose up, and thus spoke: "The proofs of Edmund's noble birth, the still stronger ones of his excellent endowments and qualities, the solicitations of so many noble friends in his behalf, have altogether determined me in his favour; and I hope to do justice to his merit, without detriment to my other children; I am resolved to make them all as happy as my power will allow me to do. Lord Clifford has been so gracious to promise his fair daughter to my son Robert, upon certain conditions, that I will take upon me to ratify, and which will render my son worthy of the happiness that awaits him. My children are the undoubted heirs of my unhappy brother, Lovel; you, my son, shall therefore immediately take possession of your uncle's house and estate, only obliging you to pay to each of your younger brothers the sum of one thousand pounds; on this condition, I will secure that estate to you and your heirs for ever. I will, by my own act and deed, surrender the castle and estate of Lovel to the right owner, and at the same time marry him to my daughter. I will settle a proper allowance upon my two younger sons, and dispose of what remains by a will and testament; and then I shall have done all my business in this world, and shall have nothing to do but prepare for the next."

"Oh, my father!" said Sir Robert, "I cannot bear your generosity; you would give away all to others, and reserve nothing for yourself." "Not so, my son," said the Baron, "I will repair my old castle in Wales, and reside there. I will visit my children, and be visited by them; I will enjoy their happiness, and by that means increase my own; whether I look backwards or forwards, I shall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to heaven that has given me so many blessings: I shall have the comfortable reflection of having discharged my duties as a citizen, a husband, a father, a friend: and, whenever I am summoned away from this world, I shall die content."

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks; he kneeled to his father—"Best of parents, and of men!" said he, "you have subdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will;

you have this day made me sensible how much I owe to your goodness and forbearance with me. Forgive me all that is past, and from henceforward dispose of me; I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your son."—"And this day," said the Baron, "do I enjoy the true happiness of a father! Rise, my son, and take possession of the first place in my affection without reserve." They embraced with tears on both sides; the company rose and congratulated both father and son. The Baron presented his son to Lord Clifford, who embraced him and said—"You shall have my daughter, for I see that you deserve her."

Sir Philip Harclay approached—the Baron gave his son's hand to the Knight—"Love and respect that good man," said he; "deserve his friendship, and you will obtain it." Nothing but congratulations were heard on both sides.

When the joy was in some degree reduced to composure, Sir Philip proposed that they should begin to execute the schemes of happiness they had planned. He proposed that my Lord Fitz-Owen should go with him to the castle of Lovel, and settle the family there. The Baron consented, and both together invited such of the company as liked it, to accompany them thither. It was agreed that a nephew of Lord Graham's, another of Lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of Sir Philip Harclay, and Father Oswald, should be of the party; together with several of Sir Philip's dependants and domestics, and the attendants on the rest. Lord Fitz-Owen gave orders for their speedy departure. Lord Graham and his friends took leave of them, in order to return to his own home; but before he went, he engaged his eldest nephew and heir to the second daughter of the Lord Clifford; Sir Robert offered himself to the eldest, who modestly received his address, and made no objection to his proposal. The fathers confirmed their engagement.

Lord Fitz-Owen promised to return to the celebration of the marriage; in the meantime, he ordered his son to go and take possession of his uncle's house, and to settle his household; he invited young Clifford, and some other gentlemen, to go with him. The company separated with regret, and with many promises of friendship on all sides; and the gentlemen of the North were to cultivate the good neighbourhood on both sides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants, set forwards for the Castle of Lovel; a servant went before, at full speed, to acquaint the family of their approach. Edmund was in great anxiety of mind, now the crisis of his fate was near at hand; he enquired of the messenger, who were of the party; and finding that Sir Philip Harclay was there, and that Sir Robert Fitz-Owen stayed in the North, his hopes rose above his fears. Mr William, attended by a servant, rode forward to meet them; he desired Edmund to stay and receive them. Edmund was under some difficulty with regard to his behaviour to the lovely Emma; a thousand times his heart rose to his lips, as often he suppressed his emotions; they both sighed frequently, said little, thought much, and wished for the event. Master Walter was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wished for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr William's impatience spurred him on to meet his father; as soon as he saw him, he rode up directly to him—"My dear father, you are welcome home!" said he.—"I think not, sir," said the Baron, and looked serious. "Why so, my lord?" said William.—"Because it is no longer mine, but another man's home," answered he, "and I must receive my welcome from him."—"Meaning Edmund?" said William.—"Whom else can it be?"—"Ah, my lord! he is your creature, your servant—he puts his fate into your hands, and will submit to your pleasure in all things!"—"Why comes he not to meet us?" said the Baron,—"His fears prevent him," said William; "but speak the word, and I will fetch him."—"No," said the Baron, "we will wait on him." William looked confused. "Is Edmund so unfortunate," said he, "as to have incurred your displeasure?" Sir Philip Harclay advanced, and laid his hand on William's saddle. "Generous impatience! noble youth!" said he, "look round you, and see if you can discover in this company one enemy of your friend! Leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himself; he only can do justice to his own sentiments." The Baron smiled on Sir Philip—William's countenance cleared up, they went forward, and soon arrived at the Castle of Lovel.

Edmund was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival; his emotions were so great that he could hardly support them. The Baron and Sir Philip entered the hall hand in hand; Edmund threw himself at their feet, and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word. They raised him between them, and strove to encourage him, but he threw himself into the arms of Sir Philip Harclay, deprived of strength, and almost of life. They supported him to a seat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to speak his feelings; he looked up to his benefactors in the most affecting manner; he laid his hand upon his bosom, but was still silent.—"Compose yourself, my dear son," said Sir Philip; "you are in the arms of your best friends. Look up to the happiness that awaits you—enjoy the blessings that heaven sends you—lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think less of what you owe to the creature! you will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgements hereafter."

The company came round them; the servants flocked into the hall: shouts of joy were heard

on all sides; the Baron came and took Edmund's hand—"Rise, sir," said he, "and do the honours of your house! it is yours from this day: we are your guests, and expect from you our welcome!" Edmund kneeled to the Baron; he spoke with a faltering voice: "My lord, I am yours! all that I have is at your devotion! dispose of me as it pleases you best." The Baron embraced him with the greatest affection. "Look round you," said he, "and salute your friends; these gentlemen come hither to do you honour." Edmund revived; he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen. Father Oswald received his embrace with peculiar affection, and gave him his benediction in a most affecting manner. Edmund exclaimed, "Pray for me, father, that I may bear all these blessings with gratitude and moderation." He then saluted and shook hands with all the servants, not omitting the meanest; he distinguished Joseph by a cordial embrace; he called him his dear friend. "Now," said he, "I can return your friendship, and I am proud to acknowledge it!" The old man, with a faltering voice, cried out, "Now I have lived long enough! I have seen my master's son acknowledged for the heir of Lovel!" The hall echoed with his words, "Long live the heir of Lovel!"

The Baron took Edmund's hands in his own: "Let us retire from this crowd," said he; "we have business of a more private nature to transact." He led to the parlour, followed by Sir Philip and the other gentlemen. "Where are my other children?" said he. William retired, and presently returned with his brother and sister. They kneeled to their father, who raised and embraced them. He then called out, "William!—Edmund!—come and receive my blessing also."—They approached hand in hand; they kneeled, and he gave them a solemn benediction—"Your friendship deserves our praise, my children; love each other always; and may heaven pour down its choicest blessings upon your heads!" They rose and embraced in silent raptures of joy. Edmund presented his friend to Sir Philip. "I understand you," said he; "this gentleman was my first acquaintance of this family; he has a title to the second place in my heart: I shall tell him, at more leisure, how much I love and honour him for his own sake, as well as yours." He embraced the youth, and desired his friendship.

"Come hither, my Emma," said the Baron. She approached, with tears on her cheek, sweetly blushing, like the damask rose wet with the dew of the morning. "I must ask you a serious question, my child; answer me with the same sincerity you would to heaven. You see this young man, the heir of Lovel! You have known him long; consult your own heart, and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him for your husband. I have promised to all this company to give you to him; but upon condition that you approve him: I think him worthy of you; and, whether you accept him or not, he shall ever be to me a son; but heaven forbid that I should compel my child to give her hand where she cannot bestow her heart! Speak freely, and decide this point for me and for yourself." The fair Emma blushed, and was under some confusion; her virgin modesty prevented her speaking for some moments. Edmund trembled; he leaned upon William's shoulder to support himself. Emma cast her eye upon him; she saw his emotion, and hastened to relieve him; and thus spoke, in a soft voice, which gathered strength as she proceeded—"My lord and father's goodness has always prevented my wishes; I am the happiest of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations: As I am called upon in this public manner, it is but justice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that, were I at liberty to choose a husband from all the world, he only should be my choice, who, I can say with joy, is my father's also." Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her; the Baron took his daughter's hand and presented it to him; he kneeled upon one knee, he took her hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his bosom: The Baron embraced and blessed them; he presented them to Sir Philip Harclay—"Receive and acknowledge your children!" said he. "I do receive them as the gift of heaven!" said the noble knight; "they are as much mine as if I had begotten them: All that I have is theirs, and shall descend to their children for ever." A fresh scene of congratulation ensued; and the hearts of all the auditors were too much engaged to be able soon to return to the ease and tranquillity of common life.

After they had refreshed themselves, and recovered from the emotions they had sustained on this interesting occasion, Edmund thus addressed the Baron: "On the brink of happiness, I must claim your attention to a melancholy subject. The bones of both my parents lie unburied in this house; permit me, my honoured lord, to perform my last duties to them, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you and yours." "Certainly," said the Baron; "why have you not interred them?"—"My lord, I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reality, and that no doubts might remain."—"I have no doubts," said the Baron. "Alas! both the crime and punishment of the offender leave no room for them!" He sighed. "Let us now put an end to this affair; and, if possible, forget it for ever."

"If it will not be too painful to you, my lord, I will entreat you, with these gentlemen our friends, to follow me into the east apartment, the scene of my parents' woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes."

They rose to attend him; he committed the Lady Emma to the care of her youngest brother, observing that the scene was too solemn for a a lady to be present at. They proceeded to the apartment; he shewed the Baron the fatal closet, and the place where the bones were found, also

the trunk that contained them; he recapitulated all that passed before their arrival; he shewed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were deposited: he then desired the Baron to give orders for their interment. "No," replied he, "it belongs to you to order, and every one here is ready to perform it." Edmund then desired Father Oswald to give notice to the friars of the monastery of St Austin, that, with their permission, the funeral should be solemnized there, and the bones interred in the church. He also gave orders that the closet should be floored, the apartment repaired and put in order. He then returned to the other side of the castle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after. Edmund attended in person as chief mourner, Sir Philip Harclay as the second; Joseph desired he might assist as servant to the deceased: They were followed by most people of the village. The story was now become public, and every one blessed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the last duties to his parents.—Edmund appeared in deep mourning; the week after, he assisted at a mass for the repose of the deceased.

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inscription:

"Praye for the soules of Arthur Lord Lovele and Marie his wife, who were cut off in the flowere of theire youthe, by the trecherye and crueltie of their neare kinnesmanne. Edmund theire onlie sonne, one and twentie yeares after theire deathe, by the direction of heavene, made the discoverye of the mannere of theire deathe, and at the same time proved his own birthe. He collected theire bones together, and interred them in this place: A warning and proofe to late posteritie, of the justice of Providence, and the certainty of Retribution."

The Sunday after the funeral, Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dress suitable to his condition. He received the compliments of his friends with ease and cheerfulness, and began to enjoy his happiness. He asked an audience of his fair mistress, and was permitted to declare the passion he had so long stifled in his own bosom. She gave him a favourable hearing, and in a short time confessed that she had suffered equally in that suspense that was so grievous to him. They engaged themselves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the Baron's pleasure to complete their happiness; every cloud was banished from their brows, and sweet tranquillity took possession of their bosoms. Their friends shared their happiness; William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlasting friendship, and promised to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

The Baron once more summoned all his company together; he told Edmund all that had passed relating to his brother-in-law, his exile, and the pilgrimage of Zadisky; he then related the circumstances of Sir Robert's engagement to Lord Clifford's daughter, his establishment in his uncle's seat, and his own obligations to return time enough to be present at the marriage: "But before I go," said he, "I will give my daughter to the heir of Lovel, and then I shall have discharged my duty to him, and my promise to Sir Philip Harclay."

"You have nobly performed both," said Sir Philip, "and whenever you depart, I shall be your companion."—"What!" said Edmund, "am I to be deprived of both my fathers at once? My honoured lord, you have given away two houses—where do you intend to reside?"—"No matter," said the Baron; "I know I shall be welcome to both."—"My dear lord," said Edmund, "stay here and be still the master; I shall be proud to be under your command, and to be your servant as well as your son!"—"No, Edmund," said the Baron, "that would not now be proper; this is your castle, you are its lord and master, and it is incumbent on you to shew yourself worthy of the great things providence has done for you."—"How shall I, a young man, acquit myself of so many duties as will be upon me, without the advice and assistance of my two paternal friends? Oh, Sir Philip! will you too leave me? once you gave me hopes—" He stopped, greatly affected. Sir Philip said, "Tell me truly, Edmund, do you really desire that I should live with you?"—"As truly, sir, as I desire life and happiness!"—"Then, my dear child, I will live and die with you." They embraced with tears of affection, and Edmund was all joy and gratitude. "My good lord," said Philip, "you have disposed of two houses, and have none ready to receive you; will you accept of mine? It is much at your service; and its being in the same county with your eldest son, will be an inducement to you to reside there." The Baron caught Sir Philip's hand—"Noble sir, I thank you, and will embrace your kind offer; I will be your tenant for the present; my castle in Wales shall be put in repair in the mean time; if I do not reside there, it will be an establishment for one of my youngest sons."—"But what will you do with your old soldiers and dependants?"—"My lord, I will never cast them off. There is another house on my estate that has been shut up many years; I will have it repaired and furnished properly for the reception of my old men: I will endow it with a certain sum to be paid annually, and will appoint a steward to manage their revenue; I will continue it during the lives of the first inhabitants, and after that I shall leave it to my son here, to do as he pleases."—"Your son," said Edmund, "will make it his business of his life to act worthy of such a father."—"Enough," said Sir Philip, "I am satisfied that you will. I propose to reside myself in that very apartment which my dear friend your father inhabited: I will tread in his footsteps, and th

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